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LIFE IN A POLISH MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

THE TATRA REGION BETWEEN GALICIA AND HUNGARY

BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

AFTER an absence of several years in America, on a morning in early June we were on our way back to the Tatra Mountains by train from Vienna. With beating hearts we crossed the boundary of Poland. In the radiant glory of the rising sun the green plains spread wide in blue mists. On every side were emerald meadows coursed by slow streams, like silvery ribbons, over which hung rows of melancholy willows; there were fields of wheat red with poppies, sky-blue patches of flax, clusters of straw-thatched peasant houses and lime-trees, roads shaded with poplars, and here and there shallow ponds. Everywhere working in the fields were peasants clad in brilliant red and white garments. The pastures were alive with grazing herds of cattle and horses. Swallows were darting through the air, and storks waded in the swamps. It was a true Sarmatian landscape.

From Cracow a new line of railway brought us to Zakopane, a village in the

foot-hills of the Tatra Mountains. Desiring to see the life of those interesting mountaineers at close range, I mounted one of the heavy, springless vehicles that wait at the station, and let the flax-haired boy drive me to the village of Koscielisko, deep in the mountains, where the country remains still largely unchanged by the influences of modern civilization. On the road we met groups of sheepskin-clad mountaineers driving their herds of small cattle into the upper valleys for summer grazing.

Arrived in Koscielisko, I ascended a hillside, and, after an hour's inquiry, found lodgings in one of the few houses scattered on the south slope of a mountain. From here we could look down into the Zakopane Valley at our feet, and across to the imposing chain of Tatra, with its tremendous granite walls, its many peaks veiled in clouds, and its foot-hills covered with black-spruce forests. As children we had looked on these moun-

tains, believing that they marked the outer edge of the world to the south, and even now we doubted if Hungary could really lie beyond. Nearest of all the peaks, and facing my window, stood Gevont, with its shiny, precipitous granite cliffs in front of a long chain of summits that disappeared in the east in luminous haze. There was where the sun was wont to rise and force its rays through gaps in the clouds that never leave their perches on Tatra's peaks.

The house in which I decided to stay belonged to Jan Naziom Stopka. It was surrounded by ash-trees that in autumn protect it against the violent winds from the mountains, and, like all the houses of that region, was a simple, solid structure consisting of two very large rooms, each with a small window facing Tatra. It was built of heavy spruce logs, planed on the inside: the interior had become a dark, reddish-brown from the smoke of the family fire. A quaintly ornamented door led from the small porch into a hall that separated the two rooms and rose to the dark interior under the high roof. An enormous whitewashed oven of complicated construction occupied a large part of one of the rooms. On the carved wooden shelves were groups of earthen pots, pitchers, wooden spoons, and a big stone mortar, which, one would think, might have belonged to a prehistoric age.

The barn that formed a right angle with the dwelling-house, built with equal care and solidity, was a sort of Noah's Ark, giving shelter to horses, cows, pigs, geese, and chickens, each kind in separate compartments. In the middle was a wide threshing-floor; in a corner, on wooden blocks, was a very primitive apparatus for grinding grain, called a *zarna*, consisting of two heavy disks of stone, with cut faces, of which the upper one could be put in rotary motion by means of a long pole attached at one end to the stone, while the other turned loosely in a hole in the ceiling. The very high roofs of both buildings projected several feet over the board walk that ran around the walls. Under the ash-trees shone the white awnings of a heavy vehicle, while plows, wooden harrows, pitchforks of beechwood, and other primitive agricultural utensils leaned against the walls. Wooden vessels of various shapes and uses stood

in row on the board walk, all cleanly scrubbed by the thrifty wife. Bleaching on the closely cropped lawn were pieces of home-made linen and wide-sleeved shirts. Small pigs, geese, and chickens swarmed in the muddy yard.

Pastures dotted with a profusion of flowers, and fields of oats, potatoes, clover, and flax, surrounded the homestead and covered the slope between two deep ravines, hidden under spruce forests, where two little streams in many cascades rushed down under the tangled roots of spruce-trees, large leaves of *pod-bial*, and blue *myosotis*, over slanting strata of slippery slate, then among whitish granite boulders. Lower down they joined in one torrent that at the sluice formed a deep pool where on hot days little boys and girls, like fauns and nymphs, splashed in the crystal water, causing dismay among the darting trout. Then the stream jumped over a rattling mill-wheel hidden among trees, and down the inclines, through woods, glens, and grassy slopes, until it reached the river winding in the spreading valley below, where followed in procession pale-green fields, marshy meadows, groups of trees, and houses with roofs shining like silver. Here and there smaller streams, coruscating in the sunlight, hurried to meet the river, rushing over boulders, and followed by the whitish road that connects village with village. Toward the south a black-spruce forest, with only an occasional clearing, stretched away for miles, and covered the foot-hills of the always mysterious Tatra.

At a moment when from the near-by ravine came the tinkle of cow-bells mingling with the rustling of the stream, a song would arise, sometimes with a melancholy note and again with primeval rapture. Soon black-and-white-patched cattle would emerge from the ravines, followed by orange-kerchiefed shepherdesses. Two of the girls with their small cattle passed my window every evening. One of them was Ulana, daughter of our neighbors. She was a slender girl of about fifteen years; her erect figure was enveloped in a coarse linen shirt, a reddish embroidered sheepskin *serdak*, or sleeveless jacket, and an indigo-blue skirt. An orange-yellow handkerchief was bound tight around her face, with its high cheek-

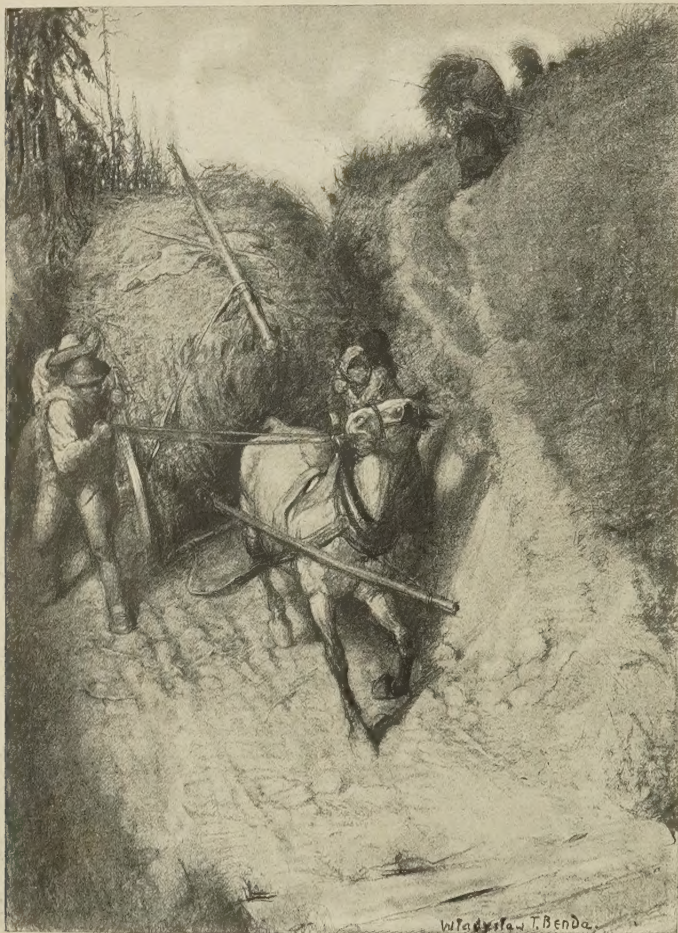


Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

JEDREK, THE HERDMAN

bones, full, rosy, shiny cheeks, and blue eyes truly Slavonic, which, from under a scarcely perceptible trace of eyebrows and thick flesh covering the lids, margined with dark eyelashes, shone like stars. She would run around the cows, and shouting

ters of Eve, not void of strange whims and odd coquetry; but for frivolities little time is left to them. They have to busy themselves with all kinds of farm labor, and I even saw them mending roads. When they are still very young, about



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

BRINGING IN THE HAY

"Tse, tse, tse!" would jump to the right and left after some skittish calves that were wont to run into the oats and clover fields. Another was a plump, flaxen-haired lass. Like most Podhalan girls, both were timid: when passing a strange man they would cast down their eyes; but they could not help blushing and smiling.

Love, jealousy, and hatred have full sway in the hearts of these simple daugh-

ters of Eve, most of them marry. In comparison with the well-built, handsome men of Podhale, the women are small, and the charm of youthful freshness soon passes from them. The wide difference in stature between the man and the woman is characteristic of the Slavonic race, and it is even more than usually marked among these mountaineers.

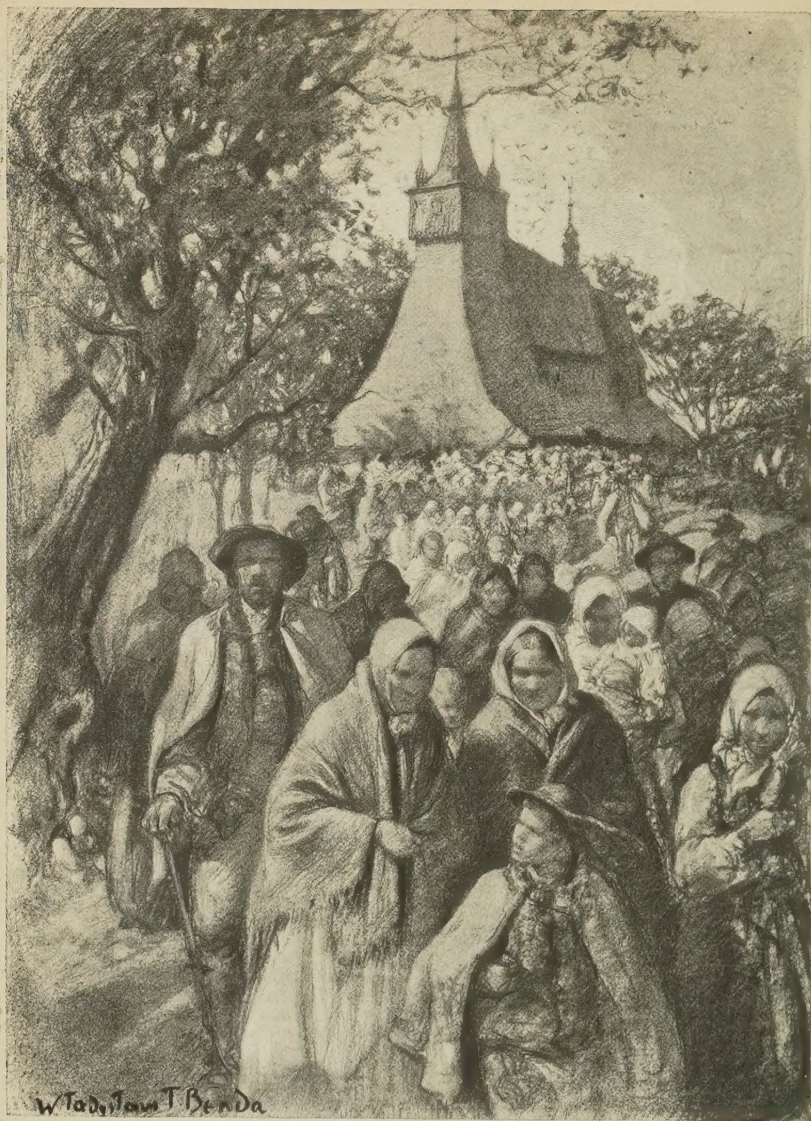


Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

A SUNSET TRYST

Ulana's brother Jedrek is *yuhas*, or herdman, in the "Valley of Five Lakes," in the heart of the Tatra range. There, in the great solitude of the valley, empty of all life, he stays all summer with his

flock of sheep. With them he travels all day over precipitous, rocky ridges full of threatening crevices, over wide areas of snow-fields, through narrow gorges, to find the scanty grass that grows wherever



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

SUNDAY MORNING

a little earth has filled the cavities and fissures of stone. Half the time drenched with clouds of rain, he is always ready to fight off a bear, or a Liptak, his Hungarian neighbor on the southern slopes. He rarely comes to his house on Sobickowa to bring cheese and *bryndza*, or fermented, crumbled sheep cheese. He is a rugged fellow, rather big for a mountaineer, muscular and alert, and scant of

words. His rough, weather-beaten countenance, with two deep, parallel scars across his nose and high cheek-bones, shines with deep-set, wolfish eyes, squinting from under his mushroom-shaped hat, shiny from frequent contact with milk and butter, and commonly surmounted with an eagle's feather.

Over his coarse, wide-sleeved linen shirt, which does not reach his waist, a



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE RIVALS

big ten-inches-wide belt of three-ply cow-hide, ornamented, and weighing over fifteen pounds, encircles his body like an armor, and shines with four large brass buckles and many brass and silver gewgaws, which jingle at his swaggering gait. A shaggy sheepskin serdak, with long, yellowish wool, covers his back. On his tight woolen trousers, patched and darned at the knees, there had once been

blue and red embroidery, now mostly rubbed off.

Jedrek was a typical yuhas, and a yuhas is the nearest type to the now dispersed *zboiniks*, or Tatra brigands. His great vital power, and his intense passions, insufficiently controlled by reason, often bring him into fights that frequently end fatally, for he always carries a sharp *ciupaga*, or tomahawk-like ax. In Po-



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

ZAKOPANE GIRLS SINGING

land, which is a typical flat country, with only one chain of mountains rising abruptly at its edge, the difference between the mountaineer and the lowland type is most striking. The *gorals*, or mountaineers, as little resemble the Polish peasants of the plains as do the lofty mountain regions the wide, level fields of Sarmatia.

The ravine of Sobickowa, which is a favorite rendezvous for lovers, has an eventful history, and there fierce tragedies sometimes break the monotony of cow-bells and melancholy songs. Goral fantasy and superstition readily turn natural happenings into myth and poetry.

One late afternoon, while resting under a juniper bush at the edge of the ravine, in the twilight that follows the glow of a red sunset, I saw a goral youth (judging from appearance, a *yuhas*), followed by a girl of our neighborhood, running stealthily down the ravine, pushing aside the branches of elder bushes, and throwing frightened glances behind. They had scarcely gone over the edge of the ravine, following one of the many parallel cattle-trails, when a young fellow jumped from behind a spruce, and, facing the *yuhas*, demanded, "Where to?"

They stood for a while motionless,

staring hard at each other. There was no parley, no dispute; neither could speak for anger, but they understood each other. Finally, when the yuhas pulled the lass by the sleeve, and attempted to pass, the other flung himself on his enemy with the fury of a panther. Two ciupagas flashed, but soon were dropped, and they then clung tightly to each other. For a while they struggled for equilibrium, then fell down on the broken slate, and continued to fight, silently, as they rolled down the slope from bush to bush. Mud covered their garments and filled their hair, and blood began to trickle over their faces.

Some juniper bushes now covered the combatants, and I could hear only heavy breathings and groans. Since they had dropped their weapons in the first moment of the fight, I had not looked for serious consequences; but now I thought it necessary to interfere. Before I reached them, they released their hold. The yuhas with curses disappeared among the spruce-trees, leaving the other panting on the stones with a broken rib. With my

help the latter got up, and, slipping and stumbling, limped home. Next morning I saw him lying in front of his parents' house. He never mentioned the cause of his illness, and when old Tereska, who knows the marvelous power of weeds, was called to cure him, she announced, with all certainty, that "Vilkolak" had had him in their arms. He admitted that it was so, and soon all Sobickowa knew that he had been attacked by those terrible, bloodthirsty demons of the woods and ravines.

Tereska not only cures people who are troubled with an ordinary illness, but she also knows better than any one else in the village how to unravel mysteries. Very often a girl, unhappy in love, goes to her with gifts, asking for help in her distress. For the old woman knows where *lubczyk*, or the love weed, grows, and when and how it should be administered to the reluctant swain. Another of her accomplishments is the knowledge of remedies against *uroki*, the fatal effect that may follow from a glance of an "evil eye."



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

In the Gonsienicowa Valley, where I tarried for a few days in one of the few hovels scattered among its granite boulders, I was taken seriously ill. When I recovered from an unconscious spell I found myself lying on the grass in front of the chalet, with fir twigs for pillows, exposed to the warming sun. Some yuhases and shepherd-girls were stooping over me, seriously disputing the cause of my illness. Then all agreed that I was the victim of uroki that some girl had "cast upon me." Against such evil there is only one remedy, and this was immediately used. Maryna, one of the shepherdesses, brought from her hovel a kettle of water, and three glowing pieces of charcoal, which she dropped into the water. Then with the solemnity due to the occasion she walked slowly around me, repeating many times a few words like a prayer, continually making with her fingers some mysterious signs, and watching the charcoal sinking—a sign of recovery.

My landlord, Jan Naziom Stopka, was a small man, blind in one eye, solemn and meditative. When he spoke he used few words, expressing his thoughts in some general truth; he had an admiration of nature that verged on the religious. He was accustomed to make weather forecasts from the hues of the mountains, the formation of the clouds that group themselves about their peaks, from the flight of birds, and the quality of the air, and he often surprised me with the accuracy of his practical meteorology.

One sunny morning I saw him, with his wife and some girls from the neighborhood, in the greatest haste gathering some hay they had left near the summit of Góbalowka. The old woman and the girls gathered the hay in white linen sheets, stooping grotesquely under the enormous bundles that covered them until one could see only the edges of their indigo-dyed skirts and their bare weather-beaten feet. When I looked at the bright sky and asked him why this hurry, astonished at my ignorance, Stopka said: "Why, don't you feel it? We shall have rain to-day; it will last long. Everything tells it: Gevont looks so clear and near; the swallows fly so low; and there from behind Muzan come the clouds."

And the clouds from behind Muzan

came, soon filling the valley, covering Tatra and Zakopane, and obscuring the sky. Then they enveloped our slope with their opaque mass, in which the ravine, the woods, and the houses vanished, and beyond the nearest ash-trees nothing was seen. Rain began to fall, and continued many days and nights. Once for a time the sky cleared, and patches of cliffs and hills were seen. Streams of water splashed from the roofs on the softened ground, and many rivulets rushed down the slopes, and joined in one torrent that washed over the stony road. The girls passed with their cattle wrapped in white linen sheets. Their serdaks were worn with the shaggy side out.

At night from the road below came sounds of the wild singing of the goral drivers. Rain, tempest, and hurricane seem to go best with the untamed natures of the young "falcons," as the village lasses caressingly call their boisterous lovers.

Tuesday is the weekly market-day in Zakopane. People from all the surrounding villages come with farm and dairy products to the wide, open square, which has forests and the Tatra chain for a background. From early morning a motley crowd of mountaineers, with wagons covered with white awnings, and with their small cattle and horses, fill the large market space. Men and women bend under huge bundles, and the merchant Jews display in tents orange head-kerchiefs, calicoes, ribbons, and cowhides for straps and belts. There are stretchers on which are shown scythes and sickles, and a row of wagons with rock salt. Men from distant villages may be distinguished by their different costume.

Koscielisko is one of those villages from which many emigrate to America, and in almost every house on Sobickowa there was somebody who either had been to America or intended to go. But there are many villages where the new land is scarcely ever mentioned. The mania of emigration is like a contagious disease, and once it gets hold of a place, it stays there. When my neighbors on Sobickowa learned that I had come from America, they plied me with eager questions concerning the land across the water. Most of those who had been in America had worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania.



The TURNING-POINT of MR. CARNEGIE'S CAREER

by DAVID HOMER BATES

Author of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office"

ANDREW CARNEGIE placed his foot upon the first round of the ladder of success when, in 1849, he went to work in a cotton factory in Allegheny City, where he served as bobbin boy, his wage being \$1.20 a week. He stepped upon the second round when he was set to firing the boiler of a small steam-engine in the cellar of a bobbin factory in the same city; and he reached the third round when in the same year he became a telegraph messenger-boy at the corner of Third and Wood streets, Pittsburg.

On March 28, 1907, the surviving members of the United States Military Telegraph Corps of the Civil War (eighty persons, including guests) gave a reunion dinner in special honor of Andrew Carnegie, the "Father of the Corps," General Thomas T. Eckert, the "Dean," Colonel Robert C. Clowry, a "Pioneer," and Mr. William R. Plum, the "Historian of the Corps."¹ In the course of his response at that dinner, Mr. Carnegie said:

Mr. Thomas A. Scott was my superior officer when I was a telegraph operator. When he was made Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in 1859 and removed from Altoona to Philadelphia, they

sent me back to Pittsburg in his place, and I was wounded to the quick by one thing. "Andy," he said, "Do you think you could handle the Pittsburg Division?" Well, I had never made such a fool of myself as to say that I could not do a thing if I had the chance. "Mr. Scott," I said, "I should like to try." There was nothing in the world that could have been offered me equal to the Pittsburg Division. I had signed "T.A.S." for years on telegraph-train orders, and I could not help thinking how "A.C." would look.

When at the height of exhilaration there came the words from Mr. Scott: "How much salary do you think you ought to have?"

"Salary! I don't care about salary; you give me the division."

I did not care so much for the money as I did for the position. Scott said he thought I should get \$1500 a year,—he got only that when he was there,—and it was so fixed. I remember well when I used to write out the monthly pay-roll and came to Mr. Scott's name for \$125. I wondered what he did with it all. I was then getting thirty-five.

Mr. Carnegie then told of his experience as a telegraph messenger in Pittsburg in the early 50's, when one night at the end of the month he did not receive his pay with the rest of the boys as usual,

¹ An account of Mr. Carnegie's part in the telegraph service at the beginning of the Civil War was given by the present writer in "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," printed in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for May, 1907.

but was told by the cashier, John P. Glass, to wait until the others had left the room. He thought that dismissal was coming. How could he ever meet his father and mother in disgrace! When they were alone, Mr. Glass said: "Andy, I have noticed your work, and concluded that you are worth more than the other boys. Instead of \$11.25 for this month, I have given you \$13.50." Mr. Carnegie continued:

I ran from the Pittsburg office more than a mile to my home, crossing the Allegheny River. I would not take the narrow sidewalk, but ran the whole way across on the broad wagon-road, fortunately then free from wagons. A rise of \$2.25 a month! Talk about your millionaires! All the millions I've made, combined, never gave the happiness of that rise of \$2.25 a month. Arrived at the little cottage where we lived,—father, mother, and little brother,—I handed my mother the usual \$11.25, and that night in bed told brother Tom the great secret. The next morning, Sunday, we were all sitting at the breakfast table, and I said: "Mother, I have something else for you," and then I gave her the \$2.25, and told her how I got it. Father and she were delighted to hear of my good fortune, but, motherlike, she said I deserved it, and then came tears of joy.

Comrades, I was born in poverty, and would not exchange its sacred memories with the richest millionaire's son who ever breathed. What does he know about mother or father? These are mere names to him. *Give me the life of the boy, whose mother is nurse, seamstress, washerwoman, cook, teacher, angel, and saint, all in one, and whose father is guide, exemplar, and friend.* No servants to come between. These are the boys who are born to the best fortune. Some men think that poverty is a dreadful burden, and that wealth leads to happiness. What do they know about it? They know only one side; they imagine the other. I have lived both, and I know there is very little in wealth that can add to human happiness beyond the small comforts of life. Millionaires who laugh are rare. My experience is that wealth is apt to take the smiles away.

If happiness has not its seat
And center in the breast,
We may be rich or wise or great,
But never can be blest.

Mr. Carnegie's reference in this address to his having once been a telegraph messenger led the writer to search for additional facts and incidents in his early

career, which have only recently been obtained, and some of which are here published for the first time. Andrew Carnegie was registered as having been born in Dunfermline, Scotland, on November 25, 1837; but a side entry has recently been discovered which shows that the year of his birth was 1835. Registry seems to have been delayed by the official then in charge. His mother's maiden name was Margaret Morrison. His father, William Carnegie, was a well-to-do weaver, owning four hand-loom; but the introduction of steam ruined hand-loom weaving, and, after a long struggle, the old looms were sold at a sacrifice, and the family of four (Andrew was then in his thirteenth year, and his brother Thomas in his seventh) sailed from Glasgow, May 17, 1848, on the *Wiscasset*, an eight-hundred-ton vessel built in a Maine shipyard. The voyage to New York occupied seven weeks. Their worldly possessions were so few that, in order to pay their passage in the steerage, they were compelled to accept a loan of twenty pounds from an intimate family friend, Mrs. Henderson,—*née* Ferguson,—which, however, was soon repaid out of the first family savings in America, one dollar at a time being carefully put away for the purpose. Their final destination by canal and steamboat was Pittsburg or rather Allegheny (now incorporated with the former city), where Mrs. Carnegie's two sisters lived.

The father, after unsuccessful efforts to make a livelihood out of his trade of weaving, obtained employment in the cotton mill in which Andrew was afterward employed as bobbin boy. He writes of this event: "I cannot tell how proud I was when I received my first week's earnings,—one dollar and twenty cents,—given to me because I had been of some use in the world." The father and lad began work at early dawn, and left the mill after dark, the good mother contributing her share to the family wealth by binding shoes in the intervals of housework, no servant ever having been employed in the humble home until 1856, when young Carnegie accompanied Thomas A. Scott to Altoona, taking the family with him.

Some time in the year 1849, David Brooks, manager of the Pittsburg tele-

graph office, needed an additional messenger-boy, and mentioned the matter to Carnegie's Uncle Hogan, with whom Brooks occasionally played draughts.

the lad, asked him when he could begin work. Andy said: "Right now; I don't need to go home again to-day." Thus the third step was taken on the ladder of



From a photograph by Fargo

ANDREW CARNEGIE, AGED SIXTEEN, AND HIS ONLY BROTHER
THOMAS MORRISON CARNEGIE, AGED TEN, IN 1851

Hogan at once suggested his nephew. The following day "Andy," as he was always called, accompanied by his father, went to the telegraph office at Third and Wood streets, and had an interview with Mr. Brooks. Brooks, after a talk with

success, and the fourteen-year-old boy became a telegraph messenger, his monthly wages being \$11.25, afterward increased to \$13.50, as stated above.

Meantime the Superintendent of the Telegraph Company, James Douglas



From a photograph by Cargo, taken in 1870

ANDREW CARNEGIE AND THOMAS N. MILLER, HIS BOYHOOD
FRIEND AND EARLY BUSINESS ASSOCIATE

Reid (of blessed memory to old-time telegraphers), visited Pittsburg and met the young messenger-boy, who learned that Reid was born near Dunfermline, Carnegie's native town. This fact no doubt served to improve Andy's prospects in the business. Forty years afterward, he secured for his old employer the appointment as United States consul at Dunfermline. Young Carnegie soon learned the Morse alphabet and practised making the telegraph-signals in the early morn-

ings before the operators came. It was not long before he was able to send and receive occasional messages by means of the Morse register, the dots and dashes being embossed on a narrow strip of paper by a steel pen which moved up and down as the electric current opened and closed. At that period the art of reading the signals by sound was in its infancy, and only a few operators here and there were able to abandon the paper strip. But Carnegie soon learned to read thoroughly

and well by sound, an accomplishment he still retains. In fact, the careful, skilled operator, no matter how long he may have forsaken the key, cannot forget the Morse alphabet, and whenever he is within hearing of the signals he involuntarily translates them in his mind.

Carnegie not only became an expert telegraph operator, but, as Mr. B. F. Woodward informed me, he had the "student habit: his mind was active, he attended school, studied grammar and composition, read much, and wrote letters to Eastern newspapers, giving local and political news." In line with this, Mr. T. B. A. David¹ informed me that about that time Andrew Carnegie sought the privilege of using the library for working boys which had been established by a Colonel Anderson in Allegheny, but was refused on the ground that he was not "a working boy." He attacked the administration of the library in a communication to the "Pittsburgh Dispatch," which he signed "A Working Boy." The librarian responded in the columns of the "Dispatch," defending the rules, which, he claimed, meant that "a working boy should have a trade." Carnegie's rejoinder was signed "A Working Boy, though without a Trade," and a day or two thereafter the "Dispatch" had an item on its editorial page which read: "Will 'A Working Boy without a Trade' please call at this office?"

Mr. David added: "I am under the impression that the editor was so pleased with A.C.'s performance that he offered him a place on the paper." And, recently Mr. Carnegie, on being shown the letter, made this comment: "All correct. This was my first appearance as a scribbler for the press. My ambition was to be a reporter, and at last an editor like Horace Greeley. I raised a club for the 'Weekly Tribune,' was an ardent 'Free-Soiler,' and my second article for the press was in the 'Tribune.'"

John Phipps, brother of Henry Phipps, one of Carnegie's early partners in the iron and steel business, was bookkeeper for Isaac Dripps, Master Me-

chanic of the Fort Wayne Railroad, whose office was at outer depot, Allegheny. In those early days the master mechanic was looked upon as the most important official of the road next to the superintendent, and Dripps used the telegraph very freely. In his absence, his bookkeeper signed the despatches, "I. Dripps per Phipps." In the Morse alphabet these characters consisted entirely of dots with the exception of a single dash in the letter D. So, when the double signature was transmitted over the wires, the long succession of dots was bewildering to both the sending and receiving operator, and the signals produced a curious effect upon the ear. Mr. Carnegie has recalled this feature of his telegraph experience with deep interest.

Mrs. Carnegie has found among her household gods and relics of his early days a photograph, taken in 1851, of her husband, then sixteen, and his brother Thomas, then ten, while the former was employed in the telegraph office, and has permitted the writer to have it reproduced for this article.²

Before railroad trains began running into Pittsburg from the East, passengers were compelled to travel part of the distance by stage, the last section of the old stage route being from Beatty's Station, near Greensburg, to Turtle Creek, twenty-five miles out of Pittsburg.

Thomas A. Scott was superintendent not only of the railroad company, but also of the stage-line, his office being at the Pittsburg Outer Depot (burned in 1877 by strikers in the great riots). The railroad telegraph line had not yet been built, and Scott frequently went down town to the public telegraph office at Third and Wood streets, where Carnegie was employed as operator, to be in direct communication by telegraph with railroad officials at Altoona. In this way Scott frequently met Carnegie, who did most of his telegraphing. The former was attracted by the personality of the young Scotchman, who on many occasions had gone out of his way to help the railroad superintendent in his telegraphic correspondence. When the Pennsylvania

¹ Mr. Woodward had died since giving the above information. He and Mr. David were employed as operators in the Pittsburg office in 1852 and 1853.

² Thomas Morrison Carnegie also learned to tele-

graph, but was never regularly employed in that capacity except for a brief period in connection with his clerical duties in the office of the superintendent of the railroad company at Pittsburg.

Railroad Company had completed its telegraph line into Pittsburg, an office was opened at the outer depot. Mr. Scott, who was appointed Superintendent of the Western (now Pittsburg) Division of the railroad, needed a clerk who could also act as operator. He made inquiries concerning Carnegie, who at that time was receiving a salary of twenty-five dollars per month from the telegraph company. John P. Glass, the office telegraph manager, who had succeeded Brooks, disliking to lose one of his most expert and serviceable operators, did not encourage the proposed transfer, and offered to increase Carnegie's salary if he would stay in the telegraph business. Scott, however, was very anxious to employ the young man, and the latter was just as eager to make the change. He promptly accepted the terms, —thirty-five dollars a month,—and arranged to enter Scott's service on February 1, 1853, when he was a few months over seventeen. Many years afterward, during the wide-spread interest in the new discovery of X-rays, in a speech to the railroad veterans Mr. Carnegie facetiously referred to the "raise" in his salary from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per month as the first and best "X-raise" that had ever been applied to him.

Six weeks after Carnegie entered Scott's employ, he wrote to his Uncle Lauder in Dunfermline, telling him, among other things, of his having left his old place in the telegraph office for what he considered to be a more promising position in the railroad service. In his "Romance of Steel," Casson makes only a brief reference to this letter, which, as the writer believes, is now published in full for the first time. It serves to prove the correctness of the old adage that "The boy is father to the man."

"PITTSBURGH, March 14, 1853.

MY DEAR UNCLE:

Dod's letter, with your few lines and the "News," were received by the same mail, and the contents of all have been thoroughly digested over and over again. Dod's letter put me in an awful way; I could hardly forbear from writing him the same hour his came to hand, but I concluded (after I had filled three or

four sheets in reply) to read some authorities upon the subject before "proceeding to business." I have the characteristics of "our folks" rather "strongly developed" (as Aunt Aiken would say) and of course, therefore, am a great—or rather small—dabbler in politics—and the proposition pleases me first rate. It will, no doubt, be beneficial to both of us to examine into the systems of Government by which we are ruled, and it will prompt us to read and reflect on what, perhaps, we would never have done without that stimulant. I have, therefore, accepted Dod's challenge, and am now reading the Early History of our Republic, and I find that the obstacles which our revolutionary fathers had to surmount and the dangers they had to encounter were far greater than I had imagined and worthy to take place among the deeds of Scotland's heroes. I read an article lately in Chambers' Miscellany headed "Wallace and Bruce" that pleased me better than anything I have read for a long while. It gave a short history of both and it has exalted even Wallace's character in my eyes; perhaps you may have read it. I have also a fine copy of Burns' works complete, letters, etc. Mr. McCalla, Manager of Eastern Line, presented it to me as a Christmas gift; it is not quite so thick as your copy, but longer; it has several plates and is the best edition published in this country. I see that Dod has a wrong idea in regard to the slave question, and as I suppose that is the monster iniquity which makes him pronounce this country the most tyrannical in the civilized world, I will try to explain the nature of that question in my next letter to him. In my former letter, I would have given you more Buncombe about our G. G. & F.¹ Republic, but I had an idea it would not interest you. I know that the laws and institutions of this country will compare favorably with any other nation on earth, at least as far as I have seen, and except the relation of Master and Slave, they are a century in advance of European; but enough of this, as I have some news to tell you. I left my old place in the telegraph office and am now in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., one of (if not the very first of) the three leading roads from

¹ Great, Glorious, and Free.

our Atlantic Cities to the Great West. It forms a continuous line from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, and here connects with Western roads and the Ohio River. Mr. Scott, the Sup't of it, with whom I became acquainted while in the office, by often talking for him on business by telegraph, offered me 35 dollars per month to take charge of their telegraph office, which the Co. has in this city for its own exclusive use, and also, to assist him in writing and auditing accounts, which I accepted. The Telegraph Co. would have increased my salary to \$400. per year if I had remained there, but we all thought that the new situation held out better prospects for the future. I resigned my station on the first of February, and have been employed at my new place since that time. I am liking it far better than the old one—instead of having to stay every other night till 10 or 11 o'clock, I am done every night at 6, which is a great advantage, and am not so much confined. Although I thought my old berth a very good one for the present, still for the future, I felt it did not hold out great inducements. I must always have been an employee, and the highest station I could reasonably expect to attain was Manager of an office, with 7 or 8 hundred a year, and I had begun to think that if another situation would turn up which would be better for the future, I would accept it even though the salary was less than at present, when Mr. Scott (without any application) offered me my present berth. He is having an office fixed up for his own use and I am to be along with him in it and help him. I have met with very few men that I like so well in this country, and I am sure we will agree very well. There is not much telegraphing to do, but it is necessary for them to have an office. The line runs alongside of the Railroad and as there is only one track laid yet, the time the different trains pass stations must be known. Father is in good health and has about \$70. of cloth which he intends to sell as soon as the good weather sets in; his letter is not yet commenced, but he promises fair yet to write soon—in the meanwhile he sends you all his very best respects. He is highly delighted with the Caloric Ship just now, and looks forward to the time when steam will be among the things that

were. You will see that it has stood the test nobly; it went to Norfolk by sea from N. York and encountered a hard storm, her machinery worked regularly all the time. It will soon visit your shores, another monument of American genius.

Mother directed me to say that she thought we would be able to pay up the house and lot in about two years, and that when that's done we will be in easy circumstances, but I rather guess she will need new carpets or something else after that; she bought a nice bureau and rocking-chair for her Christmas gifts and she is very proud of them. Mother says it takes a great deal more to keep us in this country. Clothes are so dear and a great many other things, which I forget, are double the price they are in Scotland. Uncle Morris was here about three weeks ago; he is now at St. Louis, about 1200 miles from here, selling ware; we expect him home in about a week; he telegraphed a few days since that he was doing well. Aunt Aiken is doing very well in the store, Mother goes up and helps her on Saturday nights. Uncle and Aunt Hogan are doing well. Aunt has been sick for a week or two past, but is now better. We are expecting Tom up every day, he is coming to spend a week with us. Seyton still continues to live with us and sends regards to all friends in Dunfermline. How do you think your new Ministry will work; it's a coalition sure enough. However, I hope it will try and do something, and not be like its predecessor. What do you think France is about; if they mean to be peaceful, as Napoleon says, what do they want so many new vessels of war for? It is thought here that another crisis like 1848 will soon take place—if you should happen to get into a fight with the Northern powers on the side of freedom, we won't see you beat without giving you a helping hand. The day will yet come when the Banner of St. George and the Stars and Stripes will do good work side by side for "Liberty." I always get enthusiastic about it when I think of my native and adopted countries uniting against despotism. But I must be brief. Aunt must excuse me for not writing a piece to her, for I have something to say to Dod, and half of yours is hers, you know, and my

room is scanty. All friends here send both of you their best wishes for your welfare, and I need not say, so does

Your much indebted nephew,

Andw. Carnegie.

P. S. Mother thinks that I have never told you that we had bought Uncle Hogan's house and lot, but I 'm pretty sure I did. Mother says that rents are so very high tradesmen pay about 6 and 8 dolls. per mo. for houses with 4 rooms, so we concluded to risk a little and bought it for \$550; the property is worth \$700, but Andw. Hogan wanted to sell it and could get no better bargain, as it was not long after the flood and some money had to be spent for repairs—we have two years to pay it in."

This is a very remarkable letter from a youth not yet eighteen years old, who had been in this country less than five years; and of particular interest is his reference to the laws and institutions of his adopted country, which he says will compare favorably with those of any other nation on earth except as regards "the relation of master and slave." To have noted such an exception indicates a serious turn of mind beyond his years. Carnegie's Uncle Lauder, to whom the letter was addressed, had proposed that his son George and his nephew Andrew should debate by letter which of the two lands, Great Britain or the United States, had the better government, and the suggestion was at once followed. George Lauder afterward came to America and entered the Carnegie firm, and the two cousins are to-day, as for over fifty years past they have been, more like brothers than cousins. The nicknames by which the two have been familiarly known, are nothing but the pet names of childhood, bestowed when one could not plainly say George or the other Carnegie. To each other they still remain "Dod" and "Naig."

Carnegie's savings were at first small, because the bulk of his \$35 per month (soon increased to \$40) was given to his parents for family expenses. But about 1854, under the advice of his employer, Thomas A. Scott, he bought ten shares of Adams Express Company

stock at a cost of \$600. When this transaction was made, Carnegie had not yet reserved anything for himself out of his salary, and, to complete the payment, his mother went down the Ohio River to her brother, "Squire" Morris, in East Liverpool, who borrowed \$500 for her, she giving as security a mortgage on the little house which they had bought shortly before, and to which reference is made in the letter. Mr. Scott advanced the remaining \$100 required, and Mr. Carnegie, for the first time in his life, was a capitalist. He recently recalled with great interest the pleasure and excitement in the little household when he brought home the check for the first monthly dividend (\$10).

In the first year of the Civil War the discovery of oil in Western Pennsylvania caused great excitement in that region, and Carnegie was prepared to take advantage of the situation by investing some of his net earnings, and as much more as he felt justified in borrowing from the bank, in the most promising oil wells, some of which multiplied enormously in value. Later he became interested in the manufacture of steel, iron bridges, and locomotives. His brother Thomas married Lucy Coleman, daughter of one of Pittsburg's great iron-masters.

In October, 1874, Andrew Carnegie turned his energies and the bulk of his capital into the Edgar Thomson Steel Works Limited, out of which grew the Carnegie Steel Company Limited, which in turn was sold in 1901 to the United States Steel Corporation. The colossal sum of four hundred and sixty millions of dollars was the basis upon which Mr. Carnegie took first mortgage bonds and retired from active business. His partners, who took stock in the United States Steel Corporation, received their shares upon a basis of value for the Carnegie Steel Company of six hundred and forty millions. Mr. Carnegie did not ask anything in lieu of the common stock which his partners received. His belief then was that the common stock of that gigantic enterprise had no real value except as the growth of the business and its continued prosperity would create it, a result which in fact has since been achieved.



See "Open Letters"

THE POWDERING-ROOM

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY H. S. POTTER

THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION
OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

XIV

IN the summer of 1793, the city of Penn numbered forty-five thousand souls, and lay in the form of an irregularly bounded triangle, the apex being about seven squares, as we say, west of the Delaware. From this it spread eastward, widening until the base, thinly builded with shops, homes, and warehouses, extended along the Delaware River a distance of about two miles from Callowhill Street to Cedar. It was on the parts nearest to the river that the death-cloud lay.

De Courval had walked from the Falls of Schuylkill late in the morning, and, after having been ferried across the Schuylkill, passed by forest and farm roads over a familiar, rolling country, and arrived at Merion, in the Welsh barony, where he parted from his mother. To this distance he was now to add the seven miles which would bring him to the city.

He soon reached the Lancaster road, and after securing a bowl of bread and milk, for which he paid the exorbitant price of two shillings at a farm-house, he lay down in the woods and, lighting his meerschaum pipe, rested during the early afternoon, glad of shelter from the moist heat of the September day.

He had much to think about. His mother he dismissed, smiling. If, after what he had said, he had not obeyed the call of duty and gratitude, he knew full well that she would have been surprised, despite her protests and the terror with which his errand filled her. He, too, felt

it, for it is the form which peril takes rather than equality of risk which makes disease appal many a man for whom war has the charm which awakens the lust of contest, and no such alarm as the presence of the unseen foe which gives no quarter. He dismissed his fears with a silent appeal for strength and support.

He thought then of his enemy. Where was he? This pestilence, the inexplicable act of an all-powerful God, had for a time been set as a barrier between him and his foe. If either he or Carteaux died of it, there was an end of all the indecisions that affection had put in his way. He had a moral shock at the idea that he was unwilling to believe it well that the will of God should lose him the fierce joy of a personal vengeance. How remote seemed such a feeling from the religious calm of the Quaker home! And then a rosy face, a slight, gray-clad figure, came before him with the clearness of visual perception which was one of his mental peculiarities. The sense of difference of rank which his mother had never lost, and would never lose, he had long since put aside. Margaret's refinement, her young beauty, her gay sweetness, her variety of charm, he recalled as he lay; nor against these was there for him any available guard of common sense, that foe of imprudent love, to sum up the other side with the arithmetic of worldly wisdom. He rose, disturbed a little at the consciousness of a power of late getting beyond his control, and went on his way down the long, dusty road, refreshed by the fair angel company of Love and Longing.

Very soon he was recalled from his dreams. As he came within a mile of the city, he saw tents as for an army, camp-fires, people cooking, men, women, and children lying about by the roadside and in the orchards or the woods. Two hungry-looking mechanics begged help of him. He gave them each a shilling and went on. The nearer shore of the quiet Schuylkill was lined with tents. Over the middle-ferry floating bridge came endlessly all manner of vehicles packed with scared people, the continuous drift from town of all who could afford to fly, a pitiful sight in the closing day. Beyond the river were more tents and half-starved families.

At dusk, as he went eastward on Market Street, there were fewer people, and beyond Sixth Street almost none. The taverns were closed. Commerce was at an end. Turning south, he crossed the bridge over Dock Creek at Second Street, and was now in a part of the city where death and horror had left only those whom disease, want of means, or some stringent need, forbade to leave their homes. Twenty-four thousand then or later fled the town. A gallant few who could have gone, as he was soon to learn, stayed from a sense of duty.

Exposure at night was said to be fatal, so that all who could were shut up indoors, or came out in fear only to feed with pitch and fence palings the fires kindled in the streets, but forbidden later, which were supposed to give protection. A canopy of rank tar-smoke hung over the town, and a dull, ruddy glow from these many fires. Grass grew in the roadway of the once busy street, and strange silence reigned where men were used to move amid the noises of trade. As De Courval walked on deep in thought, a woman ran out of a house, crying: "They are dead! All are dead!" She stopped him. "Is my baby dead, too?"

"I—I do not know," he said, looking at the wasted, yellow face of the child in her arms. She left it on the pavement, and ran away screaming. He had never in his life touched the dead; but now, though with repugnance, he picked up the little body and laid it on a door-step. Was it really dead? he asked himself. He stood a minute looking at the corpse; then he touched it. It was unnaturally

hot, as are the dead of this fever. Not seeing well in the dusk, and feeling a strange responsibility, he laid a hand on the child's heart. It was still. He moved away swiftly through the gathering gloom of deserted streets. On Front Street, near Lombard, a man, seeing him approach, ran from him across the way. A little farther, the solitude and sense of loneliness were complete; and it was now night. He had been long on his way.

As he turned eastward toward the river, a half-naked man ran out of an alley and, standing before him, cried: "The plague is come upon us because they have numbered the people. Death! death! you will die for this sin." The young man, thus halted, stood appalled, and then turned to look after the wild prophet of disaster, who ran up Lombard Street, his sinister cries lost as he disappeared in the gloom. René recalled, as he stood, that somewhere in the Bible he had read of how a plague had come on the Israelites for having numbered the people. Long afterward he learned that a census had been taken in 1792. He stood still a moment in the gloom, amid the silence of the deserted city, and then of a sudden moved rapidly southward.

He was now on the far edge of the city, his mind upon Schmidt, when he saw, to his surprise, by the glow of a dying fire, a familiar form. "Mr. Girard!" he cried, in pleased surprise; for in the country little was as yet known of the disregard of death with which this man and many more were quietly nursing the sick and keeping order in a town where, except the comparatively immune negroes, few aided, and where the empty homes were being plundered. The quick thought passed through René's mind that he had heard this man called an atheist by Daniel Offley.

He said to Girard: "Ah, Monsieur, have you seen Monsieur Schmidt?"

"Not for three days. He has been busy as the best. There is one man who knows not fear. Where is he, Vicomte?"

"We do not know. We have heard nothing since he left us two weeks ago. But he meant to live in Mrs. Swanwick's house."

"Let us go and see," said Girard; and with the man who already counted his wealth in millions René hurried on. At

the house they entered easily, for the door was open, and went up-stairs.

In Schmidt's room, guided by his delirious cries, they found him. Girard struck a light from his steel and flint, and presently they had candles lighted, and saw the yellow face, and the horrors of the vomito, in the disordered room.

"*Mon Dieu!* but this is sad!" said Girard. "Ah, the brave gentleman! You will stay? I shall send you milk and food at once. Give him water freely, and the milk. Bathe him. Are you afraid?"

"I—yes; but I came for this, and I am here to stay."

"I shall send you a doctor; but they are of little use."

"Is there any precaution to take?"

"Yes. Live simply. Smoke your pipe—I believe in that. You can get cooler water by hanging out in the air demi-johns and bottles wrapped in wet linen—a West-Indian way, and the well water is cold. I shall come back to-morrow." And so advising, he left him.

De Courval set the room in order, and lighted his pipe, after obeying Girard's suggestions. At intervals he sponged the hot body of the man who was retching and in agony of pain, babbling and crying out about courts and princes and a woman—ever of a woman dead and of some prison life. De Courval heard his delirious revelations with wonder and a pained sense of learning the secrets of a friend.

In an hour came Dr. Rush, with his quiet manner and thin, intellectual face. Like most of those of his profession, the death of some of whom in this battle with disease a tablet in the College of Physicians records to-day, he failed of no duty to rich or poor. But for those who disputed his views of practice he had only the most virulent abuse. A firm friend, an unpardoning hater, and in some ways far ahead of his time, was the man who now sat down as he said: "I must bleed him at once. Calomel and blood-letting are the only safety. I bled Dr. Griffith seventy-five ounces to-day. He will get well." The doctor bled everybody, and over and over.

His voice seemed to rouse Schmidt. He cried out: "Take away that horse leech. He will kill me." He fought them both and tore the bandage from his

arm. The doctor at last gave up, unused to resistance. "Give him calomel powders."

"Out with your drugs!" cried the sick man, striking at him in fury, and then falling back in delirium again, yellow and flushed. The doctor left at last in disgust, with his neat wrist ruffles torn. On the stair he said: "He will die, but I shall call to-morrow. He will be dead, I fear."

"Is he gone?" gasped Schmidt, when, returning, René sat down by his bedside.

"Yes, sir; but he will come again."

"I do not want him. I want air—air." As he spoke, he rose on his elbow and looked about him. "I knew you would come. I should never have sent for you. *Mein Gott!*" he cried hoarsely, looking at the room and the bedclothes. "Horrible!" His natural refinement was shocked at what he saw. "*Ach!* to die like a wallowing pig is a torture of disgust! An insult, this disease and torment." Then wandering again: "I pray you, sir, to hold me excused."

The distracted young man never forgot that night. The German at dawn, crying, "Air, air!" got up, and despite all De Courval could do, staggered out to the upper porch and lay uncovered on a mattress upon which De Courval dragged him. The milk and food came, and at six Stephen Girard.

"I have been up all night," he said; "but here is a black to help you."

To De Courval's delight, it was old Cicero, who, lured by high wages given to the negro, whom even the pest passed by, had left the widow's service.

"Now," said Girard, "here is help. Pay him well. Our friend will die, I fear; and, sir, you are a brave man, but do not sit here all day."

De Courval, in despair at his verdict, thanked him. But the friend was not to die. Cicero proved faithful, and cooked and nursed, and De Courval, as the hours of misery went on, began to hope. The fever lessened in a day or two, but Schmidt still lay on the porch, speechless, yellow, and wasted, swearing furiously at any effort to get him back to bed. And still as the days ran on he grew quiet, and rejoiced to feel the cool breeze from the river, and had a smile for René and a brief word of cheer for Girard, who came

hither daily, heroically uncomplaining, spending his strength lavishly and his money with less indifference. Schmidt, back again in the world of human interests, listened to his talk with René, but was himself for the most part silent.

Twice a day, when thus in a measure relieved, as the flood served, De Courval rowed out on the river, and came back refreshed by his swim. He sent comforting notes by Cicero to his mother and to Mrs. Swanwick, and a message of remembrance to Margaret, and was careful to add that he had "fumed" the letters with sulphur, and things were better with Schmidt, and he himself was well. Cicero came back with glad replies and fruit and milk and lettuce and fresh eggs and what not, while day after day three women prayed at morning and night for those whom in their different ways they loved.

One afternoon Dr. Rush came again and said it was amazing, but it would have been still better if he had been let to bleed him, and how he had bled Dr. Mease six times in five days, and now he was safe. But here he considered that he would be no further needed. Schmidt had listened civilly to the doctor with mild, tired, blue eyes and delicate features; and feeling, with the inflowing tide of vigor, a return of his normal satisfaction in the study of man, he began, to De Courval's joy, to amuse himself.

"Do you bleed the Quakers, too?" asked the German.

"Why not?" said the doctor, puzzled.

"Have they as much blood as other people? You look to be worn out. Pray do not go. Sit down. Cicero shall give you some chocolate."

The doctor liked few things better than a chance to talk. He sat down again as desired, saying: "Yes, I am tired; but though I had only three hours' sleep last night, I am still, through the divine Goodness, in perfect health. Yesterday was a triumph for mercury, jalap, and bleeding. They saved at least a hundred lives."

"Are the doctors all of your way of thinking?"

"No, sir. I have to combat prejudice and falsehood. Sir, they are murderers."

"Sad, very sad!" remarked Schmidt.

"I have one satisfaction. I grieve for the blindness of men, but I nourish a

belief that my labor is acceptable to Heaven. Malice and slander are my portion on earth; but my opponents will have their reward hereafter."

"Most comforting!" murmured Schmidt. "But what a satisfaction to be sure you are right!"

"Yes, to know, sir, that I am right and these my enemies wrong, does console me; and, too, to feel that I am humbly following in the footsteps of my Master. But I must go. The chocolate is good. My thanks. If you relapse, let me know, and the lancet will save you. Good-by."

When René returned, having attended the doctor to the door, Schmidt was smiling.

"Ah, my son," he said, "only in the Old Testament will you find a man like that—malice and piety, with a belief in himself no man, no reason, can disturb."

"Yes, I heard him with wonder."

"He has done me good, but now I am tired. He has gone—he said so—to visit Miss Gainor, at the Hill. I should like to hear her talk to him."

An attack of gout had not improved that lady's temper, and she cruelly mocked at the great doctor's complaints of his colleagues. When she heard of De Courval, and how at last he would not agree to have Schmidt held for the doctor to bleed, she said he was a fine fellow; and to the doctor's statement that he was a fool, she retorted: "You have changed your religion twice, I do hear. When you are born again, try to be born a fool."

The doctor, enraged, would have gone at once, but the gout was in solid possession, and the threat to send for Dr. Choivet held him. He laughed, outwardly at least, and did not go. The next day he, too, was in the grip of the fever, and was bled to his satisfaction, recovering later to resume his gallant work.

And now that, after another week, Schmidt, a ghastly frame of a man, began to eat, but still would not talk, De Courval, who had never left him except for his swim or to walk in the garden, leaving Cicero in charge, went out into the streets to find a shop and that rare article, tobacco.

It was now well on into this fatal September. The deaths were three hundred a week. The sick no man counted, but probably half of those attacked died. At

night in his vigils, De Courval heard negroes, with push-carts or dragging chaises, cry: "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!" They were let down from upper windows by ropes or left outside of the doorways until the death-cart came and took them away.

It was about noon when René left the house. As he neared the center of the city, there were more people in the streets than he expected to see; but all wore a look of anxiety and avoided one another, walking in the middle of the roadway. No one shook hands with friend or kinsman. Many smoked; most of them wore collars of tarred rope, or chewed garlic, or held to their faces vials of vinegar of the four thieves once popular in the plague. He twice saw men, stricken as they walked, creep away like animals, beseeching help from those who fled in dismay. Every hour had its sickening tragedy.

As he stood on Second Street looking at a man chalking the doors of infected houses, a lightly clad young woman ran forth screaming. He stopped her. "What is it? Can I help you?" A great impulse of desire to aid came over him, a feeling of pitiful self-appeal to the manhood of his courage.

"Let me go! My husband has it. I won't stay! I am too young to die."

A deadly fear fell upon the young Huguenot. "I, too, am young, and may die," he murmured; but he went in and up-stairs. He saw an old man, yellow and convulsed; but being powerless to help him, he went out to find some one.

On the bridge over Dock Creek he met Daniel Offley. He did not esteem him greatly, but he said, "I want to know how I can help a man I have just left."

The two men who disliked each other had then and there their lesson. "I will go with thee." They found the old man dead. As they came out, Offley said, "Come with me, if thee is minded to aid thy fellows," and they went on, talking of the agony of the doomed city.

Hearses and push-carts went by in rows, heavy with naked corpses in the tainted air. Very few well-dressed people were seen. Fashion and wealth had gone, panic-stricken, and good grass crops could have been cut in the desolate streets near the Delaware.

Now and then some scared man, walking in the roadway, for few, as I said, used the sidewalk, would turn, shocked at hearing the Quaker's loud voice; for, as was noticed, persons who met, spoke softly and low, as if feeling the nearness of the unseen dead in the houses. While De Courval waited, Offley went into several alleys on their way, and came out more quiet.

"I have business here," said Offley, as he led the way over the south side of the Potter's Field we now call Washington Square. He paused to pay two black men who were digging wide pits for the fast-coming dead cast down from the death-carts. A Catholic priest and a Lutheran clergyman were busy, wearily saying brief prayers over the dead.

Offley looked on, for a minute silent. "The priest is of Rome," he said, "one Keating—a good man; the other a Lutheran."

"Strange fellowship!" thought De Courval.

They left them to this endless task, and went on, Daniel talking in his oppressively loud voice of the number of the deaths. The imminence of peril affected the spirits of most men, but not Offley. De Courval, failing to answer a question, he said: "What troubles thee, young man? Is thee afear'd?"

"A man should be—and at first I was; but now I am thinking of the Papist and Lutheran—working together. That gives one to think, as we say in French."

"I see not why," said Offley. "But we must hasten, or the health committee will be gone."

In a few minutes they were at the State House. Daniel led him through the hall and up-stairs. In the council-room of Penn was seated a group of notable men.

"Here," said Offley in his great voice, "is a young man of a will to help us."

Girard rose. "This, gentlemen, is my countryman, the Vicomte de Courval."

Matthew Clarkson, the mayor, made him welcome.

"Sit down," he said. "We shall presently be free to direct you."

De Courval took the offered seat and looked with interest at the men before him.

There were Carey, the future historian of the plague; Samuel Wetherill, the

Free Quaker; Henry de Forrest, whom he had met; Thomas Savery; Thomas Wistar; Thomas Scattergood; Jonathan Seargeant; and others. Most of them, being Friends, sat wearing their white beaver hats. Tranquil and fearless, they were quietly disposing of a task from which some of the overseers of the poor had fled. Six of those present were very soon to join the four thousand who died before November. At last Girard said to De Courval: "Peter Helm and I are to take charge of the hospital on Bush Hill. Are you willing to help us? It is perilous; I ought to tell you that."

"Yes, I will go," said René; "I have now time, and I want to be of some use."

"We thank you," said Matthew Clarkson. "Help is sorely needed."

"Come with me," said Girard. "My chaise is here. Help is scarce. Too many who should be of us have fled." As they went out, he added: "I owe this city much, as some day it will know. You are going to a scene of ungoverned riot, of drunken negro nurses; but it is to be changed, and soon, too."

William Hamilton's former country seat on Bush Hill was crowded with the dying and the dead; but there were two devoted doctors, and soon there was better order and discipline.

De Courval went daily across the doomed city to his loathsome task, walking thither after his breakfast. He helped to feed and nurse the sick, and aided in keeping the beds decent, and in handling the many who died, until at nightfall, faint and despairing, he wandered back to his home. Only once Schmidt asked a question, and hearing his sad story, was silent, except to say: "I thought as much. God guard you, my son!"

One day, returning, he saw at evening on Front Street a man seated on a doorstep. He stopped, and the man looked up. It was the blacksmith Offley.

"I am stricken," he said. "Will thee help me?"

"Surely I will." De Courval assisted him into the house and to bed. He had sent his family away. "I have shod my last horse, I fear. Fetch me Dr. Hutchinson."

"He died to-day."

"Then another—Dr. Hodge; but my wife must not know. She would come. Ask Friend Pennington to visit me. I did not like thee, young man. I ask thee pardon; I was mistaken. Go, and be quick."

"I shall find some one." He did not tell him that both Pennington and the physician were dead.

De Courval was able to secure the needed help, but the next afternoon when he returned, the blacksmith was in a hearse at the door. De Courval walked away thoughtful. Even those he knew avoided him, and he observed, what many noticed, that every one looked sallow and their eyes yellow. A strange thing it seemed.

And so with letters, well guarded, that none he loved might guess his work, September passed, and the German was at last able to be in the garden, but strangely feeble, still silent, and now asking for books. A great longing was on the young man to see those he loved; but October, which saw two thousand perish, came and went, and it was well on into the cooler November before the pest-house was closed and De Courval set free, happy in a vast and helpful experience, but utterly worn out and finding his last week's walks to the hospital far too great an exertion. What his body had lost for a time, his character had gained in an exercised charity for the sick, for the poor, and for the opinions of men on whom he had previously looked with small respect.

A better and wiser man on the 20th of November drove out with Schmidt to the home of the Wynnes at Merion, where Schmidt left him to the tender care of two women, who took despotic possession.

"At last!" cried the mother, and with tears most rare to her she held the worn and wasted figure in her arms. "*Mon Dieu!*" she cried, as for the first time she heard of what he had done. For only to her was confession of heroic conduct possible. "And I—I would have kept you from God's service. I am proud of you as never before." And so all the long afternoon they talked, and Mr. Wynne, just come back, and Darthea would have him to stay for a few days.

At bedtime, as they sat alone, Hugh said to his wife, "I was sure of that young man."

"Is he not a little like you?" asked Darthea.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "Do you think every good man like me? I grieve that I was absent."

"And I do not."

XV

THE weeks before Mrs. Swanwick's household returned to the city were for De Courval of the happiest. He was gathering again his former strength in the matchless weather of our late autumnal days. To take advantage of the re-awakened commerce and to return to work was, as Wynne urged, unwise for a month or more. The American politics of that stormy time were to the young noble of small moment, and the Terror, proclaimed in France in September on Barras's motion, followed by the queen's death, made all hope of change in his own land for the present out of the question.

With the passing of the plague, Genêt and his staff had come back; but for René to think of what he eagerly desired was only to be reminded of his own physical feebleness.

Meanwhile Genêt's insolent demands went on, and the insulted cabinet was soon about to ask for his recall, when, as Schmidt hoped, Carteaux would also leave the country. The enthusiasm for the French republic was at first in no wise lessened by Genêt's conduct, although his threat to appeal to the country against Washington called out at last a storm of indignation which no one of the minister's violations of law and of the courtesies of life had yet occasioned. At first it was held to be an invention of "black-hearted Anglican aristocrats," but when it came out in print, Genêt was at once alarmed at the mischief he had made. He had seriously injured his Republican allies,—in fact, nearly ruined the party, said Madison,—for at no time in our history was Washington more venerated. The Democratic leaders begged men not to blame the newly founded republic, "so gloriously cemented with the blood of aristocrats," for the language of its insane envoy. The Federalists would have been entirely pleased, save that neither England nor France was dealing wisely with our commerce, now ruined by the exactions of priva-

teers and ships of war. Both parties wailed over this intolerable union of insult and injury; but always the President stood for peace, and, contemplating a treaty with England, was well aware of how hopeless would be a contest on sea or land with the countries which, recklessly indifferent to international law, were ever tempting us to active measures of resentment. For De Courval the situation had, as it seemed, no personal interest. There has been some need, however, to remind my readers of events, which were not without influence upon the fortunes of those with whom this story is concerned.

Schmidt was earnestly desirous that they should still remain in the country, and this for many reasons. De Courval and he would be the better for the cool autumn weather, and both were quickly gathering strength. Madame de Courval had now rejoined them. The city was in mourning. Whole families had been swept away. There were houses which no one owned, unclaimed estates, and men missing of whose deaths there was no record, while every day or two the little family of refugees heard of those dead among the middle class or of poor acquaintances of whose fates they had hitherto learned nothing. Neither Schmidt nor René would talk of the horrors they had seen, and the subject was by tacit agreement altogether avoided.

Meanwhile they rode, walked, and fished in the Schuylkill. Schmidt went now and then to town on business, and soon, the fear of the plague quite at an end, party strife was resumed, and the game of politics began anew, while the city forgot the heroic few who had served it so well, and whom to-day history has forgotten and no stone commemorates.

It was now mid-November, and one afternoon Schmidt said to De Courval: "Come, let us have a longer walk!"

Margaret, eager to join them, would not ask it, and saw them go down the garden path toward the river. "Bring me some goldenrod, please," she called.

"Yes, with pleasure," cried De Courval at the gate, as he turned to look back, "if there be any left."

"Then asters," she called.

"A fair picture," said Schmidt, "the mother and daughter, the bud and the

rose. You know the bluets folk here-about call the Quaker ladies,—oh, I spoke of this before,—pretty, but it sufficeth not. Some sweet vanity did contrive those Quaker garments."

It was in fact a fair picture. The girl stood, a gray figure in soft Eastern stuffs brought home by our ships. One arm was about the mother's waist, and with the other she caught back the hair a playful breeze blew forward to caress the changeable roses of her cheek.

"I must get me a net, mother, such as the President wore one First Day at Christ Church."

"Thou must have been piously attending to thy prayers," returned Mrs. Swanwick, smiling.

"Oh, but how could I help seeing?"

"It is to keep the powder off his velvet coat, my dear. When thou art powdered again, we must have a net."

"Oh, mother!" It was still a sore subject.

"I should like to have seen thee, child."

"Oh, the naughty mother! I shall tell of thee. Ah, here is a pin in sight. Let me hide it, mother."

The woman seen from the gate near-by was some forty-five years old, her hair a trifle gray under the high cap, the face just now merry, the gown of fine, gray linen cut to have shown the neck but for the soft, silken shawl crossed on the bosom and secured behind by a tie at the waist. A pin held it in place where it crossed, and other pins on the shoulders. The gown had elbow sleeves, and she wore long, openwork thread glove mitts; for now she was expecting Mistress Wynne and Josiah, and was pleased in her own way to be at her best.

Schmidt, lingering, said: "It is the pins. They must needs be hid in the folds not to be seen. Ah, vanity has many disguises. It is only to be neat, thou seest, René, and not seem to be solicitous concerning appearances." Few things escaped the German.

They walked away, and, as they went, saw Mistress Gainor Wynne go by in her landau with Langstroth. "Now, that is queer to be seen—the damsel in her seventies and uncle bulldog Josiah. He had a permanent ground rent on her hill estate as lasting as time, a matter of some ten pounds. They have enjoyed to fight

over it for years. But just now there is peace. Oh, she told me I was to hold my tongue. She drove to Gray Court, and what she did to the man I know not; but the rent is redeemed, and now they are bent on mischief, the pair of them. As I was not to speak of it, I did not; but now, if you tell, never shall I be forgiven." He threw his long bulk on the grass and laughed great laughter.

"But what is it?" said René.

"*Guter Himmel*, man! the innocent pair are gone to persuade the Pearl and the sweet mother shell—she that made it—to take that lottery prize. I would I could see them."

"But she will never, never do it," said René.

"No; for she has already done it."

"What, truly? *Vraiment*!"

"Yes. Is there not a god of laughter to whom I may pray? I have used up my stock of it. When Cicero came in one day, he fetched a letter to Stephen Girard from my Pearl. She had won her mother to consent, and Girard arranged it all, and, lo! the great prize of money is gone long ago to help the poor and the sick. Now the ministers of Princeton College may pray in peace. Laugh, young man!"

But he did not. "And she thought to do that?"

"Yes; but as yet none know. They will now, I fear."

"But she took it, after all. What will Friends say?"

"She was read out of meeting long ago, disowned, and I do advise them to be careful how they talk to Madame of the girl. There is a not mild maternal tigress caged somewhere inside of the gentlewoman. 'Ware claws, if you are wise, Friend Waln!" De Courval laughed, and they went on their way again, for a long time silent.

At Flat Rock, above the swiftly flowing Schuylkill, they sat down, and Schmidt, saying, "At last the pipe tastes good," began to talk in the strain of joyous excitement which for him the beautiful in nature always evoked, when for a time his language became singular. "Ah, René, it is worth while to cross the ocean to see King Autumn die thus gloriously. How peaceful is the time! They call this pause when regret doth make the

great Reaper linger pitiful—they call it the Indian summer.”

“And we, the summer of St. Martin.”

“And we, in my homeland, have no name for it, or, rather, *Spätsommer*; but it is not as here. See how the loitering leaves, red and gold, rock in mid-air. A serene expectancy is in the lingering hours. It is as still as a dream of prayer that awaiteth answer. Listen, René, how the breeze is stirring the spruces, and hark it is—ah, yes—the Angelus of evening.”

His contemplative ways were familiar, and just now suited the young man's mood. “A pretty carpet,” he said, “and what a gay fleet of colors on the water!”

“Yes, yes. There is no sorrow for me in the autumn here, but after comes the winter.” His mood of a sudden changed. “Let us talk of another world, René—the world of men. I want to ask of you a question; nay, many questions.” His tone changed as he spoke. “I may embarrass you.”

De Courval knew by this time that on one subject this might very well be the case. He said, however, “I do not know of anything, sir, which you may not freely ask me.”

He was more at ease when Schmidt said, “We are in the strange position of being two men one of whom twice owes his life to the other.”

“Ah, but you forget to consider what unending kindness I too owe—I, a stranger in a strange land; nor what your example, your society, have been to me.”

“Thank you, René; I could gather more of good from you than you from me.”

“Oh, sir!”

“Yes, yes; but now all that I have said is but to lead up to the wide obligation to be frank with me.”

“I shall be.”

“When I was ill I babbled. I was sometimes half-conscious, and was as one man helplessly watching another on the rack telling about him things he had no mind to hear spoken.”

“You wandered much, sir.”

“Then did I speak of a woman?”

“Yes; and of courts and battles.”

“Did I speak of—did I use my own name, my title? Of course you know that I am not Herr Schmidt.”

“Yes; many have said that.”

“You heard my name, my title?”

“Yes; I heard them.”

For a minute there was silence. Then Schmidt said: “There are reasons why it must be a secret—perhaps for years or always. I am Graf von Ehrenstein; but I am more than that—much more. And I did say so?”

“Yes, sir.”

“It must die in your memory, my son, as the priests say of what is heard in confession.”

This statement, which made clear a good deal of what De Courval had heard in the German's delirium, was less singular to him than it would have seemed to-day. More than one mysterious titled person of importance came to the city under an assumed name, and went away leaving no one the wiser.

“It is well,” continued Schmidt, “that you, who are become so dear to me, should know my story. I shall make it brief.”

“Soon after my marriage, a man of such position as sometimes permits men to insult with impunity spoke of my wife so as to cause me to demand an apology. He fell back on his higher rank, and in my anger I struck him on the parade-ground at Potsdam while he was reviewing his regiment. A lesser man than I would have lost his life for what I did. I was sent to the fortress of Spandau, where for two years I had the freedom of the fortress, but was rarely allowed to hear from my wife or to write. Books I did have, as I desired, and there I learned my queer English from my only English books, Shakspeare and the Bible.”

“Ah, now I understand,” said De Courval; “but it is not Shakspeare you talk. Thanks to you, I know him.”

“No, not quite; who could? After two years my father's interest obtained my freedom at the cost of my exile. My wife had died in giving birth to a still-born child. My father, an old man, provided me with small means, which I now do not need, nor longer accept, since he gave grudgingly, because I had done that which for him was almost unpardonable. I went to England and France, and then came hither to breathe a freer air, and, as you know, have prospered, and am, for America, rich. You cannot know the disgust in regard to ar-

bitrary injustice with which I left my own land. I felt that to use a title in this country would be valueless, and subject me to comment and to inquiry I wished to avoid. You have earned the right to know my story, as I know yours. Mr. Alexander Hamilton and my business adviser, Mr. Justice Wilson, alone know my name and title, and, I may add, Mr. Gouverneur Morris. I shall say to the two former that you share this knowledge. They alone know why it is reasonable and, indeed, may have been prudent that, until my return home, I remain unknown. It is needless to go farther into the matter with you. This simple life is to my taste, but I may some day have to go back to my own land—I devoutly trust never. We shall not again open a too painful subject."

De Courval said, "I have much to thank you for, but for nothing as for this confidence."

"Yet a word, René. For some men—some young men—to know what now you know of me, would disturb the intimacy of their relations. I would have it continue simple. So let it be, my son. Come, let us go. How still the woods are! There is here a quiet that hath the quality of a gentle confessor who hears and will never tell. Listen to that owl!"

As they drew near to the house the German said: "*Ach*, I forgot. In December I suppose we must go to the city. You are not as yet fit for steady work; but if I can arrange it with Wynne, why not let me use you? I have more to do here and in New York than I like. Now, do not be foolish about it. There are rents to gather in, journeys to make. Let me give you five hundred *livres* a month. You will have time to ride, read, and see the country. I shall see Hugh Wynne about the matter." Thus, after some talk and some protest, it was so arranged, the young man feeling himself in such relation to the older friend as made this adjustment altogether agreeable and a glad release from a return to the routine of the counting-house.

Too often the thought of Carteaux haunted him, while he wondered how many in France were thus attended. When in after years he saw go by men who had been the lesser agents in the massacres, or those who had brought the

innocent to the guillotine, he wondered at the impunity with which all save Marat had escaped the personal vengeance of those who mourned, and, mourning, did nothing. Even during the Terror, when death seemed for so many a thing to face smiling, the men who daily sent to the guillotine in Paris or the provinces uncounted thousands, walked the streets unguarded, and no one, vengeful, struck. In fact, the Terror seemed to paralyze even the will of the most reckless. Not so felt the young noble. He hungered for the hour of relief, let it bring what it might.

The simple and wholesome life of the Quaker household had done much to satisfy the vicomtesse, whose life had never of late years been one of great luxury, and as she slowly learned English, she came to recognize the qualities of refinement and self-sacrifice which, with unusual intelligence, made Mrs. Swanwick acceptably interesting. It became her custom at last to be more down-stairs, and to sit with her embroidery and talk while the knitting-needles clicked and the ball of wool hanging by its silver hoop from the Quaker lady's waist grew smaller. Sometimes they read aloud, French or English, or, with her rare smile, the vicomtesse would insist on sharing some small household duty. The serene atmosphere of the household, and what Schmidt called the gray religion of Friends, suited the Huguenot lady. As concerned her son, she was less at ease, and again, with some anxiety, she had spoken to him of his too evident pleasure in the society of Margaret, feeling strongly that two such young and attractive people might fall easily into relations which could end only in disappointment for one or both. The girl's mother was no less disturbed, and Schmidt, as observant, but in no wise troubled, looked on and, seeing, smiled, somewhat dreading for René the inevitable result of a return to town and an encounter with his enemy.

Genêt had at last been recalled, in December, but, as Du Vallon told Schmidt, Carteaux was to hold his place as chargé d'affaires to Fauchet, the new minister, expected to arrive in February, 1794.

On the day following the revelations made by Schmidt, and just after breakfast, Margaret went out into the wood

near-by to gather autumn leaves. Seeing her disappear among the trees, De Courval presently followed her. Far in the woods he came upon her seated at the foot of a great tulip-tree. The basket at her side was full of club moss and gaily tinted toadstools. The red and yellow leaves of maple and oak, falling on her hair and her gray gown, made, as it seemed to him, a pleasant picture.

De Courval threw himself at her feet on the ground, now covered with autumn's lavished colors.

"We have nothing like this in France. How wonderful it is!"

"Yes," she said; it is finer than ever I saw it." Then, not looking up, she added, after a pause, the hands he watched still busy: "Why didst thou not bring me any goldenrod last evening? I asked thee."

"I saw none."

"Ah, but there is still plenty, or at least there are asters. I think thou must have been gathering *pensées*, as thy mother calls them; pansies, we say."

"Yes, thoughts, thoughts," he returned with sudden gravity—"pensées."

"They must have been of Miss Willing or Miss Cadwalader, only she is always laughing." That young woman, who still lives in all her beauty on Stuart's canvas, was to end her life in England and to be the ancestress of dukes.

"Oh, no; not I. Guess better."

"Then a quiet Quaker girl like—ah—like, perhaps, Miss Logan."

He shook his head.

"No? Thou art hard to please," she said. "Well, I shall give it up—thy *pensées*. They must have been freaked with jet; for how serious thou art!"

"What is that—freaked with jet?"

She laughed gaily. "Oh, what ignorance! That is Milton, Monsieur—'Lycidas.'" She was gently proud of superior learning.

"Ah, I must ask Mr. Schmidt of it."

"I would," and the hands went on with their industry of selecting the more brilliantly colored leaves. "I have given thee something to think of. Tell me, now, what were the thoughts of jet in thy *pensées*—the dark thoughts."

"I cannot tell thee. Some day thou wilt know, and that may be too soon, too soon"; for he thought: "If I kill that

man, what will they think of revenge, of the guilt of blood, these gentle Quaker people?" Then he said, "You cannot think these thoughts of mine, and I am glad you cannot."

He was startled as she returned quickly, without looking up from her work: "How dost thou know what I think? It is something that will happen," and, the white hands moving with needless quickness among the gaily tinted leaves, she added: "I do not like change, or new things, or mysteries. Does Madame, thy mother, think to leave us? My mother would miss her."

"And you? Would not you a little?"

"Yes, of course; and so would Friend Schmidt. There, my basket will hold no more. How pretty they are! But thou hast not answered me."

"We are not thinking of any such change."

"Well, so far that is good news. But I am still curious. Mr. Schmidt did once say the autumn has no answers. I think thou art like it." She rose as she spoke.

"Ah, but the spring may make reply in its time—in its time. Let me carry thy basket, Miss Margaret." She gave it to him with the woman's liking to be needlessly helped.

"I am very gay with red and gold," she cried, and shook the leaves from her hair and gown. "It is worse than the brocade and the sea-green petticoat my wicked cousins put on me." She could laugh at it now.

"But what would Friends say to the way the fine milliner, Nature, has decked thee, Mademoiselle? They would forgive thee, I think. Mr. Schmidt says the red and gold lie thick on the unnamed graves at Fourth and Mulberry streets, and no Quaker doth protest with a broom."

"He speaks in a strange way sometimes. I often wonder where he learned it."

"Why dost thou not ask him?"

"I should not dare. He might not like it."

"But thou art, it seems, more free to question some other people."

"Oh, but that is different; and, Monsieur," she said demurely, "thou must not say thou and thee to me. Thy mother says it is not proper."

He laughed. "If I am thou, for thee, were it not courteous to speak to thee in thy own tongue?"

She colored, remembering the lesson and her own shrewd guess at the lady's meaning, and how, as she was led to infer, to *tutoyer*, to say thou, inferred a certain degree of intimacy. "It is not fitting here except among Friends."

"And why not? In France we do it."

"Yes, sometimes, I have so heard." But to explain further was far from her intention. "It sounds foolish here, sir, in people who are not of Friends. I said so—"

"But are we not friends?"

"I said Friends with a big F, Monsieur."

"I make my apologies,"—he laughed with a formal bow,—"but one easily catches habits of talk."

"Indeed, I am in earnest, and thou must mend thy habits. Friend Marguerite Swanwick desires to be excused of the Vicomte de Courval," and, smiling, she swept the courtesy of reply to his bow as the autumn leaves fell from the gathered skirts.

"As long as thou art thou, it will be hard to obey," he said, and she making no reply, they wandered homeward through level shafts of sunlight, while fluttering overhead on wings of red and gold, the cupids of the forest enjoyed the sport, and the young man murmured, "Thou and thee," dreaming of a walk with her in his own Normandy among the woodlands his boyhood knew.

"Thou art very silent," she said at last.

"No, I am talking; but not to you—of you, perhaps."

"Indeed," and she ceased to express further desire to be enlightened, and fell to asking questions about irregular French verbs.

Just before they reached the house, Margaret said: "I have often meant to ask thee to tell me what thou didst do in the city. Mr. Schmidt said to mother that Stephen Girard could not say too much of thee. Tell me about it, please." "No," he returned abruptly. "It is a thing to forget, not to talk about."

"How secretive thou art!" she said, pouting, "and thou wilt never, never speak of France." In an instant she knew she had been indiscreet as he returned:

"Nor ever shall."

"Not—not even to me?"

"No." His mind was away in darker scenes.

Piqued and yet sorry, she returned, "Thou art as abrupt as Daniel Offley."

"Mademoiselle!"

"What have I said?"

"Daniel Offley is dead. I carried him into his own house to die, a brave man where few were brave."

"I have had my lesson," she said.

"And I, Pearl; and God was good to me."

"And to me," she sobbed; "I beg your pardon—but I want to say—I must say that you too were brave, oh, as brave as any—for I know—I have heard."

"Oh, Pearl, you must not say that! I did as others did." She had heard him call her Pearl unproved, or had she not? He would set a guard on his tongue. "It is chilly. Let us go in," for they had stood at the gate as they talked.

It was their last walk, for soon the stripped trees and the ground were white with an early snowfall, and the autumn days had gone, and on the first of December reluctantly they moved to the city.

(To be continued)





Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE VILLAGE BAND. PAINTED BY H. M. BRETT

(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

MOONRISE OVER TYRINGHAM

BY EDITH WHARTON

NOW the high holocaust of hours is done,
And all the west empurpled with their death,
How swift oblivion drinks the fallen sun,
How little while the dusk remembereth!

Though some there were, proud hours that marched in mail,
And took the morning on auspicious crest,
Crying to Fortune, "Back! For I prevail!"—
Yet now they lie disfeatured with the rest;

And some that stole so soft on Destiny
Methought they had surprised her to a smile;
But these fled frozen when she turned to see,
And moaned and muttered through my heart awhile.

But now the day is emptied of them all,
And night absorbs their life-blood at a draught;
And so my life lies, as the gods let fall
An empty cup from which their lips have quaffed.

Yet see—night is not: by translucent ways,
Up the gray void of autumn afternoon
Steals a mild crescent, charioted in haze,
And all the air is merciful as June.

The lake is a forgotten streak of day
That trembles through the hemlocks' darkling bars,
And still, my heart, still some divine delay
Upon the threshold holds the earliest stars.

O pale equivocal hour, whose suppliant feet
Haunt the mute reaches of the sleeping wind,
Art thou a watcher stealing to entreat
Prayer and sepulture for thy fallen kind?

Poor plaintive waif of a predestined race,
Their ruin gapes for thee. Why linger here?
Go hence in silence. Veil thine orphaned face,
Lest I should look on it and call it dear.

For if I love thee thou wilt sooner die;
Some sudden ruin will plunge upon thy head,
Midnight will fall from the revengeful sky
And hurl thee down among thy shuddering dead.

Avert thine eyes. Lapse softly from my sight,
 Call not my name, nor heed if thine I crave;
 So shalt thou sink through mitigated night
 And bathe thee in the all-effacing wave.

But upward still thy perilous footsteps fare
 Along a high-hung heaven drenched in light,
 Dilating on a tide of crystal air
 That floods the dark hills to their utmost height.

Strange hour, is this thy waning face that leans
 Out of mid-heaven and makes my soul its glass?
 What victory is imaged there? What means
 Thy tarrying smile? Oh, veil thy lips and pass!

Nay—pause and let me name thee! For I see,
 Oh, with what flooding ecstasy of light,
 Strange hour that wilt not loose thy hold on me,
 Thou 'rt not day's latest, but the first of night!

And after thee the gold-foot stars come thick;
 From hand to hand they toss the flying fire,
 Till all the zenith with their dance is quick,
 About the wheeling music of the Lyre.

Dread hour that leadst the immemorial round,
 With lifted torch revealing one by one
 The thronging splendors that the day held bound,
 And how each blue abyss enshrines its sun—

Be thou the image of a thought that fares
 Forth from itself, and flings its ray ahead,
 Leaping the barriers of ephemeral cares,
 To where our lives are but the ages' tread,

And let this year be, not the last of youth,
 But first—like thee!—of some new train of hours,
 If more remote from hope yet nearer truth,
 And kin to the unfathomable powers.





By JOSEPH JASTROW.

PICTURE BY  LEON GUIPON.

THE *garçons* of the Petit Café Normandie were awakening to the advances of an early spring by engaging strenuously and agitatedly in the procedure known as "setting out the garden." The long garden-boxes, each proudly displaying an orderly trellis, were resplendent in a new coat of verdure of that familiar shade that is never met on land or sea, but composes itself spontaneously in the paint-pot of the conventional artisan. Verdant without, and freshly garlanded with invigorated vines, these vernal harbingers had just been returned from their winter quarters in the greenhouses of Neuilly. Alphonse, the senior in the service, rotund and benignant, was expressing by the violent gesticulations of his versatile napkin the most complete and hopeless despair. With the practical forethought dear to his Norman soul, he had placed a private chalk-mark upon the several "beds" of the "garden" before consigning them to their hibernation. The memoranda that were thus to insure their proper positions upon the portion of the sidewalk allotted by municipal ordinance to the out-door gaiety of Parisian cafés the green paint had inconsiderately ef-

faced; and Pierre, the younger Ganymede and the more alert in his cup-bearing services, was precisely as confident and assertive that the constituent upon which their efforts were united—or, more accurately, divided—belonged on the extreme right as was Alphonse that its necessary disposition was at the left. Never were factions in the Chambre des Députés more irreconcilably and argumentatively opposed.

The habitués of the Petit Café Normandie had each his accustomed seat, both within, on the crimson plush settees, or at the small, square tables disposed conveniently on the one side for a critical view of the Boulevard, on the other for a quiet game of dominoes or piquet; and similarly without, when the blossoms in the Tuileries and the Luxembourg announced to the expectant and somewhat chilled Parisians the official urban arrival of spring. To the methodical Alphonse, the boxes stood as the horticultural embodiments of his loyal clientele, and particularly of the migratory portion of his flock that returned with the coming of the green. He recalled how neatly he had inscribed upon one of the long "out-

posts" the name of M. Pinard, the notary, whose seniority entitled him to the coign of vantage toward the Boulevard, and on the other the name of M. Gad, who was accredited with mysterious doings at the Bourse and preferred the obscurity of the left toward the side street. And the smaller boxes, which presented to the passers-by the inviting and sheltering flanks of the two hollow squares that formed the architectural plan of the garden, had borne the names, so esteemed at the Petit Café Normandie, of M. Gerard Du Bois and his brother Maurice, guardians respectively of the scores and the *guichet* at the Opéra; of M. Regis, the architect; of M. Drouot, the optician of the Boulevard des Italiens; and not the least welcome, though an inconstant resident of the metropolis, of M. Renard, whose financial needs were supplied by the profits of the barges that bore the cargoes of foreign steamers along the sinuous Seine from Rouen to the stone wharves of Paris, and whose social needs found congenial ministrations at the Petit Café Normandie.

M. Renard's garden seat was in the center aisle to the front; and that affable and well-groomed gentleman was even now surveying from the open doorway of the café the animated contest of Alphonse *versus* Pierre, and speculating idly as to its probable outcome in time and space. This presently he diplomatically transferred from the academic to the practical stage by despatching Pierre upon the honorable mission of bringing him his first cup of coffee, and thus allowing to Alphonse the consoling last word in default of his rival.

The name of Raoul Renard was not unknown to a respectable number of respectable Parisians whose interests chanced to belong to the commercial highways of transportation. The intertwined R's that formed the monogrammatic symbol of the firm's sovereignty floated on the banner of many a barge that plied along the Seine. The business was the creation and the legacy of the present Raoul's father; and the main office was on the great quay at Rouen. It was on just such a day as this, when the garden made its annual miraculous resurrection, that, nine years ago, the career of Raoul was suddenly diverted from its prospec-

tive hope of fame as an engineer to the hereditary channels of commerce. He recalled how, sitting in this very place, he had opened so unpreparedly the ominous blue envelop that sent his heart fluttering and brought him anxiously to the bedside of his father. He was at the time enrolled as a student in the "Arts et Métiers," having gained the family's grudging consent to a postponement of his predestined supervision of the Rouen office in favor of a few years' technical study at Paris. It is true that he had not been quite as industrious during the second as during the first year away from home, and the fascinations of the boulevards proved all too alluring a rival to his dusty alcove in the rue St. Sauveur. The good cheer of the Petit Café Normandie was ever accessible to compensate for the hours of sterner occupation that the world demanded from even so care-free a person as M. Renard. Yesterday he was claimed by the office at Rouen; and to-day, returned once more with the other birds that come in the spring to his cozy and familiar nook, he was in a liberated, contented, and yet reflective and constructive mood.

He remembered his resolution to abandon his studies and Paris, to devote himself to the interests of the intertwined R's and the uninspiring office on the great quay. To all this he had been faithful, yet not over-faithful; and the continued prosperity of the enterprise, he was well aware, was due not to his efforts, but to the untiring energy of Jean Philippe, the assistant manager, who had served the firm so long and so loyally,—the first seven years in the hope of achieving the managership held open for Raoul, and a like period for the seemingly more remote possibility of securing the consent of the elder Renard to his betrothal to the only daughter of the house, the fair Juliette. Though denied his Leah, in the end (after the father's death) he won his Rachel, his cause before Mme. Renard being chivalrously championed by the grateful Raoul. Jean and Juliette had made their home with Mme. Renard for four happy years; and with the arrival of little Henriette, who bore her grandmother's name and dominated her days, there seemed little wanting to complete the domestic felicity of the Nor-

man household on the bluffs of the Seine.

Thus relieved of domestic responsibilities, M. Raoul's flights to Paris had become more frequent, and his sojourns more prolonged. There was, too, a special incentive in his desertion—the desire to escape the insistent, though well-intentioned, urgings of his mother to follow his sister's footsteps in the paths of wedded bliss, and the more adroit efforts of other Rouennaise mamas to draw his attention to the attractions of their several daughters. At the moment he was evading the manœuvres of a certain Mme. Bompard in behalf of her well-dowered but not appropriately named Hélène. His valor had taken the discreet form of a precipitate flight to Paris fully a fortnight in advance of the time set for his migration; and his unexpected arrival brought joy to the hearts of the devoted Alphonse and Pierre on this balmy morning when the garden was being set out.

Except for the hour or two before *déjeuner*, which he gave to the Paris affairs of the house of Raoul Renard, he was a man of leisure—a calling much to his taste, but not wholly secure from the subtle inroads of ennui. Though no longer a romantically young man, his springtime fancy turned, albeit circumspectly, to thoughts of love. He was by no means insusceptible to the charms of the sex and the comforts of his own vine and fig-tree; but under the irritations of the designing matrons of Rouen, he determined resolutely that the matter must be wholly of his own arrangement. There was to be no haste; and at present there was the interest of visiting his favorite haunts, of renewing his friendships with his compatriots at the Petit Café Normand, and of observing the several pleasant and fragrant solicitations of spring—the increasing brilliancy of the displays about the Madeleine, the opening of the buds in the Bois, and the airy transformations of the shop-windows.

It must be more clearly set forth that the Petit Café Normand is to be found upon one of the side streets that cluster about the Opéra; and thus, while not on the Boulevard, where the rents would be forbidding to so modest an establishment,

from its convenient angle it affords a retired and diagonal outlook toward the more bustling and fashionable throng. The shops on this side street are similarly not of the more ambitious type, yet have an eye to capturing the notice of the patrons of this district, who might be willing, possibly eager, to save their francs or their dollars by the simple device of taking a few steps around the corner. Had M. Renard's eyes been wont to look most directly and conveniently across the street, the center of his vision would have been fixed upon—as hitherto it had most ungallantly disregarded—a window attractive to the more gaily plumaged sex, and would have read below the curt but lucid inscription, "Mlle. Rosalie." The wine needs no emblematic bush: so thought M. Raoul as he became impressed with the personal discovery that the little window unfailingly excited the admiration of the passing fair, who not infrequently excited the admiration of the reflective observer across the way. Now a *grande dame* abruptly halts her imposing equipage, enters the shop, and emerges smiling, attended obsequiously by a radiant mademoiselle to the very door-step of her barouche. And again two volatile young travelers, recognized by M. Raoul's experienced eyes as early birds from beyond the sea, approach, look, and are conquered. Presently they reappear, flushed with the excitement of the chase, the one triumphant, the other concernedly examining the remaining resources of her purse. Assuredly it was amusing to observe life from the club window of the Petit Café Normand.

When the hour arrived for his stroll along the boulevards, M. Raoul stepped leisurely across the street, and satisfied his curiosity by looking in upon the window of Mlle. Rosalie. Here, too, there had been a "setting out of the garden." Roses in every stage, from bud to full-blown flower, and in every hue, from delicate pink to the deepest, flushing crimson; narcissus in virgin white, and daffodils in brilliant yellows; apple-blossoms that brought before him the orchards of fair Normandy; and variegated cornflowers and poppies such as make gay the tawny meadows of his native soil. These silky treasures of field and garden were indeed cunningly fashioned, and, to M.

Renard's masculine incapacity, even mysteriously composed, with bewildering blendings of chiffon and ribbons and laces to form some newly evolved composite adornment for the daughters of Eve. And was it not a most appropriate and pleasing conceit that the fairest blossoms of spring and summer should lend the beauty of their forms and colorings to enhance the charms of the charming! A satisfying and sympathetic occupation, surely, to use one's skill and taste in composing ever new variations upon nature's favorite themes. His was a constructive imagination; and his early ambition to become an engineer was inspired by the pictured satisfaction of pointing to some monument, however modest, as his very own creation. Why should not a *chapeau* equally reflect the imaginative ingenuity of its designer? And yet, like his own calling, it was *commerce*. "Nouveautés de Saison," was the legend addressed to those who might stop to read.

At this point in M. Raoul's unwonted musings the net curtains at the rear of the window were drawn aside, and the ensemble enriched and dominated by yet another creation. This was clearly the *pièce de résistance*; for it was assigned the place of honor on a raised dais in the very center of the "garden." It was indeed a *chef-d'œuvre*, an artistic study in blue—the blue that only gentians show as they shyly emerge from the grassy covering of the hilltops. It was nothing less than a composition, and the blue of the gentians was the theme thereof. Clusters of the modest flowers, seemingly unaware of their charms, were disposed here and there, concealed, and yet revealed, by the soft-green foliage that nature gives them. By what recondite feminine arts they formed alliance with veiling and satin to effect their transformation into an *objet de toilette* was more than M. Raoul dared to understand. "Très charmant, vraiment!" was his sincere, if inexpert, appreciation, as he passed on, quite oblivious of the close inspection to which he had been subjected on the part of a young woman with dark hair and darker eyes who had drawn the curtains, properly to install and pose the masterpiece.

The next morning, and the next, M. Raoul caught himself casting an interested glance toward the *chapeau bleu* in

Mlle. Rosalie's window, unquestionably an unprofitable occupation for one of his years and sex; and yet it was with a tinge of genuine regret that his eyes informed him upon the following day that the center of his stage was vacant. The window seemed to retain its attractions for the seekers of *chapeaux de printemps*; but to him it was uninspiring. It was a gay court, no doubt, but the queen had withdrawn. At once the *chapeau* became a lost opportunity; for he might have secured the prize for his sister Juliette. Not a fortnight off was the double anniversary that he dutifully remembered by a token of his regard; for Juliette had chosen to be married upon her birthday. Perhaps Mlle. Rosalie would make another; even great artists produce replicas of their works upon order. Yes, he would inquire; but later.

"Meantime, Alphonse, my second cup of coffee; and my compliments to M. Regis, and if he will accept a challenge to piquet, I shall step inside."

"M. Regis is most agreeable, Monsieur," and most agreeably won the game and the two-franc stake.

"Will Monsieur have his revenge?"

"To-morrow, perhaps." On so unpromising a day it was unwise to tempt fortune further.

Whatever may have been his discomfiture at the loss of the game, M. Raoul's serenity of mind was at once restored upon reaching the street by the discovery that the *chapeau aux gentianes* was once more upon the throne. Could it be that it had been tried by some hypercritical votary of fashion, and been rejected? Far more likely that the candidate was weighed and found wanting to set off so choice a *garniture*. Surely it would be becoming to Juliette, whom every one admired. It was a delicate affair, this choice of the annual gift, and hitherto he had remained in the safer region of objects of art, wherein he knew her liking. Could he trust his taste in so personal an offering as a hat?

As has been intimated, M. Renard combined courage with discretion. His direct and courteous inquiries, he complimented himself, disclosed no trace of the embarrassment that overcame him when *vis-à-vis* to the winsome lady with the dark hair and darker eyes.



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE OBJECT OF HIS DEVOTION"

"Would it be suitable for a married lady?"

"Mais oui, Monsieur."

Yet M. Raoul's sensitive ears caught the shade of hesitation despite the prompt assurance.

"Was it not intended for a *jeune fille*?"

"Également; pour le trousseau, peut-être."

"Would mademoiselle be so amiable as to place it upon her head?"

Mademoiselle would be delighted to do so.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, I see it will not do. It is *ravissant*; but one must have dark hair for this *chapeau bleu*, this blue of the gentians. My sister has, oh, so light hair! Alas! it will not do! Mademoiselle has been most amiable. The *chapeau* becomes her well. *Bonjour, Mademoiselle.*" And without further tarry in so insecure a *milieu*, M. Renard betook himself to his favorite shop near the Odéon, where he discovered and acquired for Juliette a perfect gem of a Barye; after which, his commission disposed of with the forehandedness characteristic of one who finds it more to his liking to have a matter off his mind than on it, he sought relaxation in feeding the sparrows in the Luxembourg, and later, when an excellent dinner, mellowed with a bottle of Chablis at the favorite restaurant of his student days, had completed the good cheer of the day, in a seat in the Odéon.

The title of the play had aroused his curiosity: "le Petit Dieu Aveugle." The plot, though fanciful, was entertaining. A young man desirous of finding a partner in life, but impatient of the conventional methods, determines to seek some more romantic form of courtship than the consultation of the parents and the arrangement of the *dot*. He has ever been a devotee of roulette, and at the moment the fickle goddess has reduced him to his last ten-franc piece. When about to set it upon the red, he notices that the coin bears an inscription: "To Lucile." He hesitates, puts forth his hand, withdraws it; the ball stops on the black. But for "Lucile" he would have lost. He leaves the table, and in replacing the coin in his pocket observes the date: 188-. Possibly it was a gift to Lucile at her christening.

She would be twenty-one years old now, doubtless beautiful, perhaps rich. His resolution is formed: he will renounce his allegiance to Dame Fortune and place his trust in the little blind god. Love must guide him to his Lucile, and provide a way to woo and win her. By a series of very intricate coincidences that, however rare in real life, flourish in the inventions of playwrights, this issue takes place happily in the last act. The young Benedick promises forever to renounce the gaming-table, and Cupid retreats triumphant.

On the following Tuesday, as on the intervening days, M. Renard was sipping his coffee in the garden of the Petit Café Normandie. Always forehanded, he was engaged in writing a message of congratulation to Juliette and Jean for the celebration on the coming Saturday. His thoughts were of home and of Jean's persistent courtship, and the happy ending thereof. From these he turned to the many other examples among his friends in whose episodes of marriage a very open-eyed scheming had replaced the devices of the little blind god. And then his eyes, following their newly acquired habit, rested upon the shop-window across the way, and there found an inspiration. Why not? It was a capital idea. Yes, he would do it: he would marry the purchaser of the *chapeau bleu*! He had only to keep his seat at the café, possibly to see his fate emerge with the *chapeau* poised upon her beautiful head, or, if need be, to inquire most discreetly of Mlle. Rosalie to what address it had been sent. Then there would be ways and means to bring about a formal presentation, with the setting forth of his personal and financial credentials, and in due season the proffer of his devotion. Surely, the beautiful and distinguished *chapeau* was far more worthy than a commercial coin to find his "Lucile."

The idea captivated him. He declined the opportunity to win back his two francs from M. Regis. He found himself in his strolls about the boulevards unexpectedly returning to the street and the window of Mlle. Rosalie, fearful and yet hopeful that the time for action had arrived.

With the passing of each anxious day, the devotion to his idea became absorb-

ing, even distracting. It was unusual for M. Renard to lose his placidity or his sleep. Yet there was ever hanging over him the unwonted feeling of impending adventure. His suspense, he felt assured, would be brief; for Palm Sunday was approaching, and then Easter. Surely Lucile—as he had begun to call his *femme inconnue* would make her appearance to secure her *chapeau* for the gala-days. It was on Friday—inauspicious omen—that his prediction was realized, and in the window of Mlle. Rosalie an effect in wild roses had replaced the gentians as queen of the garden.

"*Eh bien!* Now for courage and discretion!" sighed M. Raoul, as subjectively he summoned to his aid the dual virtues that held high place in his esteem, and as objectively he polished with his coat sleeve the shiny crown of his silk hat, in preparation for the diplomatic encounter with Mlle. Rosalie.

"Did Mademoiselle remember his inquiries in regard to the *chapeau aux gentianes*?"

"Mademoiselle remembered perfectly: there were, indeed, few gentlemen capable of being intrusted with such a commission. But, alas! Monsieur, the *chapeau* has been sold—only this morning. Had Monsieur reconsidered? And was the *chapeau* desired for some one with dark hair?" This with a mocking, even a mischievous, *nuance* that completely disconcerted the carefully prepared chain of leading, or rather misleading, questions, with which M. Raoul was to introduce the matter of the personality of the purchaser. In his perplexity he fell back upon that comprehensive gesture feebly designated as shrugging the shoulders, but which in his person became a complete tableau in which head, eyes, arms, and finger-tips all participated to express in the range of implication anything from admitted possibility to enigmatic denial. Subterfuge was now unavoidable. The mission must be made plausible by hook or crook.

"Would it be possible for Mademoiselle to ask the loan of the *chapeau* as a model?"

It was now Mademoiselle's turn to resort to the versatile attitude of questioning mystery, which as conveyed by her petite shoulders took on a more sprightly and interested expression.

"That would surely be a delicate affair; for the *dames Parisiennes* are most sensitive in matters of the *toilette*. But if Monsieur has the courage to undertake the commission, here is the address."

Valor and discretion had won; or had the little blind god been prompting from behind the scenes? With difficulty M. Raoul concealed his elation over the successful issue of his diplomacy, and courteously made his adieus.

In the late afternoon he ventured upon his fate. He found the house—number 39—a vestige of the old order of affairs amid rapidly modernized surroundings, and, arriving at the third story somewhat short of breath, stopped to recover. This was to be only a tour of reconnoiter under the tutelage of the little blind god and the *chapeau bleu*. His quest brought him to a modest brass plate, at the letters of which—DESMAREST—he stared uncertainly, as though they reflected as in a glass darkly the burden of his future. In a moment, perhaps, he would meet it, or her, face to face.

And now once again valor and discretion! He rang, gave his card to a maid in white apron, with thimble upon her finger, and stray threads scattered about her black bodice—obviously an apprentice. M. Renard had only time to observe these details and to conjecture that Mme. Desmarest was presumably a widow, who, to judge by the comfort of her little *salon*, had seen better days, when he was pleasantly greeted:

"Ah! Monsieur is from Rouen. I have many cherished clients in that beautiful city. How can I serve Monsieur?"

With a start that brought the perspiration to his forehead, the truth flashed upon him: he was in the presence of Juliette's Parisian dressmaker. It was she who had devised the choicest portions of the trousseau, and whom his sister regarded so highly as to include among the wedding guests. His valor vanished; but his discretion remained. Here was an opening not to be lost.

"Did Madame remember Mme. Philippe, *née* Renard?"

The question was only half-uttered when the formal manner of the head of the establishment was instantly exchanged for that of personal cordiality.

"The dear Mme. Phillipe! And you

are her brother! And how is Madame your mother, and the dear Henriette? It is amiable of Monsieur to call in person."

The tide of personal reminiscence, once started, refused to be checked; and M. Raoul, after seeking one ineffectual opening after another, found himself resigned to the situation, and frankly enjoying the talk of this animated and engaging person with the blond hair and the graceful fingers. Very well; if this was the wearer of the *chapeau bleu*, the future could be complacently met, however differently his imagination had pictured the issue. The trend of the monologue was interrupted by the timid knock of the apprentice, who delivered to Mme. Desmarest a slip of paper—the receipt, she explained, for the parcel that had just been sent to Mme. Etretat at Rouen.

"Had Monsieur the pleasure of knowing *le docteur* and Mme. Etretat? Her own father and Dr. Etretat had been students together in medicine."

Yes, indeed; every one knew the Etretats of Rouen, but he could claim no intimate acquaintance.

"And Monsieur may not be interested in such matters, but it was, oh, so beautiful a robe that had just been sent—all in deep blue, the color of hope, and so appropriate for the Easter! And will Monsieur believe it! By the merest chance I observe in the shop-window a *chapeau* of the precise shade, and so ravishingly trimmed with gentians! I purchase it at once, to complete the costume; for Mme. Etretat writes that I shall spare no pains to have everything ready. The story is sad, none the less. You remember—"

"But surely the *chapeau* is not for Mme. Etretat?"

"Assuredly not. For Mlle. Etretat."

"Mlle. Etretat!"

"I perceive Monsieur's astonishment. Has Monsieur not heard? Mme. Etretat has adopted one of her nieces to console her for the sad loss of their only child Marguerite; and Mlle. Lucile has now formally taken the name. It is for a present on this occasion that Mme. Etretat has commanded the costume with the *chapeau bleu*."

At the mention of the name "Lucile," M. Raoul started. Here was the sign of the little blind god leading him back to Rouen, to romance, and to a most honor-

able alliance. His interest in the interview suddenly declined; and adroitly availing himself of the first lull, he had only to invent, as the purpose of his visit, the not wholly groundless plea that Juliette had often desired him to bring her news of Mme. Desmarest, and to beat a graceful retreat without disclosing the strategy of the campaign.

M. Renard had now entered fully into the spirit of the quest; he was upon the trail of the *chapeau bleu*, determined to follow it wherever it might lead. Tomorrow morning he would go to Rouen. The excuse was at hand. He would surprise the family upon the *jour de fête*, his defection from which had not rested easy upon his mind. The complete success of his surprise, which perforce he must accept as due to family affection alone, the cordiality of his welcome, and the jollity of the great anniversary dinner, he enjoyed to the full. But the next morning his mission claimed him. On the plea of interest in the services of Palm Sunday, M. Raoul wandered from the impressive cathedral to the harmonious St. Ouen and the jewel-like St. Maclou; but in vain. Nowhere was the *chapeau bleu* to be seen; and the brief glimpse he caught of Mme. Etretat showed her accompanied by a demure young lady dressed like herself in deep black. Had the blind god played him false?

His suspicions were confirmed by a brief but disconcerting note in the Monday's mail. The trail had again been broken off.

"Mlle. Rosalie Du Puy had the honor to inform M. Renard that the *chapeau bleu* was at his disposal. The message had been sent on Saturday to the café *vis-à-vis*, where Monsieur had been observed, and where the obliging *garçon* had furnished the address. A bereavement in the family of the young lady for whom it had been purchased was the sad occasion for the return of the *chapeau* in which Monsieur had been pleased to manifest an interest."

Truly the little blind god was most capricious! Or was this his April mood, when sunshine was fickle and showers were brief? Should he venture further? Yet one more hazard! If that led nowhere, he would accept the omen as an

augury of predestined celibacy. But now the *chapeau* was beckoning to him from the radiant window, and his place as a faithful knight was upon the opposite ramparts. He at once announced his intention to return to Paris despite the pouring rain without and the protests of the family within. Late in the evening he was in the hands of Alphonse, who, apprehensive that he might have been indiscreet in giving to Mlle. Rosalie the Rouen address, welcomed M. Renard's assurances with equally emphatic indications of his own complete trustworthiness in delicate affairs of the heart.

The following morning the sun held undisputed sway, and the gentians bloomed as fresh as ever in Mlle. Rosalie's window. But M. Raoul's intentions were still misty. Clearly he could not decline the evasive *chapeau*; and to purchase would be to render useless its mission. Frank confession seemed the only way out: Mlle. Rosalie must become at once his confidante and ally. Now more than ever he stood in need of valor and discretion.

"Ah, *bonjour*, Monsieur! I was assured that Monsieur would return. But only until to-morrow evening could I have retained the *chapeau*. Monsieur must carry the charm of good luck."

As M. Renard's expression was not that of one unexpectedly securing a treasure, the discerning Mlle. Rosalie continued: "I trust Monsieur still desires the *chapeau*; for the circumstances are peculiar. On Saturday appears Mme. Desmarest, most sad. Late on Friday evening a little telegram: 'Do not send the *toilette bleue*; Mademoiselle must dress *en deuil*.' Madame telephones to the *gare*, and recalls the package before it departs. As Mme. Desmarest has bought the *chapeau* upon her own responsibility, she requests that I receive it once more. I know Monsieur's desire. I find Monsieur is in Rouen, and I write the note. *Voilà le chapeau bleu!*"

As Mlle. Rosalie's excitement carried her along, it was with a natural yet dramatic effect that she moved toward the window, secured the masterpiece, and with an admiring flourish laid the object of his devotion before the still hesitant M. Renard.

"Mademoiselle has been most thought-

ful in my behalf," was all he could summon in reply—a tribute that somehow failed to carry conviction.

"But if Monsieur no longer desires the *chapeau*, it is again in demand. Yesterday a so charming *jeune fille* asks for the *chapeau bleu*. She calls it a dream, and declares she must have it. I assure her the *chapeau* is bespoken; but if it is at my disposal to-morrow evening, it shall be sent to the hotel. On Thursday she leaves for Cherbourg and *Amérique*."

"I go to *Amérique! Jamais!*" blurted the perplexed M. Raoul, losing at once his valor and discretion. Explanation was difficult; and Mlle. Rosalie's mute astonishment was colored with a touch of *diablerie* that to a less perturbed person than M. Renard would have revealed that she knew more than she thought necessary to tell; for the interview with the voluble Mme. Desmarest had not been brief.

"If Monsieur insists, the *chapeau* shall remain in France."

To yield the prize and give up the quest would be discreet; to confess would be valorous. He must choose between his allied but now rival virtues. As discreetly as possible he recited the affair to the enraptured lady, whose dark eyes grew even more lustrous and her smile more sympathetic as the dramatic effect of her *chef-d'œuvre* and the troubled tale of its adventures were unfolded. And in the end they parted sworn allies, M. Renard much relieved upon leaving the confessional, Mlle. Rosalie excitedly aglow and shrewdly reflective.

Mlle. Rosalie was of the Midi. Her appearance, as well as the cordiality of her manner and the vividness of her fancy, showed her a true daughter of the South. The impressionable period of her girlhood had been spent in the Pyrenean fortress of Mont Louis, where her father, a lawyer of Perpignan, sought relief for pulmonary weakness in the exhilaration of a high altitude, but in vain; and presently Mlle. Rosalie's skill as a modiste became the mainstay of her aged mother and her sister Hortense. After years of industry, she was able to leave the shop at Perpignan to her equally gifted sister, and realize her ambitions for a *milieu* suited to her talents, though the gossiping

Perpignese insisted upon connecting her departure with the betrothal of her cousin Louis, a captain in the Zouaves, with a fair-maid of Narbonne.

Mlle. Rosalie, as became one of her profession, was a keen*follower of fashion. It was above all necessary to be of the *haute mode*; that accomplished, one must be *chic*, at times original, occasionally daring, and, like all artists, open to the appeal of a momentary inspiration. When Mlle. Rosalie had arranged her window for the overture of spring, she stepped outside and surveyed the effect critically. It was *à la mode*; it was *chic*; it compared favorably with displays on the boulevards. Yet it lacked distinction. The stage was well-filled, but demanded a star. Then it was that she yielded to meditation and the artist's vision. There arose before her the fields of Mont Louis as they appear in early June. Great, rolling meadows, moist with the newly melted snow that still covered the mountain-slopes above, were white with fragrant narcissus; and scattered about in recessed nooks the gem-like gentians showed their glorious blue. It was this scene that remained in the background of her imagination as she planned and perfected the *chapeau aux gentianes*, and behold! this theme of her fancy had achieved the touch of actual romance. The gentians had been chosen as the bridal flowers of her art.

And now it was Mlle. Rosalie's heart that fluttered with anxiety when inquiries were made for the *chapeau bleu*. Unintentionally her part became that of a zealous chaperon. To be a fit companion for so worthy a gentleman as M. Renard, the wearer of the *chapeau bleu* must meet the approval of the critical artiste.

One persistent but most ineligible applicant was peremptorily rendered *hors concours* by the simple expedient of trebling the price of the object of her vain desires. Others were boldly told that the *chapeau* was only a model to attract attention,—a *garniture* of the show-window,—and would not be disposed of until the end of the season, an uncommercial announcement that was received with unconcealed discredit. But when a valued *pátron*, after critically reviewing the exposition, decided for the *chapeau bleu*, the affair was not so simple; and

it required all the wiles and smiles at Mlle. Rosalie's command to persuade the fashionable dame that a *chapeau* of the same general color, but decidedly modified in tone and treatment, would be more becoming. By such devious arts was the queen retained upon her vacillating throne.

Though ignorant of these vicissitudes, M. Renard was quite content, after the troubled experiences of following the trail of the *chapeau bleu* and the momentary menace of expatriation, to have the emblem of his fate remain for a time safely under his observation. And if he wondered why this queenly adornment remained undisturbed when the other fair competitors in turn met their fate on the proud heads of pleased purchasers, he had only to remember Mlle. Rosalie's ingenuous assurance that this blue of the gentians was a difficult color, which few could wear, and to recall the effect as the engaging brunette had tried it on, to be quite willing to believe it so.

Easter was long past; and Mlle. Rosalie was again critically surveying her show-window, holding in her hand a card that asked attention to the *Premiers modèles d'été*, although it was only the middle of May; yet the seasons are more advanced as well as more regular in the shop-windows of milliners than in Nature's calendar. The early morning had witnessed the retirement of the anticipations of spring for the fulfilments of summer. Mlle. Rosalie was directing from without the manipulations of the apprentice within the window; and it was just as she was hesitating where or whether to install the *chapeau bleu* that M. Renard took his seat at the café. He looked, and waited anxiously. Mademoiselle turned, acknowledged his courteous greeting, and ordered the *chapeau bleu* to be placed as before in the center of the garden.

To M. Raoul, this protective token, once the signal for peremptory ventures in uncertain fields, had become the constant symbol of his present blissful serenity. No longer looking forward to any change in the situation to which he had become so happily adjusted, the overnight transformation of Mlle. Rosalie's garden came upon him with the suddenness of the unexpected; but the survival of the

gentians secured the familiar touch of coming back to one's own. Yet the season was advancing, and gentians, like other blossoms, must have their day. What of the autumn and the winter? Reflecting thus from his seat at the Petit Café Normandie, M. Raoul realized that the little blind god had selected for his trysting-place the immediate entourage of the *chapeau bleu*. And as he looked across at the object of his devotion, he seemed to find its complement in a comely face with dark hair and darker eyes that smiled kindly upon him.

It was Mlle. Rosalie's custom to close her atelier at seven, and considerably to dismiss her apprentice half an hour in advance. It came about that M. Raoul sought this twilight hour to acquaint himself with the vicissitudes of the day. In the growing security of their relation, and having no great matters to discuss, they fell upon the less momentous, but not less interesting, affairs of their several occupations. Mlle. Rosalie listened to the tribulations of shipping on the Seine, and M. Raoul began to appreciate the care and consideration required for success as a modiste. Thus, under the decorous patronage of the *chapeau bleu*, these tête-à-têtes had become a part—indeed, the most eagerly awaited part—of the day's relaxation. It was quite natural that M. Raoul should inquire how the sudden removal of the hats of spring was consistent with commercial economy, and to express unfeigned admiration when informed that with the waning of the season all the unsolicited models were summarily despatched to the sister Hortense, and were eagerly accepted by the amiable Perpignese as the very latest and confidential dictates of Parisian fashion for the summer.

"But if at the close of the season there are *chapeaux* undisposed of, what then? For in the Midi the season is in advance of Paris."

"Then, Monsieur, I must resort to the charm of the *prix réduit*."

"And if there remains a beautiful, a worthy model," he continued, his thoughts quite obviously fixed, as were his eyes, upon the center of the window, and resentful of any such commercial indignity to his inamorata, "what then?"

"Then, Monsieur," timidly replied

Mlle. Rosalie, reading the message of M. Raoul's emotion, "if it must be disposed of at too great a sacrifice, I wear it myself."

Thus encouraged, M. Raoul stepped to the window, withdrew the *chapeau bleu* from its support, placed it delicately upon the head of the blushing Rosalie, looked into her eyes, and knew that he had found the wearer of the *chapeau bleu*.

"And will you wear it for me, now and always? Ah! how stupid not to see that no one but my Rosalie could set off the *chapeau bleu*! It becomes you even better than before, *ma chérie*. And your discernment is a safer guide than the manœuvres of the little blind god."

"But he has helped us. See!" said the now radiant Rosalie, pointing to a framed diploma, setting forth that for excellence and industry a prize in design in the art class of the school at Perpignan had been awarded to Rosalie Lucile Du Puy.

"Ah! It is Lucile, after all!"

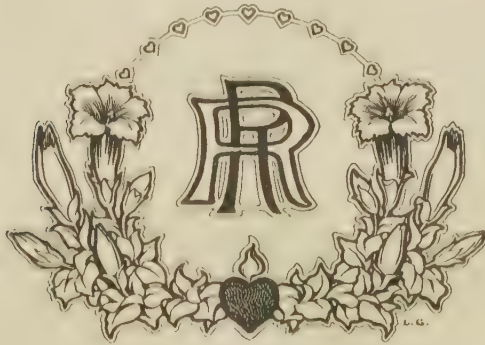
It was July before the wedding could be arranged. Hortense was called to take charge of the shop. Mme. Desmarest was mercurial, voluble, and helpful; Juliette proved a superintendent of rare capacity; and the success of the wedding feast reflected Jean's considerate devotion. In the home on the bluffs of the Seine the romance of the *chapeau bleu* found its happy ending. And it was with that emblem of hope, and its fulfilment upon her radiant head, that Mme. Raoul Renard set out upon the honeymoon, first to the aged mother, too feeble to attempt the long journey northward, and then a flitting to and fro by train, by stage, by carriage, and by the modern invasion of the trolley, through the Pyrenees. Quite naturally they chose to go by way of Mont Louis; and there while Raoul and Rosalie—the new intertwined R's, as Juliette called the letters which she embroidered on the napery—were wandering over the fields so full of memories to the child of the Midi, they found hidden in a sheltered recess a belated cluster of the early mountain gentians.

"Ah, I see," said Raoul, touched by the beauty of the sight, "this was the inspiration of the *chapeau bleu*."

It was just three years since my lady and I had visited Paris. With the direct-

ness of the American mind when it knows its purpose, my lady's bee-line from the hotel led to the favorite resource in hours of feminine trouble—the beflowered shop of Mile. Rosalie. It was rated, I am credibly informed, the most cherished mark of my lady's favor to be trusted with the address of “that charming person who designs hats *à la rue de la Paix* with the prices of the *quartier Latin*.” What was our surprise, upon reaching the

first station of our transatlantic mission, to find the familiar sign replaced by the gilt letters: AU CHAPEAU BLEU, while above the door there appeared in pictured elegance a faithful immortalization of a “stunning” gentian hat. My lady entered, and it was from the impressionable Hortense that she heard, with much embellishment of circumstance, the incidents that I have set to words in the romance of the *chapeau bleu*.



THE DEAD MASTER

BY JOHN ERSKINE

NO singing chord of youth was dumb,
 No star of youth was dim;
 It seemed so long ere age should come,
 I kept light watch for him,—
 Light watch o'er heart and nerve and eye,
 His entrance evermore,—
 And, lo! the shadow, stealing by,
 Found an unguarded door!

I dreamt of far-off fields well-fought,
 Pierce battle, victory bright;
 “I shall have praise from *him*,” I thought,
 “Who taught me first to fight.”
 Then I remembered! as a breath
 Blows the dry rose apart;
 For, lo! the sudden touch of death
 Had aged me to the heart!



The Delicate Mrs. Poteet

By Alice L. Cole

WITH PICTURES BY A. D. BLASHFIELD

"WHAT 's to be done?" said Josephine, tersely. The tone might have been reassuring in any situation not, like ours, beyond repair.

The blue gentians that I was arranging in a bowl fell from my hands, and I stared at her blankly, as she stood in the door. I had been so busy making the bungalow festive in her Aunt Emma's honor that I had not even heard the car.

"Called away, you say, to the bedside of a sick friend?"

"Yes, for a full month."

I sank into the nearest chair with a sense of overwhelming disappointment. It had never occurred to me that our dragon could fail us. Indeed, we had made all our plans without informing her that she was included.

"What difference need it make?" pleaded Josephine.

"You know as well as I that it would never, never do," I murmured perfunctorily, for my heart assented to her point of view. But with Josephine it is necessary to be, what she is not, firm and logical.

"It 's a foolish convention," she declared. "We did n't really want Aunt Emma." True, we had both looked forward to her coming with resignation, for she was dyspeptic, and hated drafts.

"But we must have some one."

"I don't see it," she retorted. "Nothing could happen to us here. It 's a mere prejudice, a figment of the mind."

"A very unpleasant figment, considering there is n't a soul we can get. It leaves us in an awkward position, I must say; for here we are all moved in, bag and baggage, ready for a week of bliss."

"I have an inspiration. One mental conceit must be con-

quered by another. What I have to present is the best solution I can offer, so don't oppose it with your tiresome objections. I will provide an—an—astral substitute for Aunt Emma. In fact, she has already arrived—a friend of ours. But she is a delicate creature, and will remain under our roof on one condition only: we must never suggest by word or look that we find her different from ourselves."

"Josephine!" I expostulated, weakening, for the idea fascinated me. "Only think how it might lead to complications."

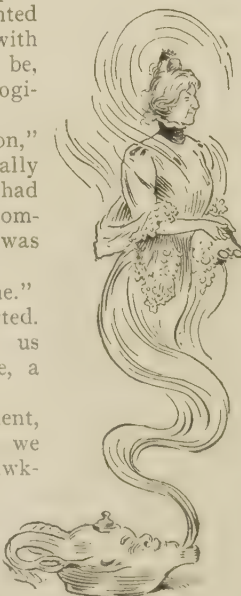
"Complications! In a week! 'On one condition only,' I was saying. As for me," she continued briskly, "I have no fears. Thanks to a pretty good visualizing imagination, I can believe in her completely. That is absolutely necessary to make her convincing."

Swept along by the tide of her enthusiasm, I listened in silence, my better judgment spellbound. A long, pure, golden shaft of the October sunshine slanted through the open door on the heavenly blue of scattered gentians. The time and place were full of invitation.

"Can't you see just how she looks? She is a person of stately, dignified port, with gray hair and a neat hand and foot. Myra, she is real to me already; as real, as real—as Mrs. Brown."

"And her name—suppose you christen her. Two syllables at the very least. How could you express her with less?"

Josephine pondered. Her eyes sparkled. She was quite in her element, creating a being with a purely astral ex-



MRS. POTEET

istence, and casting about for the mortal guise that should fitly body forth one who was to center in herself presence, importance, dignity—in a word, propriety.

"Mrs. Poteet," she said at last in a tone from which there was no appeal—"Sarah Poteet. It sounds fine and Frenchy, without being too much so, which would destroy the very effect we aim at. Oh, Myra, if you only were n't so matter of fact! Let me remind you, once for all, that if you ever withdraw your belief from Mrs. Poteet, in that moment she will evanesce, and there will be absolutely nothing to say except—"

"Mrs. Poteet was."

"She shall have the bedroom for hers," she continued.

"I hope that she will be rested after a little. Think of a whole week of this idyllic, pastoral life!"

"It seems too good to be true. But now that we have moved in, let's take down the sign. What a coincidence that we should find a bungalow ready at hand the very moment when we were wishing for one of our own!" She reached up to the door, and looking over her shoulder, I read once more:

"NOTICE"

"Mrs. Brown will be gone for two weeks. The bungalow is at your service, rent-free. The key will be found under the mat. Immediate possession."

Folding it into her sketch-book, she remarked thoughtfully: "I was afraid that you might not like that name, but I felt it to be a direct inspiration. It could not be changed without destroying the identity of Mrs. Poteet, and will, I have no doubt, be fraught with significant results."

And so it proved. A little later I came back from Mrs. Gage's, where I had been to order supplies for three.

"Mrs. Gage," I announced, "was much interested in Mrs. Poteet, for that was her first husband's mother's name."

"A second coincidence," she replied, and looked me calmly in the eye.

While our larder was to be replenished

from the Gage dairy, it was not our intention to rely on that alone. Our idea had been a return to nature, not too literally interpreted; and since the peculiar products of our present surroundings seemed to be chestnuts, apples, cider, and wild grapes, we resolved on foraging.

The very next day we started, Josephine with her paints.

Reservoir Park was particularly adapted to our purpose, for here several orchards have become public property. We had



"THEIR HEADS BENT OVER HER SKETCH"

heard high praise awarded to a kind of apple called sheep nose, which we wanted to see and taste. I should have insisted on wild apples only, but from previous experience I knew that the apple, like man, is not at its best in a state of nature.

At last we found a lonely tree of the sheep nose, which proved to be odd-shaped and of delicious flavor. Near by was a large orchard from which cider-makers were just departing on long carts, piled with barrels of the fruit; but apples still lay under the trees in scattered heaps of red, russet, and yellow, and farther on, the chestnuts pattered down at the road's edge. Side by side, supporting our sack between us, we walked along, pausing now and then to rest on a stone, and



"WHO COULD HE BE?"

gathering from the wayside gorgeous, long festoons of the orange-scarlet bittersweet to carry back.

But where were we? Josephine's bump of locality was no better than mine, and she was entirely absorbed in studying the delicate colors of a charming bit of landscape: just then she was spying it through the circle of her thumb and finger.

"Josephine," I said, "I 'm going to look about and get my bearings, or find some one of whom I can inquire."

She nodded absently, and thinking that I could rely on her being safe for an hour or two at least, I set out to reconnoiter.

My task was no easy one, but at last I recognized the grass causeway which we had crossed that morning, and returned in triumph. There was the same crooked apple-tree, the same lovely vista, but where, where was Josephine?

I am willing to confess that it was more in anger than in sorrow that I lifted the heavy weight of the nuts and fruit, and retraced my steps homeward. "The aberrations of the artistic mind," I was muttering to myself, "don't make up for—" And there on the veranda bench, as dainty and fresh as you please, sat Josephine and a strange man in a shooting-jacket, side by side, with their heads bent over her sketch. "She is very absent-minded," I heard her saying, "and may forget entirely that we are staying here, and take the car in." Then I strode on the scene.

"Oh, Myra," said Josephine, "I am so relieved! I don't know what I should have done if you had n't come this very minute. This is Mr. Stewart, who kindly brought me home, after I finished painting. He was in my Brother Ned's class

at Yale. I could never have found the way alone."

Mr. Stewart took his departure, and Josephine did not notice my brusqueness. For a number of reasons, all of them good, I felt annoyed at the appearance of this stranger.

"I told him about Mrs. Poteet," said Josephine, pensively.

"How strange he must have thought it that she did n't appear when you arrived!"

"Oh, I provided for that, too. I said that Mrs. Poteet was not very strong—not quite herself to-day."

Outwardly calm, I groaned inwardly, scenting trouble ahead.

Just as we were starting out the next day, Jimmy Gage appeared with the morning supply of milk and fresh eggs, which he deposited on the back porch, vouchsafing a remark:

"Maw told me to tell ye that she 's comin' over to see ye this forenoon."

"To see us? That would be nice, if we were going to be in, but we are tempted out by the fine weather."

"That won't make no difference. Mis' Poteet ain't goin' out, is she?"

We started, and looked at each other guiltily.

"She 's comin' to see Mis' Poteet. She ain't never heard of a Poteet round here before, and thought it might be some relation to her fust husband."

"That 's very kind of her,"—Josephine took the helm of the conversation at this point,—“but I 'm sorry to say that Mrs. Poteet will not be able to see any one to-day. She is far from well. She is a frail woman, Jimmy, and you would say so, too, if you could see her. Why, a breath would almost blow her away. But we hope that she will be better in a few days."

The explanation was surprisingly complete and perfect.

"Sho!" said Jimmy, "you ain't goin' off and leave her, be ye, if she 's that sick? Perhaps maw 'll come over and set with her."

"Oh, no, no; that would never do. Mrs. Poteet prefers to be alone. In fact, we are almost afraid of nervous prostration. But this rich milk and cream that you bring, will do her good, I am sure. Tell your mother," she added, "that

we'll let her know when Mrs. Poteet can see her; and this is for you." Jimmy bounded away, tossing the dime juggler-fashion, and catching it dextrously.

We carried out our plans perfectly that day, and the sun was nearing the horizon's edge before we started for home.

As we left the wood road to follow the path along the side of Reservoir No. 5, I suddenly realized how detached and somber a human figure stands forth in the October splendor; for my attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a man on the opposite side,—two men rather,—for the still waters gave back his double. Who could he be, and why was he lingering there? Then in a flash my intuition told me that he was the Yale man waiting for us.

He met us with, "It occurred to me, when I saw you coming, to inquire after your friend Mrs. Poteet. I hope that she is rested to-day."

"She remains just about the same," Josephine spoke; "not serious, you understand, or we should n't have left her; but she did not care to be stirring."

"And you did, I take it," he said. "I was afraid that these confusing roads might lead you astray. Can't I be of service, or is it all clear now?"

"Yes," I said, "perfectly plain sailing. I could find the way back with my eyes shut. We are greatly obliged."

"But I am going in the same direction, and may as well walk along with you. I have had rather good luck shooting to-day, and I want to leave a couple of birds for Mrs. Poteet."

"How kind!" said Josephine. "We thank you in her name. I am sure nothing could be more acceptable to her."

He insisted on lugging the cider which we had brought from the mill, so on the whole I was not sorry for his escort.

"When do you expect Mrs. Brown back?" he asked. "Shall you stay till she comes?"

"We don't know what she has decided," I answered, "but we are to stay only a week."

I was burning to make in-

quiries about Mrs. Brown, but caution checked my rising questions.

We took the fluffy, light-brown birds which he bestowed upon us, though I am sure that they were all he had.

"If you ever need help,—a man, or anything,—just let me know, will you? I have a shooting-box not very far off, and shall be around this way every day. I mean in case Mrs. Poteet should be worse."

As he disappeared, I remarked: "Who ever saw such solicitude! I can't quite fathom it. The man behaves almost as if he—well, felt a sense of responsibility for us."

I could see that she did not mind it in the least. "These Skull and Bones men are always polite to family connections," she replied.

In the other direction appeared a little figure, the lank arms weighted down on each side with a can.

"Why, Jimmy, we did n't order milk for nights, only for mornings," I said.

"I know it; but maw sent this over for a present to Mis' Poteet. It's some of our extra best cream. Say, she's orful still, ain't she? I've been here before, waitin' for ye a long time, and she ain't made a sound. I did n't dast to leave the cans, on account of that dog."



"WHY, JIMMY, WE DID N'T ORDER MILK FOR NIGHTS"

"Mrs. Poteet must be asleep, Jimmy. Thank you very much."

"I don't see how she could sleep with them guns poppin'. Gee! how they've been goin' to-day!"

"What, around here, Jimmy? It's against the law."

"Oh, mebbe not right in the park, where they'd get took up, but round the edges. Thank you, ma'am," and executing a hand-spring, he disappeared.

"I don't like that child; he's too sharp. He has such a preternaturally inquiring mind," said I.

The next day, after a somewhat epicurean breakfast of creamed partridge, we felt strong enough for another expedition.

"We will take Reservoir No. 6 to-day," I said casually; "that is the farthest off."

Before we could get out of sight, Jimmy came with another offering to the weakness of Mrs. Poteet. We would have proceeded, but he called us back, for a dog was hanging about the veranda; so we disposed the articles in the back porch cupboard.

"Which cow gives the extra best cream, Jimmy?" asked Josephine, with idle curiosity.

"Oh, the old red cow. Why, she gives most clear cream. We don't put that on the milk-cart. I guess not."

"Well, here's a present for you." This time it was a quarter, for I was too proud to ask Jo whether she could break it. Jimmy accepted the coin with round eyes.

"Wish I'd thought to bring ye some thoroughwort for Mis' Poteet," he said. "Maw always brews it for me when I'm sick—thoroughwort and lobelia bitters. My! how it tastes! But it's orful good for ye. We don't never need no doctors at our house. I'll bring some to-night, sha'n't I?"

"Oh, no, Jimmy; Mrs. Poteet would never take it. And she's getting along as well as we could expect."

Our day in the woods above No. 6 was a complete success. Josephine painted, and was, so to speak, not present. On the way back I could see that she was wondering where we would meet him.

It was late when we arrived at the bungalow, but not too dark to discern at our door, as tribute to Mrs. Poteet, more

cream from the old red cow, and three large birds. I certainly hoped that there would soon be a change in her condition.

It is only your rural liver who feasts on the fat of the land. We had quail enough and to spare, while the extra best cream, in spite of our extra best efforts, lasted remarkably well. There was still enough left for another day, to say nothing of what we had bought and paid for.

But the third day was too much; the bungalow was fairly overflowing, while Mrs. Poteet's appetite remained about the same. Ours, I regret to say, if anything, began to decline.

I looked at Josephine. She was round and rosy. I looked in the glass. The effect was as good, possibly a grain better, than I could have expected. "Why," I said to her, "could not this superior air and fare be as improving to Sarah Poteet as it has been to us?"

"You know," she replied, smiling, "we spend our whole day off tramping, painting, picking gentians, or sitting on Cathedral Rock. These are very stimulating occupations. If she could only be braced up sufficiently to make a start that would be the—the—"

"*Sine qua non*," I suggested.

"Yes, thank you," she said; "and look at that jar over there—the one with the cedar. Is n't it charming? Mrs. Brown is a woman of uncommonly exquisite taste. I have seldom seen a jar with such good lines."

The cedar did look well, with its bright blue berries against the green. We were perfectly happy, in spite of our cares, and very well fed.

Mr. Stewart paid a morning call. He made a couple of partridges his excuse, but there was no doubt of his genuine anxiety about us and Mrs. Poteet. "Don't you think," he said, "that you'd better let me send out a physician? It would be no trouble at all,—a pleasure, I assure you,—and it seems to me that it would relieve you of care—homeopath, allopath, anything you say." There was a touch of curiosity as well as of solicitude. He was plainly seeking some new community of interest.

"No, I think not. But thank you, very much," said Josephine. "As a matter of fact, Mrs. Poteet herself would n't hear to such a thing."

"She does n't believe in *materia medica* at all," I put in.

"No; mental science is what she favors," said Josephine.

A little wave of incredulity and horror went over his face like a flash.

"And you, too?" He looked at her.

"Oh, not for myself, naturally, for I am never ill. But I don't disbelieve in it. It seems to me largely a matter of—well, taste. Now, I feel very sure that mental science is exactly suited to a temperament like that of Mrs. Poteet."

He choked down his antagonism almost imperceptibly. "Then could n't I send you out a—healer?" he said.

"That would n't be at all necessary. She is taking absent treatment."

He bit his lip under his mustache, and went away.

"What am I to do with all this truck?" I queried in dismay.

"Throw it away."

"But I can't. In the first place, it is positively wicked to be so wasteful; and in the second place, where could I throw birds and cream?"

"Dig a grave and bury them."

"No, Jimmy would be sure to appear with a how, why, and wherefore, and I am positive that we cannot for many days longer fend off Mrs. Gage from seeking out her first husband's mother's name-sake."

We went for our tramp that day as usual, but Josephine did not take her paints, and once or twice appeared to be distinctly nervous.

As we shut the bungalow door that night, almost shutting in a dog's nose, I said:

"I propose that we both give five minutes by the watch to serious consideration of what is to be done. Use your visualizing imagination, if you like, and I will apply to the dilemma such common sense as I have."

Time was up.

"We must adopt a dog," I said.

"My own idea exactly."

We had no difficulty in settling upon a particular dog; for toe-nails could be heard scratching at the door, and the rhythmic thump of a tail. We listened with newly awakened interest.

"He 's not handsome," she said.

My observation had been very general,

but I had retained one or two impressions.

"Don't you think that he has a fascinating awkwardness?" I asked. "And I 'll wager that his appetite is colossal."

From a canine point of view, as we conceived, the position awaiting was a highly desirable one. There were no rivals for our favor. He was the sole aspirant.

"You may name him," Josephine volunteered generously.

"Van," I said, without hesitation, for I intended to do so.

I flung open the door, and he stood for a moment facing me with as appealing a look as I ever saw in human eyes. He was only waiting for an invitation. That being given, he stepped in daintily, and came toward us, wagging joy.

I can scarcely classify his strain, but I should say that he might belong to the hound family. At any rate, he was a dog of rangy build, with large, pendent ears and dewlaps, an extremely open countenance, and a full-length tail.

We scanned the points of our candidate with satisfaction. He was certainly a dog of parts. I stroked his beautiful forehead, and lifted his head, putting my hand under his chin. The brown eyes looked squarely into mine. It was as if I had pledged to him the affection of the household, and he to me his loyal and devoted service in saving our lives and the valued life of Mrs. Poteet.

We took him into the kitchen for a few moments, and he speedily convinced us that our touching and beautiful confidence in him was not misplaced.

Up to this time we had been so absorbed in our own private affairs as to give but scant thought to the benefactor who had made such a life possible. However, a rainy day brought us to a realizing sense of our absent hostess. We discussed her freely, if with kindness, and bent our minds to the engaging task of constructing that lady's personality from the *disjecta membra* at hand, with something of the same pleasure that a scientist may experience in building up a dinosaur from rib or hoof.

If the furnishing of her house was an expression of her mental equipment, we agreed that she was generous, just, unostentatious, a woman of great solidity and simplicity of character. But the initial

act of our observation had proved her to be all that and more. This was our un-biased judgment of Mrs. Brown.

Under some circumstances a rainy day may be depressing, but we did not find it so. Even the smell of the wet leaves outside was a sweet savor to our nostrils. Mrs. Brown had laid in a supply of excellent fuel, and would, we felt certain, wish us to make ourselves thoroughly comfortable. As usual, our wish coincided with hers, and we did so.

Van appreciated the fire as much as we, and drew himself so near that we feared for his nose and paws. His tastes were much like our own, and we considered him a very congenial member of our little household, which was now such a happy circle, with not a care in the world—save one.

But casting all anxiety aside, we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the hour. It was so cozy and warm there in the firelight, beside Mrs. Brown's red lamp, that the occasion demanded a little good cheer. I brought out a pitcher of amber cider, with a couple of glasses, and a third for Mrs. Poteet. On a shingle in front of the blaze I had placed some sheep-nose apples and a handful of the largest chestnuts.

The apples were soon sputtering with a most alluring odor, and the chestnuts began to pop. Josephine, in her white gown, was a picture, and I had just poured her a glass of cider, which I was offering with the words, "To the health of Mrs. Poteet," when Van tore to the door and began to bark furiously.

Before we had time to stir, the door opened without a sound of warning, and in walked—a man.

A crisis had come. There was no time for concerted action, and however Josephine may have felt, I was at my wits' end. But I had the presence of mind,—or was it merely mechanical, for I still held the toast in my hand?—to offer him the glass of cider.

He looked as astonished as we felt;

and no wonder, for Van was almost devouring him.

"Van! Van!" I called to no purpose.

"Down!" said the stranger, and the beast obeyed instantly.

Again I extended the glass of cider to him. He accepted it with an inclination of the head, and I saw him to be a refined-looking man in spectacles and a raincoat. Somehow my fears vanished. He was neither insane, imbecile, nor inebriate, whatever else he might be.



"VAN TORE TO THE DOOR AND BEGAN TO BARK"

I indicated a seat by the fire, and throwing off his raincoat, he said: "With your permission, I will dry this."

He offered no explanation, but looked at us as if he expected one.

Josephine spoke: "I am sorry that Mrs. Poteet has retired, but perhaps it was Mrs. Brown whom you wanted to see."

"Mrs. Brown? I know no Mrs. Brown. What Mrs. Brown?"

"Why, the Mrs. Brown who has just gone away."

"Your apples smell good," he remarked irrelevantly. Was the man mad, after all? "Like roasted potatoes, they must be eaten at the proper instant, and I think

that it has now arrived. May I help you?"

And before we knew it, all three of us were eating roasted apples and chestnuts about the hearth in the most domestic manner. As he rose to go, our visitor remarked: "I hope that I did n't alarm you by coming in so unceremoniously. I am absent-minded at times, and this is one of them," and he bowed his departure. Van followed at his heels.

"Come back, Van! come back!" we cried in chorus, and Van did so, finding the door shut in his face.

"Myra," remarked Josephine, "I 've seen that man somewhere, I am positive."

"Van," I said severely, for I was out of patience with him, "you are a bad brute. Oh, Van!"

Truth to tell, both Josephine and I were playing about the mere fringe and aura of the situation. The presence of that live, breathing man in the room, drinking cider by our hearth and eating hot apples and chestnuts with us, had wrought an electrical change in the atmosphere. To me at least Mrs. Brown no longer appeared to possess an actual or essential existence. Mrs. Poteet had become a being less corporeal.

Alas! for that secret doubt! Already it had done its fatal work, and we both knew it without a word.

The melancholy moment had come. Josephine interrogated me with her eyes. I breathed the words:

"Mrs. Poteet was."

In the morning nothing was changed, yet even a picture takes on a new aspect by a different light. Though we had resolved to leave by the first car, we decided to delay our going and give to Sarah Poteet the honors of decent burial.

Josephine, and I, too, entered thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, whether out of respect to that lady's virtues, or because each of us felt a lingering reluctance to be off with the old life and on with the new, which is always in its way a personal demise. At any rate, we waited over one car to bury Mrs. Poteet.

Van was the chief mourner, and he had every reason to be. No longer could he expect to be regaled on extra best cream and the choice bits of partridge. He was generally present at the grave-digging, which began with a mixing-spoon, but

ended with the hatchet, and his eyes grew big with astonishment as he watched the earth close over her nothingness. He seemed to be distinctly relieved when that ceremony was over, and I had propped into place the flat bit of trap rock which was to serve as headstone.

The spot we had chosen was wholly appropriate, being a retired place in the rear of the bungalow, under the boughs of a somber cedar.

Josephine had just declared, "I now wash my hands of her, and may she never trouble my peace of mind any more," and I replied: "But what will Mrs. Brown think? She may have chosen that one and only spot for herself."

"What will Mrs. Brown think of what?" said a masculine voice that I recognized only too well, and from around the bungalow, escorted by Van, appeared the tall figure of our uninvited guest.

"Pardon me," I said, "but we were about to leave, and as we have to catch the car, we will not detain you."

That was a stroke which might have saved us, but at that moment Van, our keen, intelligent Van, with brute stupidity and obtuseness, ran plump to Mrs. Poteet's grave, and went sniffing at the headstone, whereon with an artistic zeal that outran discretion Josephine had penciled an inscription. There he stood wagging his tail with the most abounding enthusiasm.

The man came nearer, and, bending down, read aloud:

"HERE LIES THE ASTRAL BODY OF SARAH POTEET."

I heard the car coming, but for the life of me I could not have stirred.

"What 's that—Mrs. Poteet dead?" It was the voice of Mr. Stewart, with inflections of surprise and sympathy; and he appeared around the other corner with a gun slung over one shoulder, and a bunch of neatly dressed birds dangling from his hand.

"Dead and buried," I replied solemnly, pointing toward the grave where the stranger knelt.

"Oh, Walker," he said, "when did you arrive?" and that "oh" ran through a whole gamut of emotions, ranging from recognition to discomfort. This was Mr. Walker's moment.

"Ned, may I ask you the question that has just been raised by these two young ladies: 'What will Mrs. Brown think?'"

This innocent question had a disturbing effect on Mr. Stewart. He coughed and hesitated.

"I fear that I am detaining them," he said. "They appear to be starting." On the contrary, we seemed to be rooted to the spot.

"But he knows Mrs. Brown, because he has mentioned her several times," I urged.

"I insist on an answer. Who is this Mrs. Brown, and have you any good reason for not giving your testimony?" said Mr. Walker.

Mr. Stewart began to show signs of amusement. "Yes," he replied, looking at Josephine, and his eyes twinkled; "the best of reasons—because it might incriminate me. I think," he added, "if I now understand correctly, that Mrs. Brown belongs to the same class as Mrs. Poteet. There was n't any Mrs. Brown."

This was Josephine's turn:

"So it was you, who put that sign on the door to ensnare innocent, unsuspecting folk!"

"What sign?" said Mr. Walker. And taking Josephine's sketch-book from the back porch, where she had laid it, I turned the leaves to find the notice, which I read aloud:

"NOTICE"

"Mrs. Brown will be gone for two weeks. The bungalow is at your service, rent-free. The key will be found under the mat. Immediate possession."

Mr. Walker strode up to the other man. "Ned, I know I started this practical joking, but I acknowledge that you have beaten me. Now, let's give it up. Don't you think that you carried it a bit too far?"

Josephine and I had an illuminating moment simultaneously.

"So it was your house, all the time," said she.

"And your dog," said I. Then I gave way, and laughed till I cried; so did every one else but Josephine.

"And who was Mrs. Poteet?" gasped Mr. Walker.

"The lady who took my aunt's place," Josephine replied. "But your friend and Mrs. Gage between them have killed her with kindness."

"Come," said Mr. Stewart, "let's bury the astral body of Mrs. Brown." I gave him the hatchet, and Josephine went after her pencils, while Mr. Walker selected another headstone for the inscription. In fact, we all assisted except Van, who was suspiciously silent. But we could hear a cracking of bones behind the cedar, and knew that for the last time he was feasting on the fruits of the chase.

I fear that we hurried Mrs. Brown into her grave, for we heard the car coming. Mr. Walker caught up my suit-case, and Josephine and Mr. Stewart, who still carried the hatchet, followed in silence.

I certainly thought we should miss the car, Mr. Walker staggered so with laughter. But at last he found breath to say:

"Surely you found my fireside pleasant. I could swear to that; and some day you will come back again to see where we buried Mrs. Poteet and Mrs. Brown—"

Behind me, Mr. Stewart added in an undertone to Josephine:

"And bury the hatchet."

Happening to glance back that instant, I caught sight of two figures moving toward the bungalow from the opposite direction—that of Jimmy, who stood open-mouthed, letting fall to the ground what was evidently a basket of new-laid eggs, and Mrs. Gage herself, throwing up her fat hands full of thoroughwort and lobelia for the delicate Mrs. Poteet.





Drawn by Clifford K. Berryman

A WHALER AT ANCHOR IN A HARBOR OF THE CAPE VERDE ISLANDS

THE NEAREST RELATIVE

BY WATSON DYKE

WHEN Mrs. Thomas Wetherall of High Ings, Upper Enderdale, was nearly dying, she thought it time to send for the doctor. He came. It was Mudd, from the town of Simonscope.

Rosannah, the maid, seeing him walking up the flagged fields that led to the sheltered farm, ran to the front door and unbolted it. It unbolted slowly and stiffly, because it had never been opened since Mr. Thomas Wetherall's funeral day, when there was such a large gathering of relatives that the kitchen and the sitting-room did not hold them all, and they overflowed into the garden and sat on the garden walls. And yet Thomas and his wife had no sons and daughters! These were nieces and nephews, cousins, brothers, and sisters, second cousins, third cousins, relatives by marriage, and relatives unknown, who came out of distant dales and took a quarter of an hour to explain where they came in on the family tree; but they did come in, as they said themselves, or they would not have ventured to Thomas's funeral.

So Rosannah unbolted the door, with the tears trickling down her rosy cheeks, and faced Dr. Mudd.

"Don't cry, Rosie," said Dr. Mudd. "Is she gone?"

"Nay, sir; but she 's suffering, and I can do nowt to ease her."

"She 'll be nearly dying," said Dr. Mudd, "or she would not have sent for me. Has she had her lawyer?"

He asked this question as he was going up the creaking stairs, passing the staircase window, with its wealth of geranium and cactus and old-fashioned fuchsias.

"Nay, sir, she hes n't. She 's not decided to send for thee yet; I took it on myself."

"Oh—then I 'll expect a storm. Never mind, Rosie; you did right."

He stooped his head to enter a room the wooden beams of which had been whitewashed. There, sitting in the middle of a huge four-post oak bedstead, was Mrs. Thomas Wetherall. She was rubbing her withered hands together, and now and again pulling the quilt about her as though to gather warmth from it. The window was shut, though it was a July day, and a wasp was buzzing on the panes.

"Hello!" said the doctor. "What can I do for you?"

"Ease t' pain," said Mrs. Thomas. "Tha can't cure me."

The doctor came up to the bed, flung his riding-whip upon an oaken chest of drawers, and took her withered hand in his.

"Why did n't you send before?" he asked almost curiously.

"Thar 's nae gude to be done to the death-struck; and why waste t' brass that I 's saved?"

"You 've got no children," said the doctor, with an amused smile, and he sat down on a chair by the bed and began drawing letters in the dust which covered the little table in the window.

"That 's what I telled her," said Rosannah, staring at the doctor with her large, blue eyes. "She may as well spend it on hersel' as let some wastrels abuse 't. I oft telled t' maister t' same thing."

"Aye, she did; but he 'd never listen," said Mrs. Thomas, sniffing at the thought. "Saving was his nature to his grave, and I was always a faithful wife that lived by her husband's side in iverly sense o' t' word. What 's that tha 's putting in my wrist, Doctor?"

"Something to ease the pain," said the doctor, fastening up the case again. "Now, do you feel easier?"

"Aye, a bit," said the old woman, after

a long, quivering sigh. "I 's a bit cawd and shiversome. Thar 's a terrible cawd wind blows somewhars."

The doctor raised his eyebrows and looked out on the bit of garden below. The summer roses were blowing, and butterflies floated above them. A tortoise-shell cat sunned itself on a low wall, and the air of the bedroom seemed breathless.

"Rosannah," he said, "go and get your mistress a cup of tea."

"Nay, nay; it is n't tea-time," said Mrs. Thomas. "Thomas niver believed in snacks between meals, and even in his last illness he lived up to his faith. Aye, he did that. I 'll hev nae sups o' tea made o' purpose."

"Then I 'll have a cup," said the doctor.

"Then we 'll hev tea early, and mak' yan brewing," said Mrs. Thomas; "and mak' it gude wi'oot being strong, Rosannah."

When the servant had gone, almost running down-stairs in her anxiety to feed her mistress, the doctor pulled his chair away from the window and looked at the old woman.

"Have you made your will?" he said.

"Nay," she said; "I 's not clear how to leave 't, and I 's nae wiser the longer I wait. Thomas niver clearly knew what he 'd like doing wi' his fortune, and I think I 's worse. How long has I got to live?"

The doctor looked out of the window at the tortoise-shell cat, which was stretching herself in the sun.

"Well," he said, "you might go at any time, Mrs. Wetherall. A doctor can't say to a minute."

"Aye, the Lord only knows it," said Mrs. Thomas; "but I can tell it is near. Eh, bairns! Life wears a small cap when it comes to be done."

"A nightcap," said the doctor, pulling a pocket-book from his breast pocket, and looking through some papers.

"Aye, for it 's a peaceful sleep, Dr. Mudd, and folks lie a' still in t' kirk garth. Thomas has niver been disturbed wi' t' great concourse o' black crows that crowded about us when he went to his long home."

"I would n't say so much," said Mudd; "Thomas Wetherall was a man

who would have been very much disturbed, had he seen that big crowd."

"It 's well he did n't," said Mrs. Wetherall. "It disturbs me to think that though I sha'n't see it, it 'll be thar all t' same. They 'll be flocking up in shoals now that tha 's been to see me. They 'll get wind t' doctor 's been up, and they 'll hope I 'm going this time."

"I 'd make their hopes wither in their breasts," said the doctor, putting the book away, and looking at his patient.

"But I can't live, Doctor?" she asked eagerly.

"No; you 're going," said the doctor. "But I 'd make that will in favor of the one good creature you have about you—the one who does not want your money."

"Thar 's not yan o' them that does n't love my wardrobe hangings better than my whole sel'."

"There is *one*," said the doctor.

"A hint for theesel', eh?"

"Well," said the doctor, "it was not a hint for myself this time, though the tea was. It was for the maker of the tea."

"Rosannah?"

"Yes."

"T' sarvint?"

"Yes."

"A lil'e wench wi' nowt but a print frock and calicky clothes?"

"Yes."

The doctor was excited enough to rise from his seat.

"Leave everything to Rosannah!" he said.

"She is n't a relative," said the old woman, astonished.

"I don't know what human beings count as a relative. If she is n't related to you, I 'm not related to my own mother. She 's as innocent of hopes as the babe unborn, and she 's waited on you better than most of the mother's daughters I come across on my rounds; and though that is n't saying much for her, you 'll know how much she 's done for you yourself. Leave every stick about the place to Rosannah, and that night-cap 'll fit you well. You 'll sleep easy."

"What wad Thomas say?" Mrs. Thomas asked in a strange whisper.

"Thomas would say, 'Hear, hear!'" said the doctor. "Now, make up your

mind, Mrs. Wetherall. That 's what you 've got to do."

"T' pain 's vara bad. Stick that pencil in my wrist again!"

"Not until you 've made your will, Mrs. Wetherall. If I could write to heaven, I 'd send you a long letter describing how your relatives took it."

"Then tha thinks that I 's bound for t' right place?"

"If you do the right thing—yes," said the doctor.

"But I 's not been much of a church-goer; I 's always put off spiritual things," said Mrs. Thomas, doubtfully.

Her eyes looked widely open and misty. The eyebrows hung over like a crag. The face was the color of wax.

"I 'm no priest," said the doctor; "but if you 've neglected spiritual things, don't let them say you neglected the temporal. Make that will, and be just to Rosannah; she 's the only creature that loves you."

"The cat does," said Mrs. Thomas.

The doctor looked into the garden. The cat was blinking and stretching itself. He heard Rosannah, with her shoes off, stepping gently between the dairy and the kitchen.

He knew she would be crying, in her own patient way, expecting consolation from nothing.

"Mrs. Wetherall," he said, "I sent for Mr. Craddock. He is coming up the fields now."

Mrs. Thomas pulled at her chintz curtains and looked out at the blazing sunshine.

"I can't see owt," she said in a tremulous voice; "my eyesight 's bad, and the pain 's back again. Rosannah 's a gude lass—I telled her so last night, and I telled her I was leaving her nowt. She said she wanted nowt but me,—aye, she said that! And she meant it, power lass! I 'll leave all to Rosannah!"

"That nightcap 'll fit easy," said the doctor. "Now, here 's Craddock. Don't listen to his arguments. Make him listen to you."

The doctor stepped to the window and called down: "Craddock, come straight in! Be quick!"

He then took a flask of brandy from his pocket and gave Mrs. Thomas a teaspoonful. She had been getting sleepy

and very cold, but she was immediately aroused.

"All to Rosannah!" whispered the doctor, and then Craddock entered.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Wetherall. You sent for me."

The doctor gave the lawyer his own seat.

"There is not much time. She has her will to make."

"And I leave all to Rosannah," said Mrs. Wetherall.

The lawyer would have expostulated, but the old lady eagerly continued:

"To my gude and faithful servant, Rosannah Scratchit. I 's vara bad—a drop o' brandy, doctor, to keep me up while I sets t' words down! I 's in full possession o' my senses, as the doctor can testify."

When Rosannah came in with the teatray, she saw her mistress panting on the pillows, and the doctor standing by her with the brandy by him. The lawyer was looking out of the window. He had it open, and was talking to two men down below.

"Come straight up-stairs," Craddock called out, "and be quick about it!"

"Rosannah," said the doctor, "go down-stairs and fetch another cup for Mr. Craddock."

And the girl went off with a doubtful look backward at the bed.

The two men were tramping up the staircase.

"Is she worse, Rosie?" said one.

"Mebbe it 's a will they 're on makin'?" suggested the other.

But Rosannah's heart was too full, and she went away for the cup. Getting back again, she met the men returning slowly down the staircase, as men do when in strange houses.

"She 's passing away," said one.

"She wants you, Rosie," said the other. And Rosannah hurried into the bedroom with these words on her lips:

"She 's not to be bothered any more wi' them nasty doctors!" and the girl turned first to Mrs. Thomas, then to Craddock. "Will or no, she 's not to write against the gran. 's boss on that score. Tak' some tea—a sup o' tea, mistress darling! I 'll none leave ye wi' these tiresome men."

The old woman gave the doctor a

strange, weird look, which would have been a beautiful smile if she had been young and well.

"Coom hither, Rosa," she said. "If iver tha gets to be wealthy, spend it better than me."

"Nowt o' t' sort!" said the girl. "Tha's done well wi' 't. I only wish that tha could tak' 't all wi' thee. See, mistress darling, hev a sup o' tea."

The mistress smiled, put her hand to her throat as though her night-dress fitted too tightly, and then her head fell back.

"She's gone!" said the doctor.

His voice was almost triumphant, and the lawyer immediately turned from the window and gazed at her.

Rosannah dropped the tea-tray, and it fell crashing to the ground.

"My darling mistress, my darling mistress!" she said. "She was all that I had, doctor—all that I had! I's a beggar in truth, now; for I'll never get another mistress like Mrs. Wetherall. I's been wi' her sin' I left the workhouse at nine years old, and she's been t' kindest woman that iver breathed. Mistress! Mistress! Mistress! Put some brandy down her throat, Doctor!"

"Come here, Rosannah!" said the doctor. Rosannah had her arms about her mistress, and she slowly withdrew them. When she turned she saw that the doctor was holding out his hand to her. The lawyer had placed his back to the empty fire-grate, and there was a smile on his face as he looked at the servant.

"You are a good girl," said the doctor, "and your mistress said so before she died. You are mistress now. Shall I send some one to help you?"

"I'd rather do all mysel'," said Rosannah, with trembling lips; "but I'd wish to be alone, sirs."

The doctor looked at the lawyer. "Our work is done," he said.

The lawyer walked out of the bedroom, and was followed by the doctor, and they never spoke a word to each other as they left the house; but the lawyer said to himself as he hurried home: "The will has gone awry, and the old woman must have been in her dotage. It is not just. Her relatives are the heirs. What can this ignorant servant do with all the land and money?"

Rosannah had scarcely done her last

duties to the sacred dead, when visitors began to arrive. She heard a loud knock at the front door.

She went down and opened it. Mr. and Mrs. John Wetherall of Gray's Foot stepped over the mat and walked straight into the kitchen. Mr. Wetherall took the easy-chair; Mrs. Wetherall sat down on the rocking-chair and began undoing her boots.

"Fetch my slippers out of the portmanteau, John. When did she die, Rosannah?"

"This afternoon."

"What time, though?"

"I don't know."

"Then tha s'u'd know! Was t' doctor wi' her?"

"We were all wi' her," said Rosannah in a very low voice.

"Who do you mean by 'all'?" John said sharply.

"Myself, doctor, and Mr. Craddock."

"Craddock!" said the two in one breath.

"Aye," said Rosannah, wincing over their eagerness.

"Was t' lawyer here long?" inquired Mrs. John, vigorously pushing her big heel into her shoe.

"I don't know," said Rosannah.

"Then tha s'u'd know!" said Mrs. John, sharply; "and I don't know what tha's been thinking about, Rosannah."

Rosannah said nothing. She sat by the chair that stood close to the oak chest of drawers, with her eyes cast down. Her face was very pale.

Mrs. John rose up energetically, and put her dusty shoes in the back kitchen.

"Now, John, tha'd better get off at once to Simonscope and order t' cards and mourning; so, Rosannah, be sharp, and mak' a cup o' tea."

To Rosannah, remembering the last cup of tea, this was a terrible task. She did it slowly.

"Is thar plenty o' butter in t' house?" said Mrs. John, suddenly.

"Yan pund," said Rosannah.

"Then fetch twa pund more, John," said his energetic wife. "Thar'll be t' funeral cake to mak', and I'll do it to-morrow. We'll hae t' funeral on Thursday; and tha can see Talberts about t' hearse. And John, on tha way to Simonscope, tha'd better call at t' vicar's

and see about t' grave. She 'll be laid again' our power brother Thomas, and tha mun get it as cheap as thee can. Thar 's no reason to be cheated cos thar 's t' brass thar!"

Mrs. John opened the top drawer in the big oaken chest and pulled out one of Mrs. Thomas's lace caps, which she examined with care.

"Thar 's a deal o' wear in this, though it is old-fashioned; but I 'll be bound thar 'll be for iver o' women folk turning up to-morrow. How many caps had thee mistress, Rosannah?"

"I don't know," said Rosannah, slowly setting out the cups.

"Then tha s'u'd know, and tha s'u'd be ashamed to say that tha does n't. Thar 's t' door-knob! Who 's that? See, John; open t' door, and if it 's relatives, say that *we 're* here, and thar 's nae necessity for more. You are Thomas's only brother, and it 's right and proper that thee and me s'u'd tak' car' on t' house. We want nae more o' that sort o' trash—the kind that hankers after what they can git."

Mrs. John remained beside the chest of drawers with the cap poised in her right hand, the left in the second drawer, which she had just opened. John, gingerly putting down his boots on the back kitchen door-mat, and slipping on a pair of carpet slippers which he always wore over tea, went to the door and opened it.

A thin woman in shabby black, with a black-beaded bonnet and mantle, stepped inside. A tall girl of fifteen followed her.

"Who is 't?" said John.

"Mrs. Wetherall's own sister Sarah," said the thin woman, "and her niece Sabina—my daughter. I 's nae idea what kin *tha* is, but tha 's gotten here early."

"I 's Thomas's brother."

"Aye; but Thomas is dead and buried," said the woman. "It is Mrs. Thomas now that we 's to bury. I 's fairly upset wi' t' sad news. I mun see my sister. Whar does she lie?"

"Nay, I don't know," said John. "Me and my wife hev nobbut just coom; we 're lookin' into things."

"Then I 'll save ye both trouble," said Sarah. "I ought to hev been here before, but I 's so far to coom. I was nobbut warned this morning by letter; though

there was a knock on the kitchen door last night which was past all explanation, and which now tells for itself. So this is Mrs. John! I 's heerd tell on Mrs. John. Well, I 's invite ye both to stop tea."

"We 'd coom here to stop ower t' funeral, Mrs. Sidesaddle," said Mrs. John in a dry voice, and with an ominous downward curve of the lower lip.

"But I 's save' ye both that trouble," said Sarah. "Sabina, unfasten that hamper; and Rosannah, Rosannah—whar 's t' sarvint lass?"

Rosannah appeared from the back kitchen.

"Rosannah, tha can stop in t' house until t' day after t' funeral, and then tha 's at liberty to find theesel' a situation; so tha can't complain tha hes n't gotten thee notice."

Rosannah returned to the back kitchen without answering. The words of these people were as the passing of midges and gnats. She was too sad at heart to care what they said.

"Mrs. Sidesaddle," said Mrs. John, firmly, "into this house I coom when all the trouble had just befallen, and I 's not going to be turned out now—now, when the blow 's lost its first heaviness. I 's here till after t' funeral."

"Aye," said John, "that 's right."

"And I shall stay by my dead sister till she 's under t' sod," said Sarah, making her lips look like a sharp knife. "And Sabina stops and all."

Sabina immediately sat down on the sofa and clasped her hands. Every five minutes she took out a neatly folded pocket-handkerchief, and without undoing it, wiped her eyes, putting it back in her pocket and reclasping her hands.

Rosannah brewed the tea, and then, leaving them to get it as best they could, she went up to her mistress's bedroom, and shut the door.

She knelt down by the bed and lifted the white sheet she had so reverently laid over the face of her old mistress. A smile was on the old woman's face, and the wrinkles seemed less than usual.

Rosannah kissed the cold forehead, put the sheet back in its place, and climbing into the window-seat, wept for an hour or more.

When she was calmer, she looked up.

It was growing dusk, stars were coming out, and John was returning by the fields from his walk to Simonscrope.

There was a sick feeling in Rosannah's heart, for John had brought a Simonscrope joiner with him, that the measuring might be done immediately, and without a morning's delay.

"Dear mistress," said little Rosannah, turning to the body of her only woman friend, "thy relatives is all clamboring about thee, and thar 's no peace in t' hoose. It 's sickening. I 'd like to hev gotten away, but I can't leave thee wi' them. Nay, I 'll stop wi' thee to t' end."

And Rosannah came out to meet John and the joiner.

"She lies here," said the maid in a low voice, pointing to the chintz-covered bed; and roughly stumbling in, the two men went about their work.

Rosannah walked into the kitchen, and was immediately accosted by Mrs. John's ill-tempered voice: "Here she is at last."

"Whar has tha been all t' night, Rosannah?" said Sarah, severely.

"In t' mistress's room," said Rosannah.

"Then tha s'u'd n't," said Mrs. John.

"I wonder tha was n't ashamed to tell us, Rosannah—stealing about ither folks' hooses in that sly fashion. Tha 's not to tak thee box away wi'oot it being looked at."

"That 's wise o' thee," said Sarah to Mrs. John; but Rosannah's face did not even betray scorn. She went into the kitchen to wash up after the family party, and presently Sabina joined her.

"I 'll dry t' pots for thee," said Mrs. Thomas's niece.

"Thee mother 'll be vexed," said Rosannah; "and I does n't car' how long I works."

"Let me dry," said Sabina. "I 's nowt to do, and I 's frightened o' t' silence. I was frightened of my aunt when she lived; but I 's more so now she 's dead. What will ye do after t' funeral?"

Rosannah laid a cup down and looked surprised. "I niver thought o' 't: I 'll want a new place."

"Did n't my aunt think o' 't?"

"Why s'u'd she?" asked Rosannah.

"What wages was ye getting?"

"Ten pund in t' year."

"Are ye paid up?"

"Nay," said Rosannah, with quivering

lip; "she was to hev paid me on Saturday."

"Niver mind; don't fret. Ye 'll hev to ask for 't, that 's all. Ask that lawyer on t' day t' will 's read."

"'T was n't that I was thinking on, Sabina," said Rosannah; "I was thinking that I wad n't like a new mistress."

"Mebbe aunt 'll leave a trifle for ye."

"Nay," said Rosannah; "why s'u'd she?"

"But why s'u'd n't she?" Sabina put in. "She 'll hev left a heap o' money—that 's why folks is all in sike a hurry to get her buried."

"They 're worse than dogs!" said Rosannah, bitterly. "Dogs wad be faithful, but relatives is like dirty toads and nasty weasels."

"I 's a relative," said Sabina.

"Aye," said Rosannah.

Sabina pulled out the folded pocket-handkerchief and rubbed her eyes.

"Tha 's meaning nae mischief, I knaw," said Rosannah, suddenly looking at her. "Tha 's dragged into it against thee wishes. Hark! thar 's t' door-knocker!"

It was ten o'clock at night, but young Simon Webster from Skelmordale stood on the door-step.

"Is it true my aunt 's dead?" he said sharply, taking a pipe out of his mouth.

"Yes," said Rosannah.

"Why did n't you let us know at Alderedge?" he asked peremptorily.

"Who 's in the house?"

Rosannah told him.

"When did she die?"

"This afternoon."

"Has Craddock been here?"

"Yes."

"Why did n't you tell us she was poorly? Mother would have been here long ago. What do you mean by letting half the dale into the kitchen? Take my coat. Don't hang it there. It 's raining now. Hang it in the kitchen, where it will dry."

Rosannah had scarcely done this, when the young man ordered his supper. It was two o'clock when the tired servant laid down on the kitchen sofa to seek a little rest. She slept until five.

That afternoon there were many more visitors, some of them cousins, and the doctor came out of curiosity.

The relatives crowded him into the parlor and kept him talking. There was the heavy scent of Mrs. John's funeral cake on its way out of the oven, and poor Rosannah was kept in attendance, washing and greasing tins; but the doctor came into the kitchen expressly for her.

"How 's my Rosannah?" he said in a kindly voice to the white-faced maid who was carrying tins into the back kitchen.

"Is that t' sarvint tha 's speakin' of?" said Mrs. John. "She 's as slow and clumsy as she can well be; and I, full o' my trouble and sorrow, scarce know how to get her to work."

The doctor was looking at Rosannah. "Rosie," he said, "what are you going to do afterward?"

She burst into tears.

"Thar she is!" cried Mrs. John, indignantly. "Is n't our cups a deal fuller nor hers? It is n't her blood relation as it is ours. What nonsense! She cries to outdo us all, and to mak' hersel' chief mourner."

Mrs. John's temper was getting very bad, because there were so many more relatives than she had ever expected. But the doctor asked Rosannah again. "I 'll gang whar I can git," she said.

"Then she 'd better go back to Morecambe wi' me," said Sarah, who had already found out Rosannah's worth. "We 've a boarding-house, and we keep one girl and a charwoman, and our last ran away."

Rosannah said nothing, in silence accepting her fate. She thought of her mistress's grave, and wished she might have lived near it.

The funeral was at two on Thursday, and an hour before that time the front and back doors were thrown wide open, and seats were ranged in long rows. The villagers came in groups, and their conversation was as follows:

"She 's gone at last, power body!"

"What age was she, thinks tha?"

"She 'd be ower seventy?"

"Wad she, really? She did n't look 't."

"She was, for I was schuled at t' same time, and she was yan at t' older end and in t' foremost class."

"She 'll hev left a lot?"

"Aye; but who to? That 's t' main question."

"Thar 's a deal 'll be thinkin' on 't all through t' funeral, I 's afear'd."

"Eh, bairns, thar will," said a man. "They say 'at Simon Webster 's been ravin' aboot that Sarah coomin' down from Morecambe and gettin' into t' house."

"Well, she 's nearer than Simon."

"Nay; ye see t' main o' t' brass came by Thomas himsel', so that side feels themselves nearer."

"Aye; but Thomas left all to his wife, and she 'll hev t' leavin' o' 't hersel'," said a woman; "and folks all like their own side t' best."

"Aye, they do," said an old woman who was walking slowly, pressing on her umbrella. "If she went by what she loved, Rosannah would hev reason to do t' best."

"But folks niver does," said a younger woman; "and Rosannah 's nobbut a sarvint."

"Aye; and schuled in t' workhouse," said the woman with the fossilized face. "I wonder who 's t' eldest body at this funeral. It 'll be me, I fancy."

"Whist! Thar 's some o' t' relatives, and they 'll hearken to us."

They had all reached the yard. The hearse was standing, shafts down, by the barn door. The brown horse was inside. Two chairs were on the flags in the garden. The doorway was crowded with black figures, some sitting on chairs, and some standing.

Rosannah held a large tray, filled with cups, all saucerless, and beside them a pile of funeral cards. Fragrant coffee scented the air. The old folks hurried up to this neighborhood. The younger folks, shyer, and less used to it, stood about the gate. The funeral card had a big band of black round it, and water-lilies in the center of the outside leaf. These were in silver. Inside, it said:

In affectionate remembrance of Martha Wetherall of High Ings; widow of the late Thomas Wetherall, and daughter of the late Joseph Sidesaddle of Carthylbusk. Who departed this life July 3, 1904, in her 77th year. Her end was peace.

Then on the other side of the card:

Mourn not for me, relations dear.

Your grief is far too much, I fear!

My lot is heaven, while yours is not;

So let your sorrow be forgot!

"Beautiful!" said Sarah, wiping her eyes with a large white handkerchief. "It is a wonderful composition of verses. So suitable! Who 's that tall woman with the crape veilings down the back?"

Mrs. John, who was wearing a bonnet, with crape about two inches high standing round her head-gear like a fence, immediately put on her glasses and bent forward.

"She has a look o' t' family," she said suspiciously.

"Our side?" asked Sarah, sharply.

"Nay, Thomas's. She stands her ground and keeps close to t' hearse, does n't she?"

"Aye; thar 's a deal o' that sort about, Mrs. John," said Sarah. "I 's fairly disgusted wi' the way the relatives hev poured in this morning. They can't *all* think they 'll get something, can they? However, thar 'll be a lot disappointed, I 'm thinking."

"Aye, thar will," said Mrs. John, with great zest. "We 'll soon get to t' right side o' t' will, howiver. It 's my opinion things will be done vara fair—all t' brothers and sister, and whar they 're dead, t' nevvies and nieces."

"Aye; I 's been thinking that mysel'," said Sarah. "Power Martha! She wad 'a' been vexed if she 'd seen the crowds. She did n't like sae mony at Thomas's funeral, and thar 's far more at hers. That woman 's sticking close to t' front. See, she 's talking to t' mon in t' pot-hat."

"What relative is he, then?"

"He 's nobbut a cousin. He 's a first cousin of our mother's, so he 's nobbut second cousin to Martha and me. Power Martha!" And both the women put white handkerchiefs to their eyes, and then held them over their mouths, as they looked sadly at Sabina, who, with another big tray, brought round funeral cakes tied with white ribbon.

"Hev some cake, mother?"

"Nay, I 's not hungry. I 's ower sad to eat. Ask Mrs. John."

"I c'u'd n't eat a bite," said Mrs. John, who had taken two pieces before. "But, Sabina, speak to that grand widow body makkin' sike a show of her dead husband, and get her name for us."

Sabina looked in the direction indicated, and then carried the tray that way.

She came back, saying: "It is Mrs. Saidie Wetherall, from Dublin."

"Well, I niver heerd like on 't!" said Mrs. John. "Her, who 's as rich as a Jew, coomin' all this way in t' hopes o' more! Why, her husband was the luckiest man in t' Wetherall family, and made a fortune in Africa!"

"She does n't look as if she missed him much," said Sarah, tartly.

"Widdies with long veils are not t' sort as frets—they 're t' kind as is advertizing for another. Whar 's John? Tell him he 's to keep her behind. She 's not to mak' a chief mourner of hersel'. Coom; git up, Sarah, and we 'll be takkin' our places. Rosannah 's gone to get her hat and jacket, so they 'll be coom-ing."

Rosannah, the only mourner, now appeared in the open doorway, her lips quivering, her eyelids red.

The doctor, who had stood in the background, talking about haytime with some farmers, came forward.

"Rosannah," he said, "you must walk behind your mistress."

"It is hardly her place," whispered Sarah to Mrs. John. "I think it should be me. I 'm in t' deepest black, being own sister."

But as the doctor was important and determined, it came to pass that when the hearse moved slowly from the yard, Rosannah came step by step behind it—a true picture of the mourner. She had no handkerchief to show. She had forgotten it in her distraction and hurry, but the tears chased one another down her cheeks.

"Her mistress was vara kind to her, no doubt," said Sarah; "and she 's nobbut workhouse born, and would feel the condescension."

The vicar met them at the churchyard gate. He was surprised, but rather pleased to face the sad-hearted Rosannah. He felt very sorry for her, and soon after the solemn words had been spoken, the body of Mrs. Thomas Wetherall was laid in the dust.

Rosannah, with a gasp or two, leaned over the edge and took a last look. She threw some pink roses on the coffin. They were wild ones which she had gathered for herself, and could call her own. No one could say she had stolen them.

Craddock was eying the crowd with a peculiar and impressive interest. People tried to see whom he marked with his eye, but he seemed to mark every one, and they were obliged to wait and tingle with impatience.

The doctor was close by Rosannah, and took her arm when she swayed rather on leaving the grave-side. As they came away, he said to her:

"Don't fret so, Rosie!"

"I can't help 't!" she answered.

"But you must face your life. You must n't keep your mind behind you like that. Your mistress died bravely, and she liked every one to live bravely. You've got an important life before you, and when you leave the grave you must face it."

But poor little Rosie shuddered.

As people neared the house, their steps quickened. It was known that the lawyer was to read the will at four o'clock—before the tea of cold ham and beef and cheesecakes and homemade bread.

The doctor released Rosannah when they got to the house, and she crept upstairs to her mistress's bedroom. All the family (and it was a huge one) crowded into the best sitting-room. Now that the funeral was over, people disguised their feelings with less carefulness. Handkerchiefs were stowed into pockets, and trains were discussed. Every one was asking "who was who," and looking suspiciously at the person nearest.

The lawyer, unfolding the will, made a peculiar remark:

"Where is Rosannah Scratchit?"

The doctor jumped up, and every one saw him smile. He went into the lobby and called the girl:

"Rosannah! You're wanted! Come this minute!"

"Rosie 's been left a trifle, I'll be bound!" whispered Sarah to Mrs. John.

"No need; it's only spoiling sike trash as that," whispered Mrs. John; and Simon Webster gave a vicious cough, full of irritation, while all the cousins, feeling that their ground had been poached upon, began whispering in a frenzied, disturbed way, and shuffling their feet, and rubbing their hands.

Rosannah came down, and stood in the doorway, a pale, frightened little servant, gazing at the crowd of stern-looking, black-robed figures.

"Take that buffet," said Craddock, pointing to the only available seat for a servant girl.

But the doctor gave up his chair, and stood in the doorway, all anticipation. He would not have missed this scene for a pension.

"The will is very simple and very short," said Craddock. "It was made five minutes before the death of the testator."

A murmur like a breeze passed through the main body of the relatives; separate shivers occurred where the grouping was divided into twos and threes.

"The testator, I may say, was of perfectly sound mind at the time," continued Craddock. "Dr. Mudd was present, and two men, John Failes and Joshua Ewbank, witnessed the will." And he began to read in a deathly silence:

"This is the last will of me, Martha Wetherall, High Ings, Enderdale, in the County of York. I revoke all former wills and other testamentary dispositions, and I give, devise, and bequeath all my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, unto my servant, Rosannah Scratchit, for her own use and benefit absolutely. And whereas the said Rosannah Scratchit is still under the age of twenty-one, I appoint Doctor John Mudd of Cam House, Simonscope, Enderdale, sole trustee of the said estate until Rosannah Scratchit shall reach the age of twenty-one years. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this third day of July, 1904.

"Witnesses: John Failes, Ivy Cottage, Enderdale; Joshua Ewbank, Cottage Row, Enderdale."

Craddock doubled up the paper in his left hand, and looked over his eyeglasses at Rosannah. She did not understand it. She thought that they were still referring to the fact that she had been servant to her mistress, and she was wondering at the fearful silence.

There was something violent in it—like the violence in a child's face when it has opened its mouth to cry, and the sound has yet to come.

The doctor wasted no time on Rosannah, whose character he knew. He first looked at Sarah, who was half out of her seat, and whose eyes were nearly starting from her head; then at Mrs. John, who

was going a deeper crimson every moment; then at John Wetherall, who was struggling to the table and to the lawyer's side, also purple, his eyes set, like two marbles; then at the crowds of cousins, who were all waiting for some one to speak, and who looked as if they could not believe their ears.

Only the little heiress sat on, blindly indifferent to the words, thinking of the good mistress whose chattels were causing so much excitement.

It was Simon Webster whose tongue first found invectives.

"What do you mean?" he roared out. "Do you think that I 'll believe that will? I 'll dispute it with all the money I 'm worth. She was in her dotage, was aunt!"

"Dotage!" shrieked Sarah. "She 's been in her dotage for the past five years, and I 'm her own sister that says it!"

Mrs. John Wetherall went across to Rosannah, and shook her fiercely by the arm. "Speak, tha wicked lass, and say how tha forced her to do it!"

Rosannah's face was horror-stricken, and no wonder. This was the spirit that was roused while still her mistress's

coffin lay uncovered. Instinctively she turned to the doctor. He was by her side in a minute.

"What is it?" she said, with white lips.

"Don't you understand the reading of a will, Rosie?"

"What are they vexed at?"

"Your mistress loved you most, and has given you all. You are a rich lady, Rosannah."

She drew back, and her finger went into her mouth. She withdrew it, and looked at the quarreling crowd who were wrangling all round her.

"I see," she said. "Them faces! That 's it!"

Craddock came across to her. "It is all right, Miss Scratchit. Simon Webster may shout himself hoarse, for the property is yours."

Rosannah looked appealingly at the doctor and then at the host of relatives.

"Can I go and get washed up, sir?" she said timidly.

"In your own house -yes," said the doctor.

And it was washing up, and remembering that Sarah need not claim her services, that gave Rosannah her first thrill of happiness.

THE LITTLE FRUIT-SHOP

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

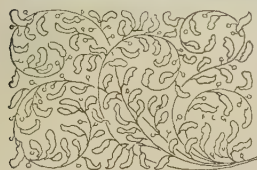
THE little Broadway fruit-shop bursts and glows
Like a stained-glass window rioting through the gloom
Of a grim façade; a garden over-seas;
A Syracusan idyl; a lilt that flows
In chords of dusk-red color; emerald bloom
Loved by the nightingale, voice of the voiceless trees;
Ripe orchards mellow with innumerable bees.

A dark Greek boy counts up with supple hands
Lucent rotundities - the Bacchic grape
In luscious pyramids, pears like a lute
Most musically curved, nuts from sweet lands
Demeter lost, oh, many a sculptured shape!
Had he his panther skin, the thyrsus, and the flute,
Lo, a swart faun-god 'mid his votive fruit!

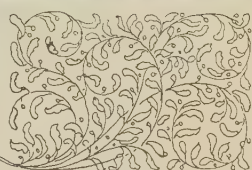
HARVESTERS of the SEA



Pictures by
EMIL HERING



THE LOBSTERMAN
THE COD-FISHERMAN
THE CLAM-DIGGER
THE CRABBER





Drawn by Emil Hering. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE COD-FISHERMAN



Drawn by Emil Hering. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE CLAM-DIGGER



Drawn by Emil Hering. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE CRABBER

ON THE BUSINESS MORALS OF JAPAN

BY GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD

IN the summer of 1906, Professor Ladd went to Japan for the third time to lecture. With the exception of two months spent as the guest of Prince Ito in Korea, he remained in Japan until the autumn of 1907. He lectured in both the government universities, and in several of the private universities, on education, ethics, and the philosophy of religion. He gave courses on education to thousands of teachers under the auspices of the Imperial and Provincial Educational Associations, and other addresses to large audiences on questions of national policy and success as connected with education and public morality. His gratuitous services were gratefully recognized, and since his return he has striven to counteract the misunderstandings and hostile feelings with respect to Japan which have been manifested in parts of the United States.—THE EDITOR.

THE one charge against the Japanese which is most loudly and frequently made, and which the friends who respect and admire them have most difficulty in answering, involves their conduct in commercial relations with other nations. Now that, having twice triumphed in foreign wars, they are entering in a larger way upon the rivalries of trade with foreigners, this charge has become more than ever emphatic and impressive. It is claimed that they do not keep promises; that they have scanty regard for the sacredness of the contract; that their commodities are not up to the sample; that engagements with them to furnish labor or its products are lightly regarded; and that the pledged word is *not* in their case, as it is in the case of other nations of first-class commercial standing, equal to a bond. Especially are they deficient in the nobility which swears to its own hurt and changes not. In brief, at the very time that this gifted and ambitious people is eager to turn all its energies in the direction of economical development, it finds itself handicapped with the reputation of being deficient in the most essential economical virtues.

More than anywhere else, perhaps, in the civilized world this charge is aggressive, insistent, and bitter in spirit, on our

own Pacific Coast. It is just now the custom there, moreover, to accentuate it by contrasting the commercial virtues and excellencies of the Chinese with the vices and failures in business morals of the Japanese. To this particular example of the general complaint there is indeed a comic as well as a serious side. The voice, clamorous and depreciative of everything from China, which rose to the heavens from San Francisco as its center has scarcely died out of our ears; the tales of insulting and brutal treatment of the "pig-tailed" Oriental have only of late failed to enliven the papers of the entire Pacific coast. And these things were contemporaneous with words of respect and admiration for those wonderful neighbors of the Chinese, who were ready to cut their hair and their clothes, and to change their habits in business and in art, to adapt them to Western notions of what is civilized and respectable. But now the tables, in this part of the world at least, seem turned with a vengeance. What profound change in racial characteristics has so quickly taken place? Has the ancient and hitherto slow-moving dragon of China all at once taken wings and soared aloft toward heights scarcely yet attained by those of us who have a longer

and more varied experience in the arts of "high-fliers" in trade; while the Rising Sun has suffered a decline to the horizon above which the honesty, truthfulness, and fair dealing of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States are still so plainly to be seen? This is a question which deserves investigation as to facts, and, if possible, their explanation in case the facts can be discovered.

How much of truth, then, is there in the charge that the business morals of the Japanese are of a relatively low order not only when compared with the greater commercial nations of the Western world, but even with their neighbor in the Orient, the Chinese?

That there is much truth in this charge would be at once confessed not only by the most faithful and admiring friends of Japan, but also by the more intelligent, fair-minded, and patriotic of the Japanese themselves. By the latter it would be deplored as well as confessed. The case is by no means, however, as it is ordinarily represented by the complainants, who in general are as lacking in wide and profound experience as they are in ability to take an impersonal and unselfish, not to say sympathetic, point of view. For example: I have recently heard it affirmed, and this on the authority of first-hand information, that every bank, even in Japan, is manned by Chinese in all its more responsible positions, the inference being that the Japanese do not dare to trust their own countrymen in any such positions. But I have never seen or heard of a Chinese employee in any responsible position in a Japanese bank. On talking the matter over recently with a friend who has spent his life in Japan, knows the language and the people as few foreigners know them, he confidently avowed the same experience. How such a foolish and absolutely false statement could arise from impressions honestly taken on the ground, it is indeed difficult to imagine. Probably, the traveler or commercial agent having business with banks really owned and managed chiefly by British or other foreign capital—like the "Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation"—has drawn the entirely unwarranted conclusion from them to the properly Japanese institutions. The latter, however,

the assets of some of which run well up into millions of *yen*,—are financed, managed, and manned, almost entirely from native sources. And the recent testing given to such business concerns throughout the world has shown the banks of Tokio to be quite as honestly and skilfully managed as the banks of New York City, although their aggregate capital is, of course, much less.

In accounting for this evil reputation, something—in certain cases much—is to be allowed for failure on both sides to understand each other's language and methods of doing business. Moreover, if China and Japan were to exchange compliments with the Western World in regard to the conduct of business intercourse, they could tell tales of exaction, fraud, debased goods, and "junk" of varied kinds palmed off upon the "heathen" which would quite outmatch the most extravagant stories of the same kind told by the San Francisco and Seattle dealer, or the Chicago and New York importer of Oriental wares. That the cheating fell somehow within the lines of a contract—shrewdly worded to fit the case, and in a foreign language—naturally fails altogether to appease the anger or to apologize for the wrong. Besides, business dealings, carried on and consummated usually through foreign agents in the treaty or other ports, are by no means a sure and complete test, or perfect revelation, of the spirit of honesty, truthfulness, and fair-dealing which characterizes a nation at large. Neither is the *jinrikisha*-man or the keeper of a bazaar where foreigners buy cheap truck in Yokohama, more worthy to defame an entire nation than the "cabby," or the shopkeeper on the Strand or Fifth Avenue, in London or New York.

After all just apologies are made, however, we are forced back to the confession that the Japanese commercial classes, with whom foreigners have hitherto come into contact, have not the same high standard of business honor which characterizes the same classes in the United States or in northern Europe, or even in the treaty ports of China. What, now, is the explanation of this difference? The first and most profound reason is historical. It was during the Tokugawa

period, for two hundred and fifty years previous to the expedition of Commodore Perry, that Japan was consolidating those social factors and aptitudes which have made possible its remarkable and unique career of development during the last half-century. During this period the "man of honor" would not, and could not, engage in business. There were, indeed, many honorable men in all the different trades and forms of business life. And the history of the period shows a little known but surprisingly skilful and elaborate organization of such affairs in "Old Japan." Still, it is true that until very recently "men of honor," men who had the ideal of knightly character before them and who thought, above everything else, of attaining and maintaining this ideal, would not stoop to make their motive or main business in life the gaining of wealth. They despised rather than sought the making of money. The shopkeeper, with the innkeeper, the maker of saké, the Buddhist monk, and the peasant, belonged to a lower order—not so low, indeed, as the actor, but still quite distinctly apart from the samurai, or knightly gentlemen, whose rule of life was the *bushidō*. To this day the more old-fashioned of the upper-class families in Japan, even where they are not able to disregard, not to say despise, the business classes, feel grieved and somewhat degraded by the intermarriage with them of a son or daughter.

It has been these samurai, and their sons and now their grandsons, who have chiefly made the "New Japan." From them have come the great statesmen and warriors—and the modern world has not known greater—who went abroad to observe, investigate, and study; and who returned to fill all the important and responsible government positions in education, in the army and navy, and in the most exacting forms of civil service. Of late years, but only of late years, they have turned themselves to business and to the economical development of their country. So that now the men of honor are going into those pursuits and forms of service their very title formerly forbade their undertaking; and not only so, but the sons of the classes formerly counted of the lower, and lowest, are being carefully educated in the ways, and

in the accepted morals, of the modern business world. All this is rapidly changing, and has indeed already profoundly modified, the character of the business morals of Japan.

There is one particular, however, which demands a special consideration, if we would understand the Far East; and this is the standing and the value of the *contract* in modern business morals. Before instruction and experience, the Oriental does not appreciate, as do we, this business device. And, indeed, why should he? The Confucian ethic, as it reached its development in Japan,—and in Japan it was that it produced a higher type of manhood than in Korea or in China,—emphasized the principle of loyalty, or personal fidelity, as the leading principle of morality. Get, then, a true Japanese, high or low, old-fashioned or new-fashioned, committed to you loyally, in friendship or under a pledge of personal fidelity, and there is no other man on the face of the earth whom you may trust more implicitly, and to the death if need be, than him. But, as I have already said, it requires education and experience to make the same man understand why he should be faithful to a form of words which he has perhaps not thoroughly comprehended at the beginning; or when circumstances, known, it may be, by the other contracting party as likely to occur, but not possibly or easily foreseen by him, have quite unexpectedly rendered the keeping of the contract greatly to his hurt.

With our long and wide experience in business affairs, we see the absolute necessity, and the high value, of a strict construction for the principle of the sacredness of the business contract. And yet we know that no little injustice is done, and even much rascality enforced, by the application of this principle. I shall not soon forget the shock which came to me when, some years ago, I took to a Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut a contract which I had signed with a Western real-estate agent and listened to this legal authority as he said: "The man who drew up that contract is a rascal." *A fortiori*, where the laws and the legal judgment have not been definitely shaped by experience with this device, it is not strange if the individual

conscience plays pranks, not altogether commendable, with the sacredness of the business contract.

There are doubtless also Japanese who, in their dealings with men of other nationalities, consider it not altogether immoral, but perhaps even savoring of a commendable smartness, with a touch of patriotism, to despoil "the foreigner." On the other hand, there are Japanese who are more sensitive and careful, having their country's honor in mind, in their dealings with foreigners. Nor are the investors in real-estate securities in our own country few in number who have not altogether escaped being treated as foreigners; and that, too, by the public officials themselves, in their effort to collect their salaries chiefly from "capitalists residing in other States."

It should also be explained that, in the petty transactions of trade, the traditional method of the Orient is different from that which has established itself in much of the Western World. Diplomatic procedure, shrewdly conducted and long-drawn-out, is the correct mode of bargaining in the Far East. The well-to-do tourist should pay twenty *sen* for the tea and cakes which his coolie gets for two. One price for all seems absurd. Buyer and seller begin at a notable distance from each other, as respects the terms of sale, and courteously manœuvre until they succeed in meeting on some middle ground. Thus neither thinks of the transaction as tainted with dishonesty or falsehood, although the scale of prices is not merely double, but quadruple or manifold, for the same thing to different purchasers, and although numerous fibs are told as to ability to pay, or to sell, by both parties in the complex transaction. "One-price" stores are, however, multiplying in Japan; and, curiously enough, they are more annoying to the foreign tourist, who wishes to carry off something of the cheapness of which he can boast when he has smuggled it into the home-land, than to any other class of customers. At any time, those who wish can find in Japan dealers in almost every kind of article who may be trusted as confidently as the best in England or in America.

Nor is it any detraction from the praiseworthiness of the Chinese business

men in the treaty ports of the Far East to explain why they have a reputation superior to the Japanese for business honesty. These men are, for the most part, the carefully selected and trained agents of long-established companies, in which the capital and the supreme control are chiefly, or partly, in foreign hands. These Chinese have, unlike the Japanese, for several generations been regarded as men of honor; they are trustworthy, because sensible of the dignity of their position and proud of the confidence reposed in them. Moreover, they are members of "companies," or guilds, which, like the somewhat similar institutions of the Middle Ages in Europe, and unlike the trade-unions of modern America, insure the honesty and competency of their members rather than encourage and support them in scamping their work, breaking their word, and in general infidelity, as is too often the case elsewhere. If, however, we consider the piracy and brigandage, the official corruption and all-prevalent "squeezes," the universal distrust of one another among the common people, and the perpetual quarreling in the villages, clans, and families over petty stealings and frauds, it is quite impossible to regard the Chinese as superior in native honesty and truthfulness to the Japanese.

The important inquiry with regard to Japan in a large way is—is it not?—as to the direction in which the nation is now moving. And in answer to this inquiry I am able to give a most unequivocal and quite satisfactory answer. Never before in the history of the country, and at the present time in the history of no other country, do we find the same intelligent, deliberate and widely prevalent purpose to do away with the nation's reproach and to rise in the scale of national business morality. In saying this I speak what I know to be true.

In all the government business colleges and schools of commerce the study of ethics now forms one of the principal topics of the required course. Indeed, from the primary grades of the public school to the graduate classes of the university, morals is one of the subjects most insisted upon in the national system of education; and it was drill in morals that constituted one of the chief fac-

tors of the success of Japan's army and navy during the recent war with Russia.

While spending the year of 1906-07 lecturing in Japan, the writer was invited to give a course of instruction in business ethics to the one thousand pupils of the Higher Commercial College in Tokio. The stenographic report in English of these talks was published for use as a text-book; a translation into Japanese was prepared for distribution among the tradespeople of Japan and Korea. On being asked to speak at the Government Fisheries Institute, and inquiring, "About what shall I speak?" the answer was returned, "About practical morals." These boys, the principal went on to say, "come from homes low down in the social and moral scale; but we want them to be instructed to be good men,—honest, diligent, truthful, and upright,—in the business they have chosen to follow." At the close of the address, the school pledged itself to practise what they had been taught as the best way of returning appreciative thanks to the speaker.

Nor is this interest and this solicitude in the moral improvement of the national life confined at the present time to any one class of the leaders of the New Japan. In an address before the "Economics Club" of Seoul (Korea), Prince Ito dwelt with great earnestness on the need that the Japanese should "set before the Koreans an example of honesty and fairness in their economic relations." The one hundred and seventy of his countrymen who were present, and who represented the principal Japanese business interest in Korea, should "show how the Japanese national policy is based upon the principle of unselfishness; and how Japan has declared for, and means to stand for, the 'open door.'" In Sendai (Japan), the general in charge of some twenty-five thousand or more recruits, himself a brave and locally beloved veteran of the Russo-Japanese War, thanked the writer not only in the name of the nation, but also in his own behalf, because the moral awakening and instruction imparted by him to the teachers would, through them, be handed on to their pupils; and thus his own work in the "spiritual" training of the soldier would be made the more easily and surely successful. In Tokio, Baron Shibusawa,

one of Japan's principal "promoters" and organizers of corporations, with his leading coadjutors, spent an entire afternoon in discussing with me how the aggregations of small capital which were necessary for the business development of the country at the present time could be handled by the few competent business men so as to secure the economic advantages and avoid the moral evils, and disgraceful failures to promote the public good, of the modern trusts.

I have seldom listened to more grateful words than those which were spoken at a banquet given on the evening of February 11, 1907, in the city of Osaka by the "Asahi Shimbun" (a daily paper) to some one hundred and fifty guests. After an exchange of compliments between the representative of the hosts and the chief guest, an elderly gentleman, one of the leading physicians of the city, rose and spoke as follows: He had been much impressed by what had been said that afternoon as to the necessity of morality for a true national prosperity. "But this is what our great Oriental teacher, Confucius, taught us centuries ago. Now, in these modern times, comes a teacher of morals from the Western World, and tells us the same thing. Why do the ancient Oriental teacher and the modern Western teacher say the same thing—that nations must be righteous, if they would have and keep a true prosperity? They say this because it is true. And it is time for us, here in Osaka, whose reputation for business morals has hitherto been so low, to recognize this truth and to govern our conduct accordingly." Then followed a younger man, the vice-mayor of the city, and he, after confirming the truth of what the previous speaker had said, added this: "There are enough of us, leading citizens of Osaka, about this table to change the moral conditions of the whole city of Osaka, if only we will to have it so."

It has hitherto been uniquely characteristic of the New Japan that, where experience at home or criticism from abroad has revealed deficiencies and difficulties, it has gone intelligently and deliberately about the work of supplying the deficiencies and of overcoming the difficulties. The fear of the wisest and best of her statesmen at the present time is not

so much that Japan will not hold her own, business-wise, in the rivalries of commerce and trade; it is rather that she will be overwhelmed and degraded by absorbing the influences of the commercial spirit now rife in Great Britain, America, and Germany. To safeguard, expand, elevate, and extend to the whole nation, with its varied classes, that spirit which has characterized in the past their own best types of manhood, is with them their chief concern.

And is it not perhaps time, my countrymen, for us to inquire whether we may not learn something, even in respect to our guiding ethical principles, from those to whom we claim to have taught so much? Is it not time for certain rather searching questions to be asked? After all, does the successful business man furnish the highest type of manhood; and is success in business the noblest ideal of human life? Is real success, even in business, to be measured by the acquisition of wealth? Are the business virtues the solely valuable or chiefly desirable virtues? Are nations great, and their people prosperous and happy, according to the volumes of their com-

merce, or the sums-total of import and export? It is barely possible that our own moral development as a nation may be tending downward along some such lines of argument as the following: The great merchant, banker, manufacturer, railroad magnate, *is* the truly great man; to be great in this way is the most desirable success; to attain this success certain virtues are indispensable; therefore, these are the supremely noble and desirable of the virtues. After which comes, it may be, the practical conclusion: To be esteemed a virtuous, while at the same time actually to become a successful, business man, it is necessary somehow to combine getting rich with a character truthful, honest, and prudent enough at least to keep out of jail!

If Japan can show how, under modern conditions, to comply with the demands of commercial morality, attain a fair measure of success, and also preserve the spirit of knighthood, she will teach us the more excellent way. For it is the full-orbed morality we seek, and this is something much more than is demanded by modern business morals.



THE INEVITABLE RECKONING

BY THEODORE J. GRAYSON

I

HAD one traversed the narrow street in the early days, and peeped into "Kohler's" uninviting door, with the knowledge that one was gazing at a rough stage on which life's many dramas were played, one would have seen little but clouds of heavy, beer-laden smoke which enfolded the actors in mantles of misty gray, and heard nothing but the clanking whine of near-by street orchestrons.

The actors were there, however, and by degrees would have become visible. There was "Pop" Kohler behind the bar,

red of face, and professionally genial; there were "the boys," a curious cosmopolitan gathering of all races and colors, for "Kohler's" was frequented by men of the sea; finally, back of the bare and dirty bar-room, were the members of the Court of Sin and Shame.

Said Court was constituted as follows: Tracewell Carden, of "The Advertiser," Judge and Recorder; T. Morris Sheffield, Esq., Examining Attorney; and Captain "Jim," formerly of the schooner *Black Cloud*, the jury.

This tribunal was unique both as to

its character and its jurisdiction. It sprang into being from "Trace" Carden's brain, as he waited for an assignment one morning in "The Advertiser's" local room.

For three momentous years it sat at regular intervals, and its "docket" showed cases from the uttermost lands, crowded cheek by jowl. Here was the record of the expiation of Jan Heden, within two inches of the just revenge of Kali Borai, the Calcutta bumboatman.

It was perhaps fortunate that these records were a closed book to nearly every one; they did not tend to strengthen one's faith in human nature. Carden's solicitude for the safety of the Court's docket became at last a dominating passion. After every session he carefully, even tenderly, shrouded it in a padded, green table-cover, and moved it into the farthest corner of the room. Curiosity as to the form of such a book is quite pardonable, and therefore let us state at once that the docket was spread upon the top of an old deal table in cabalistic characters belonging to a peculiar brand of stenography beloved of Carden for these many years.

In a subtle and unassuming way "Carden's freak," as the newspaper boys called it, became a power in the community. Several causes contributed to this result. Perhaps the most potent was the uniform superstition of the suitors. Before a twelvemonth had passed since its inception, its decrees were known and feared on the Brazilian pampas and among the Pacific's sunny isles. Knowledge of it had compassed the world by means of that strange invisible communication which passes over no wires or rails, but travels through countless souls that touch in life's turmoil.

Carden, be it said, was master of the Underworld. He was intimately acquainted with those strange beings who form the substratum of the social fabric. Tall, dark, ascetic in appearance, he flitted silently through the evil places of the great city, always seeking, seeking. The object of his search was news. He had been born and reared within hearing of the mighty whirring presses through which pass each day the joys and sorrows of a nation.

Ever since his cubhood he had been specially drawn to the so-called criminal classes. At first he was received with unbounded suspicion, but little by little the shy creatures learned that Carden was their friend, and the confidence they should have reposed in many was centered in him.

It was whispered among the tenements how he had paid for the "keep" of Healy's children when Healy's star as an expert second-story operator suffered a temporary eclipse, thus preventing the dire disgrace of sending the "kids" to an "institootion." When Kleinert was hanged for numerous brutal murders, the dives resounded with the tale of how Carden sat through the night beside the silent, suffering little mother of the involuntary decedent.

It was from such experiences, and others like them, that Carden obtained the idea of establishing a new court in a city already too plentifully provided with such instruments of justice.

"If they must loot and slay, and I believe they must," he said to Sheffield, "why, then, in Heaven's name, let it be for cause, and not for mere wantonness, or in mistaken rage. We've never done much for the world, Sheff, and here 's our chance. Let 's establish a court for the authorization and regulation of crime."

Sheffield did not answer immediately. He elevated his glass and through half-closed eyes watched the glowing liquor within it. Just so had his brethren of the bar watched that glass for years. "What a pity!" they said.

"I don't know, Trace," he finally drawled; "they 'll do that sort of thing anyway. What 's the use of our meddling?"

But Carden's enthusiasm was infectious, and quickly overcame the lawyer's inertia. When once aroused, Sheffield's naturally keen brain grasped the plan with avidity, and the atmosphere of pseudo-legality which surrounded this absolutely extra-legal tribunal was entirely due to him.

At first Carden and Sheffield simply sat every Sunday evening in the rear of Kohler's saloon, and listened to the grievances presented by the horde of strange, shy beings who flitted before them.

It was wonderful how they crowded forward after Carden in his brief way had explained the Court and its purposes to a motley group, most of whom had been officially photographed long before.

By degrees, however, the originators felt the need of assistance. Besides, they saw clearly that there must be a more regular form observed in the hearings, and, to a certain extent, a division of labor. It was then that they retained the services of Captain Jim. Short, swarthy, low-browed, and reticent to the point of surliness, the Captain was a strong, if repellent, personage. His attachment for Carden was deep and sincere, dating from some opportune testimony which Carden, then a "cub," had proffered when the Captain was arrested on a venomous charge of "assault" in an affair in which he had actually figured merely as the assaulted.

Often in their subsequent talks the newspaper man had marveled at the quick comprehension, broad common sense, and human sympathy of the old seafarer. So one day it seemed quite natural to explain the Court to the Captain and ask him to serve as one of its members. A long silence ensued while he turned the matter over in his mind between pulls at his old cutty pipe. At length he said shortly, "I 'll do my best," and the bench was filled.

It was not long, indeed, before Captain Jim was the most important member of the lawless judiciary. He it was who listened in silence to the vehement words of the complainants, the halting stories of the witnesses, prodded and jostled by Sheffield's eager, knife-like questions, and aided by Carden's quiet explanatory sentences, and then, when everything was "in," and his coadjutors fixed expectant eyes upon him, delivered in the fewest words the Court's verdict, or, if he had any doubt as to their concurrence, motioned them to a conference in the rear of the room.

They were in the midst of such a consultation one night, endeavoring to agree upon a disputed question of fact in an important case, when a peculiar knock was heard at the door, and, as Carden opened it, "George," Kohler's barkeeper, thrust in his head and said

apologetically, "Say, gents, there 's an old woman an' a kid here, an' she says she must see yer, an' see yer right away."

"What 's her name, George?" inquired Carden.

"I dunno; she won't give it."

"Well, tell her to wait a little while, and we 'll see her."

"She says to tell yer"—the man hesitated—"that she 'll faint if she does. An' I think she will," he concluded.

Carden cast an interrogatory glance at the others; the Captain nodded slightly.

"Oh, all right, then; show her in. Tanner,"—turning toward an ugly-looking fellow sitting against the wall,—
"I 'll send for you to-morrow and let you know how we decide. You can go."

"All right," the man muttered, and shambled out.

Hardly had Tanner's heavy boots ceased to clatter in the passage, when George ushered in a small woman in rusty black, who was trembling violently. Beside her, clasping her thin hand tightly with chubby fingers, there trotted a handsome, bright-eyed lad of five.

"I hearded o' ye in the strate beyant," she began without prelude. "'T is your help I 'm wantin'. Ay, and the word from ye ag'in' him,"—turning and shaking her fist at the door,—
"ag'in' him as has done the wrong!" Her voice, pitched in an unnaturally high key, broke suddenly with a weird, ridiculous effect, and she paused, sweeping the semicircle with a haunted, quivering gaze.

"Won't you sit down," said Carden, quietly, "Mrs. —"

"Smith," croaked the old woman, suspiciously; "'t is good as any other."

"Mrs. —" repeated Carden, in precisely the same tone.

"McGann," she responded, taking his measure with her eyes as she did so.

"Do sit down, Mrs. McGann," said Carden, softly.

"Thank you," said Mrs. McGann.

For a space she sat in silence, a forlorn, somber figure, rocking to and fro, the boy standing beside her and gazing in innocent wonder at the three men.

The Court waited patiently. Experience had taught that it was better to let

suitors of this character tell their stories when and how they pleased.

Of a sudden, without warning, the old woman dropped to her knees, tossed her ragged skirt over her head, and began a low moaning, which increased in volume till it filled the room with waves of tortured sound, rose to a shrill, eery shriek, and then sank abruptly to a low, heart-breaking wail.

Carden and Sheffield, frankly startled, rose; but the Captain, his face white and grave, waved them back. "Hush!" he whispered. "'T is the keen!"

In an instant Carden realized the significance of his words. Often he had heard of the weird, awe-inspiring death-cry of the Irish peasantry, but never before had it assailed his ears.

Again and again the cry rose and fell, and at last ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and the slight figure knelt on the floor, covered and still. Sheffield advanced, and quietly touched her on the shoulder. "Have you forgotten us?" he queried. Slowly the skirt was pulled away, revealing a face too sad for tears.

"Your pardon," she whispered, rising slowly with Sheffield's aid, and seating herself on the chair. "I did clean forget ye. 'T is me poor gurl that has crazed me—her and her trouble. This is Gerald her son. She starved to save him, an' I never knew." She paused, shaken by dry, tearless sobs. "'T is the old story—heaps o' promises, but no keepin' 'em. She was lovin' an' trustful an' weak; but as there 's a God in heaven, she was true to his father to her dyin' day." She rose and faced them in proud defiance, swept every instant by waves of emotion, as a stranded wreck is buffeted by the great combers of a stormy sea. "Deceived, played with, cast off, and starved!" she screamed. Then her voice broke suddenly, and she moaned in utter misery: "Ah, me gurl, me darlint, so sweet, so tender, an' so young! She died last night," she said, addressing Carden, "with never a hard word, an' left me the boy. But the man must suffer; he must know some o' the pain she felt. If I can't bring that about, I want to die." She paused for a second, exhausted by her passion. Carden instantly seized the opportunity.

"Who is the man?" he quietly asked.

The old woman looked about her fearfully, then beckoned them nearer, and, catching Carden's lapel, whispered something in his ear.

"Who?" he asked sharply.

The woman repeated it. A look of simple incredulity spread over his face.

"What proof have you?" he demanded.

A grim smile touched her lips, and reaching in her bosom, she drew out a little packet, which she undid and spread out on top of the table-docket, while the Court crowded eagerly around.

"He never wrote but twice," she said.

"The old fox was too wise, an' then he was in liquor; but here they are, them letters, an' on his club paper, too!"

Carden straightened up with a jerk. "That settles it," he said; "I know his handwriting."

"What do you propose to do?" queried practical Captain Jim.

"I don't know," she answered dully.

"I want ye to show some way—to help me."

"We never do that," interrupted Sheffield. "We merely listen to your complaint, tell you whether you have a moral right to act, and advise you how to do so with the least danger from the law."

The woman stared at him as he spoke, and then, covering her face with her hands, began to sob piteously.

"Alanna!" she cried, "they won't help me; an' I 'm so weak an' old, what can the likes o' me do ag'in' him!"

Carden laid his hand gently on her shoulder. "Do not cry, Mrs. McGann," he said soothingly; "we have never had a case like yours, and it may be, though I don't promise it, that we shall be able to assist you to punish this fellow as he deserves. You had better take the boy home now, and I will see you to-morrow and let you know what we can do. You live where? Yes; Staley Court. I know the place. Good night. Good-by, Gerald." And with the same courtesy that he would have shown to royalty he led the piteous couple to the door.

II

THE next afternoon Carden walked rapidly up the steps of the Collegiate Club, and, merely stopping at the desk to purchase a cigar, kept on till he reached the common room.

He stood in the doorway for a moment looking about him, and as he did so, a gentleman arose, and came forward to meet him with extended hand.

Carden quietly ignored the hand. "Will you come with me to a private room?" he said. "I have something of a confidential nature to say to you."

The other bowed silently, his face showing the greatest surprise.

"I do not understand—" he began.

"Please wait," said Carden. "Shall we take the elevator?"

As they entered a small, little-used dining-room, Carden carefully closed the door and faced his companion.

"My business," he said, speaking slowly and controlling himself with some difficulty, "is of an intimate, personal character. Through some letters which have come to me—not improperly—I have learned of a great wrong which you have done to those who loved and trusted you. You may say that your actions are no concern of mine. Well, that is true enough in my personal capacity; but I am an official of a certain tribunal of which you have never heard, nor is it necessary that you should know its name. This Court is the refuge of the hopeless and the oppressed; before it you have had a fair hearing, and have been convicted upon your written admissions. It now remains for me as an officer of this body to carry out its decree."

Carden paused and gazed intently at the man's face to note the effect of his words.

Not a muscle twitched, but in the depths of the eyes there was a fluttering and trembling like the struggles of a caged bird.

So they stood for a second, and not a word passed between them; then Carden drew a crumpled letter from his breast pocket, and silently held it so that the other could scan every accusing line.

When Carden spoke at last, his voice was passionless, but weighted with determination. "It is no forgery. Do you know that she is dead?"

His auditor made no reply, but walked quietly to the door and placed a finger on the electric call. "I shall send for a doctor, my friend," he said; "you are out of your mind."

Carden stepped quickly forward, and stood close beside him, his eyes blazing. "Will you?" he queried. "Will you? I have the other letter, to which you signed your full name."

Not for a moment did Carden's man lose his nerve. He was the older by twenty years, but for a second one could see that he contemplated a physical struggle, for his eyes shifted and his hands twitched. Carden divined this. "If you strike me, I'll very nearly kill you," he said without emotion.

The older man smiled contemptuously, and then placing his hand on Carden's chest, pushed him back, saying as he did so: "You must be hard up, Carden, to resort to blackmail. I'd rather eat dirt myself. How much do you want for those letters?"

It was now Carden's turn to look surprised, but only for a moment; then he laughed. "They are not for sale," he said.

"Nonsense!" responded the other, with evident annoyance. "You'll gain nothing by elaborate chaffering. Name your price."

"I repeat it, sir, they are not for sale." It was evident that Carden was in earnest.

"What is the object of this conversation, then, Mr. Carden? Surely you don't find melodrama amusing?"

For a moment Carden did not answer; he seemed to be considering; then he said:

"Mr. Roeloffs, I am not the black-mailer you think me, neither am I an officious meddler. The only thing I ask you is that you accompany me on a little trip through the city whenever I request you to do so. I shall not trespass much upon your time, and I shall endeavor to interfere as little as possible with your social or business engagements."

Roeloffs heard this speech in utter amazement, and at its conclusion his face betrayed his feelings. It was a strong face, with high forehead and deep-set eyes; the hair was iron-gray, and the mustache crisp and closely cropped. The head, which was large, was set on a well-knit, if somewhat portly, body, and the whole man was fairly representative of the American business type.

Slowly he recovered from his first



Drawn by Oliver Kemp. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'HUSH!' HE WHISPERED. 'T IS THE KEEN!'"

shock of surprise at Carden's unusual request, and said curtly, "And if I refuse?"

"I hate to threaten," murmured Carden, softly, "but it is for you to say whether or not this correspondence shall become public property. Besides, certain legal action might be taken to enforce duties you have hitherto neglected to perform."

"What if I prove these letters to be, as they are, clever forgeries?" Roeloffs broke in, wetting his dry lips with his tongue in order to enunciate more clearly.

Carden smiled. "You might buy an outfit of experts," he said, "but you know human nature. Had you not better remain in the estimable position of Cæsar's wife—and come with me?"

The man beside him pondered a moment, and then, looking directly at him, said sharply:

"Will you give me your word that these trips mask no plan to do me physical injury?"

"I pledge my honor they do not," answered Carden.

"Very well, then," said Roeloffs; "whenever you are ready, I will go."

"Thank you," Carden replied; "I 'll not detain you any longer." And they left the room.

That evening Gregory Roeloffs, once more beneath the roof of the Collegiate Club, sat among a laughing group at a table in the brilliantly illuminated café. He was apparently the most jovial of the party, and men said afterward that never had his wit cut so keenly, never had he shown to such advantage as a polished and entertaining raconteur. A close observer, however, would have noticed that the man's eyes wandered frequently from his companions in the direction of a tall young fellow with a serious face who sat quite alone at a near-by table.

At length Carden looked up quickly, caught and held Roeloffs's vagrant gaze, and, bowing slightly, made an almost imperceptible motion toward the door. For a second his man hesitated, and Carden repeated the motion, rising as he did so and stepping toward him. Instantly Roeloffs rose, and murmuring excuses, shook off gently the many hands stretched out to detain him, and, followed by a volley of astonishment at his sudden defection, made his way quickly to the hall,

where the reporter awaited him. "Where to, Mr. Carden?" said he.

"I have a cab below, Mr. Roeloffs," Carden answered, and the two men descended the steps in silence.

Carden held open the cab door for the older man, and then whispering the address to the driver, sprang in, and slammed the door after him.

"Where are we going?" Roeloffs inquired.

"Pardon me," replied Carden; "but I must refuse to hold any conversation with you on the expeditions. As to our destination, you will readily recognize it," and he relapsed into a silence which his companion found impossible to break.

For a quarter of an hour they rattled through the business part of the city, and finally halted abruptly in front of a big department store. Carden looked out, and then opened the door and motioned to Roeloffs. Without a word they descended, and Carden led the way to a certain spot just to the left of one of the large entrances. Here he halted, and drew out his watch. "We 'll stay here five minutes," he said briefly. Roeloffs smiled contemptuously, but said nothing.

Slowly the seconds ticked themselves away, and at the end of the period they were in the cab once more, driving fast to their next destination. "It seems I am the victim of a childish freak," sneered Roeloffs. Carden made no reply. On, on they drove, and through the cab windows they could see that they were passing into the poorer residence district; for the myriad electric globes glowing in golden splendor against the night gave way to straggling gas-lamps burning fitfully with a dirty-yellow glare. They stopped at length as abruptly as before. This time the spot where they got out was one of the small parks which form welcome oases to a great city's poor. Again Roeloffs followed Carden some hundred feet through the underbrush to a small iron bench which stood quite secluded in a dense clump of shrubbery. Again Carden had recourse to his watch. "Eight minutes this time," said he.

It was easy to see that, in spite of an undeniably firm will, this strange journey was beginning to have a marked effect upon Carden's fellow-traveler. While his face retained its accustomed

impassivity, his fingers twitched nervously, and he cast furtive glances about him in the darkness. Without a word the man waited the appointed time, and then drove off once more through the enveloping night.

This time they went only a few blocks, and then halted before a row of small, two-story brick dwellings, most of which were evidently occupied by prosperous mechanics. Carden alighted just opposite an empty house. "Get out," he commanded, and Roeloffs followed him. For the first time the man's every movement betrayed extreme reluctance; he shivered as though with the ague when he glanced at the desolate and deserted dwelling.

"Ten," said Carden, and for an instant Roeloffs opened his lips as though to speak; but with an effort he controlled himself, and in profound silence the leaden moments trailed along.

Off once more they rolled, two silent figures in the black interior of the lumbering cab. Now and then a stray street-lamp would throw a flickering ray athwart their pale faces, and ever Carden's watch ticked off the relentless moments with measured blows, which dominated the scarcely heard noises of the street.

Years it seemed to Roeloffs, though in reality it was not long, before they next paused in this uncanny flight through the sleeping city. His brain was seething now like a caldron beneath which freshly lighted fagots have begun fiercely to burn. Memories long repressed came hurrying in troops to harass him, and years long sealed unrolled the cruel record of the past.

As he stumbled out at still another stopping-place he noted with relief that it meant nothing to him; he had never seen it before.

It was a huge and forbidding tenelement, a vast ant-heap sheltering a human swarm of insectivorous life. The dull, bare front was mottled by splotches of glaring light, where some toiler had not yet sought economical recreation in sleep's temporary oblivion.

Carden pointed to a dingy, slatternly stairway that pitched its crazy way aloft just within the open door. "Come up," he muttered, and began to ascend, Roeloffs following.

Up they went, and yet up, and up, and up, till their breath came in thick gasps, and their bodies were bent low to ease the strain. At length they stopped just under the roof, before a cracked door of rough and dirty deal. Carden produced a key, and fumbled with the lock; the door opened of a sudden, and they entered a little, unlighted room holding to each other, and groping in the blackness.

"Have you a match?" Carden asked.

Roeloffs handed him his silver box with a hand that trembled slightly. "For God's sake!" he rasped out, "where are we?"

Without reply Carden struck a match, and lighted a candle which he carried; then facing Roeloffs, he whispered in a tense voice, "Where she died."

With a moaning cry Roeloffs crossed his arms over his face and stumbled toward the door. In an instant Carden had seized his arm in a vice-like grip, and pulled him back into the center of the room. "Look around," he commanded; "we spend fifteen minutes here."

Shaking as though palsied, his face as white as his linen, and in an hour's time grown pinched and old, Roeloffs clung to his guide, and with an awful fascination gazed at every detail of that tiny attic room: the narrow cot, without other covering than a moth-eaten blanket; the two broken chairs; the plain deal table that was still pathetically littered with a few sewing materials; and on the wall an old dress and some scanty articles of a woman's apparel.

Several times the man essayed to speak, but no sound came from his writhing lips. At last Carden broke silence with a few brief words: "I have rented this room, as your agent, for a year," he said quietly. "That and the cab-hire are the only expenses you will incur in this matter."

At this Roeloffs found his voice and laughed—at least the sound that he made might have been styled a laugh by courtesy. "A year!" he exclaimed. "A year?"

"Yes," said Carden, in response to his shrill question; "you will come here frequently." But Roeloffs's nerves, already tingling with agony, now fairly gave way, and eluding Carden by a swift movement he fled down the rickety stairs and rushed wild-eyed and panting

through the night, he knew and cared not whither.

Carden leaped after him and followed him closely, the two dark figures springing from step to step only a few feet apart. Once outside, Carden took to the cab, and a strange race ensued, the lurching vehicle, with Carden leaning from the window, pursuing the dark, fleeing figure through the starless night.

The race was of short duration, and soon Carden had his man, too exhausted to resist, in the cab with him once more.

Again they rumbled off in another direction, and all one could hear was Roeloffs's laboring, gasping breathing, and the *click, click* of the hurrying wheels. After a while he began to speak, not as heretofore in the proud, contemptuous tone of a man of affairs, but in a low, broken voice, through which ran a persistent quaver of mortal fear. "Take me home!" he moaned. "For God's sake, take me home! This is horrible, horrible! It is killing me. I shall die here on your hands. You are a murderer, do you know it? Do you want me to die?"

"Hush!" said Carden. "This is the last." And the carriage stopped once more.

Carden alighted, and half-dragged, half-assisted, his companion to follow him. The moon, just breaking through the heavy cloud banks which had until now obscured the sky, illuminated the cemetery in which they were standing, and threw into bold relief the bright-red loam of a new-made grave at their feet. There was no need for words. Never to his dying day will Carden forget that frightful face—livid, glaring, every feature once made in God's image twisted into a hellish caricature, with drooping jaw and clacking tongue from which no sound came.

Slowly the figure sank on its knees, swaying from side to side the while, and buried the awful face in the loose earth of the freshly heaped mound.

Silently, even gently, Carden raised the wretched man to his feet, and supported him to the waiting carriage.

"It is over," he assured him—"for tonight."

Back they drove at a rapid pace through the quiet, slumbering thousands, back through the peaceful streets and

well-ordered scheme of things. None who saw them bowling quietly along dreamed of their tragic errand; all was as decorous and unimpassioned as the twentieth century generally is—superficially.

They halted finally before Roeloffs's great stone house. He had not uttered a sound since they left the grave, and Carden touched him on the shoulder. As a man, a very old man, in a stupor, Roeloffs raised himself and stumbled out to the sidewalk. Carden stepped close to him, and said in a low, firm voice: "This is the end of our first trip—our first, you understand. How many we shall make I cannot tell; but they will be many, and always the same. Sometimes I shall go with you, sometimes one of my two friends, and you will never know when; so be prepared for us at all hours of the day or night. Now for the present good-by!" He drove swiftly away, leaving a bent figure fumbling at the door.

The city, the State, and indeed the nation, were astounded during the week following the events above narrated by the sudden and inexplicable disappearance of Gregory Roeloffs, churchman, capitalist, and man of affairs. Kidnaping was suggested, and his distracted family squandered a fortune in unavailing efforts to discover his whereabouts. Detectives, professional and amateur, ranged the land, with every faculty sharpened by the rich reward sure to attend success.

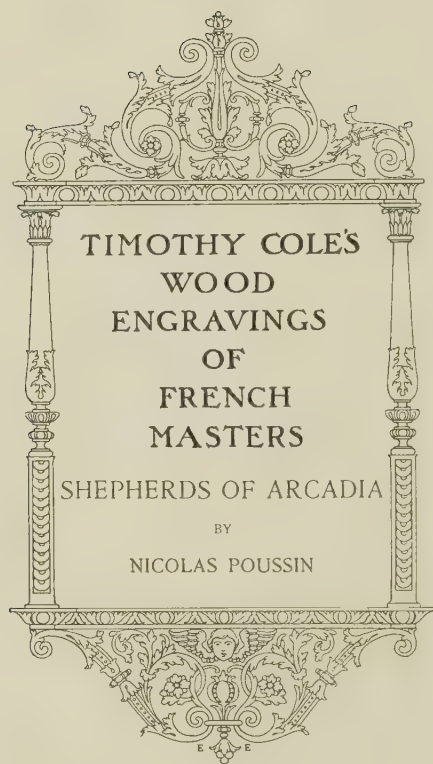
Prayers were offered in churches for the safety of this good man. Clubdom resounded with a fanfare of theories, and in a hundred drawing-rooms society talked of little else. Meanwhile in the back room of Kohler's saloon reposed the key to the mystery. "No, Mrs. McGann," said Carden, gravely, "we don't know what has become of him. We may find out in the spring, when the ice melts, or we may never know. But we do know why he has fled, and no one else even guesses it; but rest assured that, alive or dead, he carries his hell with him to the uttermost end of time."

But the little boy did n't understand the strange, hard words, and he began to weep. "Grandma," he cried, "I want my mama! Can't you make them bring her back?"



From the painting in the Louvre

See 'Open Letters



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF
FRENCH
MASTERS

SHEPHERDS OF ARCADIA

BY

NICOLAS POUSSIN

GENERAL GRANT'S LAST DAYS

BY GEORGE F. SHRADY, M.D.

One of his Consulting Surgeons

CONCLUDING PAPER

GENERAL GRANT'S voice was soft, deep, and distinct, and his speech deliberate, quiet, and even-toned. In conversation he was inclined to use short sentences, with few if any qualifications. It was an effort to get at the point in the surest and most direct way. He was always ready to hear the views of others. His apparently indifferent manner and abstracted air were apt to impress the speaker as lack of attention. But this seemed to be his method of absorbing things. Then would come a string of pertinent questions, which proved conclusively that he had not lost a point. He was by no means inclined to long argument, and much less to disputation. Having once made up his mind on a subject, he was silent, stubborn, and determined.

His temper was under such complete control that no one could believe he had any. Never openly demonstrative in any direction, he appeared the same under all conditions. When he was depressed, he was simply silent; when he was cheerful, he merely smiled. Even in his best moods I never heard him laugh outright. Thus he was in no sense emotionally demonstrative, and in his natural composure he exemplified the highest type of cultivated gentility. His little mannerisms were in no way eccentric or peculiar. These were only interesting as giving casual expression to his individuality.

Not long before he was taken ill, he was lamed by a fall on his hip, and was obliged to walk with a cane. Although many ornamental walking-sticks had been presented to him by fairs, military societies, ladies, and his many personal

friends, he preferred to use a plain hickory one with ordinary curved handle. This was in constant use wherever he went, even in going from one room to another.

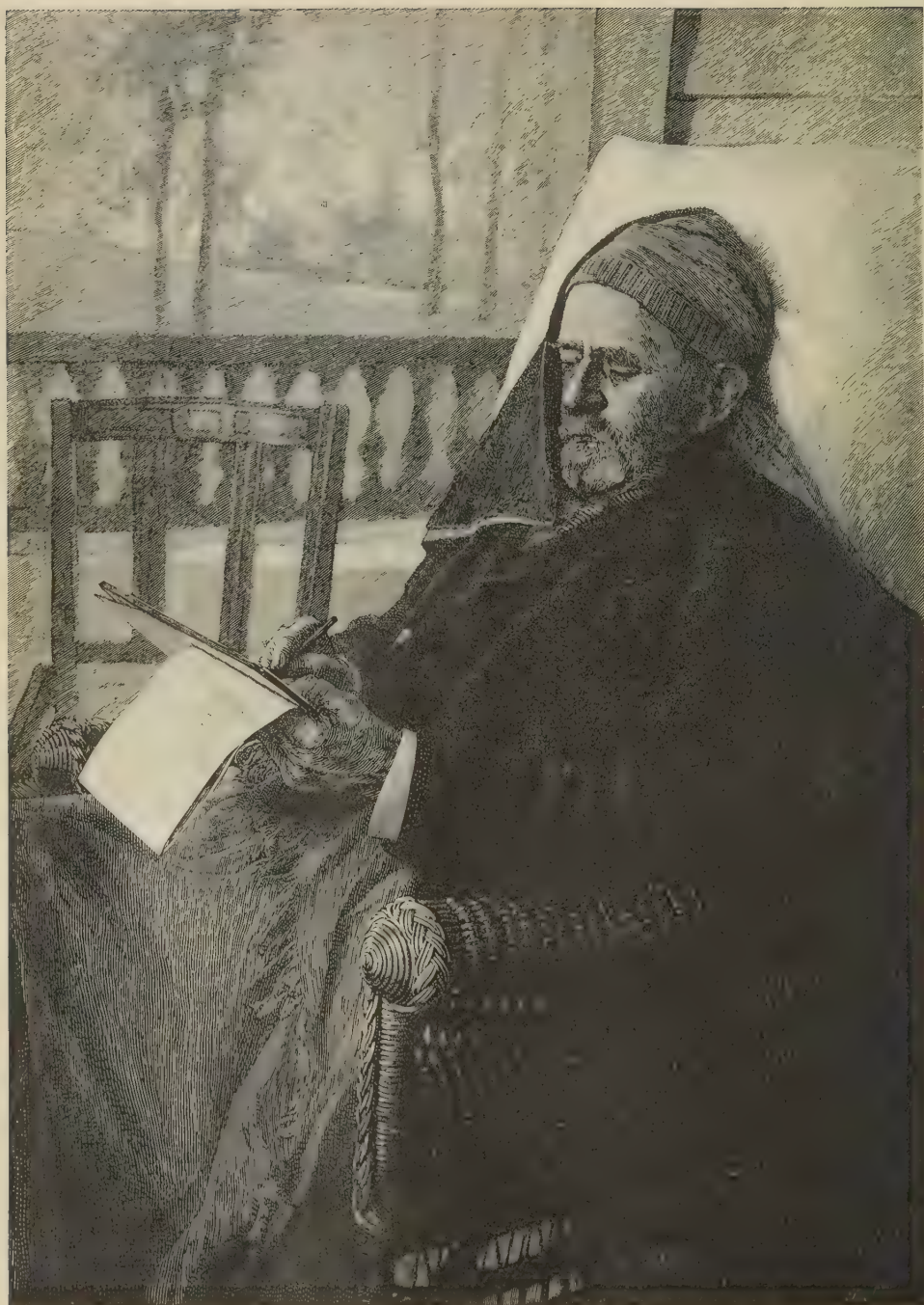
When he dozed in a sitting position, his hands would be crossed in his lap, his head would be bowed, and his feet would rest on the chair opposite him. When lying in bed or on a lounge, he still retained the soldier fashion of merely covering the lower portion of his body, and seemed to prefer resting squarely on his back.

In his various movements there was no approach to awkwardness. His hands were always easily composed, were seldom used in gesture, and were supple and firm in their grasp. His tread was also firm, and his step had an easy stride, notwithstanding his temporary limp.

A slow and careful reader, he appeared to weigh every word, and would often keep the place in the line by his pointed finger, and look away as if to fix more firmly in his mind the idea conveyed.

His sleep was often disturbed by dreams, but they were the reflex of his physical conditions. At one time an extra pain in his throat gave him the impression of having been hit in the neck with a cannon-ball. On another occasion he dreamed of being choked by a footpad on a lonely road.

His eyesight was remarkably clear for distant objects, as was often demonstrated in the broad outlooks from Mount McGregor. This was evidently due, in part at least, to his military training in that respect. In using a field-glass, one hand was sufficient, the focal adjustment



Engraved on wood by T. Johnson

GENERAL GRANT WRITING HIS "MEMOIRS" AT MOUNT MCGREGOR

being made by his forefinger and thumb. This, too, was plainly the unconscious outcome of long practice. Glasses were always necessary for reading or writing, his preference being for ordinary horn-rimmed spectacles with large, round eye-pieces.

When rumors were current of the impending death of the General, no efforts were spared by the press of the country to obtain accurate information of his actual condition. For a time it was reported that he was merely suffering from a chronic throat affection that promised soon to be relieved. But it was not until the formal consultation was held in his case, months after his first symptoms appeared, that the public was officially informed of the grave and fatal character of his malady. From that time every symptom as given in the bulletin was freely discussed. After a period of private life as an ordinary citizen, he was again an object of absorbing interest. So long accustomed to be in the public eye, he viewed the situation as a matter of course, and resignedly submitted to the elaborate, fulsome, and often exaggerated accounts of his behavior in the sick-room. To meet this urgent demand for details, he was forced to consent to the issue of bulletins to the general public. It was only by such means that the truth could be told and curiosity satisfied.

The proper preparation of the press-notices was a matter of great moment with the medical staff. Bearing in mind the many mistakes made in the case of President Garfield, in which contradictory and misleading bulletins were published, it was deemed imperative to state exact facts, with the full sanction of the medical men in attendance and also that of the family. The arrangements for the distribution of these despatches were elaborate and systematic. Three bulletin-boys were in constant attendance in the main hall, representing respectively the Western Union telegraph and cable service, the Associated Press, and the United Press. Each message, appropriately directed, was passed to the proper messenger, who would run with it to the nearest office of his company.

The general clearing-house for news was in the basement of a small house on the east side of Madison Avenue south of

Sixty-sixth Street, and there were assembled the representatives of the Associated Press and the different leading dailies of the city. All the newspapers also had special wires to their central downtown offices. Reporters "covering the case" were so constantly on guard in the street that it seemed impossible for anything of importance to occur in the house without their knowledge. At the end of every consultation there was a group of anxious interviewers, who plied the medical men with questions. As there was never any other disposition than to tell the plain truth of the situation, all necessary satisfaction regarding the true import of the bulletins was easily obtained. Each journalist was constantly on the alert for new facts, his aim being to use them exclusively, and thus, in press parlance, to "beat" his confrères. To that end all sorts of devices were used. The doctors were specially besieged even in their homes; more than once inside facts were obtained by sending "dummy" patients, who, pretending to fear a similar disease to that of Grant, would ask many pertinent questions as to the nature of such a malady and its usual ending. Then, to the astonishment and dismay of the doctor, the conversation would appear as a formal newspaper interview.

There was scarcely a limit to the endeavors of such enterprising news-gatherers. One of them, in order to gain a vantage-ground over his fellows, ventured affectionate advances to a chambermaid in one of the houses opposite, so that while calling upon his new acquaintance, he might have a better opportunity of watching from a commanding window. Another bribed one of the servants of the Grant domicile in order to gain access to the back yard and signal to a mounted confederate who was watching on Fifth Avenue across the then vacant lot on the corner.

As at that time, although for no obvious reason, the death of the General was momentarily expected, it was considered a matter of the greatest importance to get the earliest possible news of the sad event. For this purpose relays were constantly posted to keep watch. In stormy weather these men would take shelter in the areaways under the stoops, and would dodge out when a carriage approached

the house or a visitor mounted the doorsteps. The lighting of any room but the sick chamber would call together a group of sentinels on the opposite side of the street, who would pace up and down the sidewalk often during the entire night, awaiting some new development.

For obvious reasons no unfavorable change in symptoms was discussed in the presence of the General, and it was only after the official bulletins were published that he had knowledge of the fact. As he insisted on reading his favorite papers, there was no way of keeping him in desirable ignorance of his actual condition. He would study the accounts with great care, and put his own interpretation on their significance. This disposition was in keeping with that of his habit of noting his pulse-beat by his watch while a consultation was in progress.

He was often much amused by the stories told of him, of his habits, plans, and moods, but was always willing to forgive the newsmongers for what they did not know. At other times he appeared to be much saddened by the gloomy prognostications that were ventured in the various papers. After reading one of the bulletins he was constrained to remark: "Doctor, you did not give a very favorable account of me yesterday." This was in spite of the fact that every care was taken to prevent alarm on his account as to his actual condition.

With a slowly progressing disease it was natural to expect that the bulletins would have a certain sameness of description and a monotony of weary hopefulness. Many of the newspapers were constantly straining a point to infuse a sensational element into their reports. The plain truth did not offer enough for varied and spicy reading. Then came the reaction of the disappointment, with a suspicion that the doctors had given false reports and that there had been a grave mistake in the diagnosis of the original disease. This was made probable by the fact that many of the distressing symptoms had disappeared for a time, and also by the anxious but ill-founded expectation that the General would ultimately recover, in spite of previous predictions. Although it was a matter for congratulation that such a temporary relief from

suffering had been gained, there was never any change of opinion with the staff regarding the true nature of the malady. Once the difficulty in swallowing had so far disappeared that the patient ventured to indulge in solid food. He was so delighted with such an opportunity that while lunching on a mutton chop in his dining-room, he felicitated himself on being able to surprise the reporters with his ability to perform what he considered a remarkable feat. But, alas! this ability was short-lived, and was a mere chance occasion in the long struggle with overstrained expectations.

The General was too firmly settled in the belief of the real nature of his malady to be influenced by the critical tone of the press regarding the alleged incompetence of his physicians. These attacks were not only abusive in the extreme, but oftentimes they were positively libelous. One morning after one of these articles had appeared in an editorial in one of the New York dailies, the General, who was an attentive student of the discussion, asked me how I felt after such a virulent attack on my professional character. When I answered to the effect that the staff was right despite the criticism, he so far acquiesced as to say that he was perfectly satisfied with the medical treatment of his case, and that he was the person who most naturally was interested in the course taken.

This comment led to a question as to how he had treated the many newspaper criticisms to which he had been subjected in his long public career. He remarked simply that he never read the papers containing them, and was always too busy with more important matters to notice the vaporings of scribblers who were willing to give free and valueless lessons on matters of which they knew little or nothing. "If a man assumes the responsibility of doing a thing," continued he, "he naturally does it his own way, and the result is the only proof, after all, that he may be right or wrong. One does the work, and the other does the guessing."

When the tables were turned against the doctors, ridiculing bulletins were printed, to give new point to the situation. In violation of all principles of good taste, the relations of medical attendant and patient were reversed, and Grant

was represented as resenting the officiousness of the doctors by a promise to aid in restoring their weak mental and physical conditions. From the first the staff was accused of magnifying the situation, and much felicitation was manifested by many newspaper writers that the trick had at last been discovered. Outside friends of the family covertly advised a change of medical consultants, and numerous applications to such an end came from influential politicians throughout the country. So annoying were these importunities, that the General became personally interested in declaring his confidence in the men whom he himself had selected. He appeared to be particularly indignant at the charge that there had been an error in diagnosis, and asked that the true state of facts be explained to the public in a long bulletin, which was published after receiving his approval.

The publication of this document had the desired effect of silencing further criticism on the subject. It seemed then impossible to start a quarrel among the physicians in attendance, and the usual medical scandal in a case of such national interest was thus most happily averted. This result was also in great part due to the care to state only the exact truth in all the bulletins, and to obtain a unanimity of opinion from the entire staff before publication was permitted. Whatever misconception by the public might have existed of the true condition of affairs in the sick-room was due to the statements of visitors to the house who would give their personal views concerning the condition of the patient to the crowd of interviewers who awaited them on the sidewalk. The absurd story that the General was at one time suffering merely from an ordinary inflammation of the throat gained currency in this way, and gave the first impression that the physicians had unduly alarmed the public. The General himself always took a resigned and philosophical view of the situation. His simple wishes were to be free from constant pain, to be able to swallow his food without strangling, and to make the most of the time that was left him to finish his work. He was virtually in the position of one who was settling his affairs before starting on a forced journey. His habit of mind made

such resignation possible. Long accustomed to take his life in his hands and to face death in the emergencies of battle, he was not one to manifest fear when the end seemed inevitable. He would often speak of it with a calmness that could not be shaken. He was simply living each day by itself in the hope that there would be no distressful struggle at the last. His apprehensions in this regard were reasonably well founded, as in his inquiring way he reasoned that the progress of the ailment would either arrest his breathing or prevent his taking proper nourishment.

It was fortunate under the circumstances that his thought was centered on his "Memoirs," inasmuch as when he forced himself to write or dictate he was thus able to distract his attention from his condition. Hence every encouragement was given him to do as he pleased in such regard. He often remarked that his book was destined to be his own salvation as well as that of his family. Thus he would sit and write when most men would have been abed and under the influence of an anodyne.

The General's concern for help, when his time should come for needing it, was often manifested in what might otherwise have appeared to be casual conversations. In an impressive talk with me on one occasion, he obtained a promise that I would be with him without fail at the last. So anxious was he that nothing should interfere with such an understanding, that he questioned me concerning my whereabouts and future plans in my necessary absences from Mount McGregor. On learning that my summer home was at my farm on the Hudson, near Kingston, he was particular to learn how long it would take me to reach him in response to an urgent message. After crossing the river, the railroad starting-point would be Barrytown. He wished to know the distance from that point to Poughkeepsie, where a special locomotive could be obtained. Then, in order to master every detail of the trip, he indicated the route on a piece of wrapping-paper, and smilingly styled it "a working plan of battle." Alas! he had planned many such before, but none in which he could have been more personally interested. I was quite surprised at his knowledge of the topography of the country and his

appreciation of relative distances. A line was made across the river to Barrytown, a spur to Poughkeepsie, a straight course northward through Hudson, Albany, and Saratoga, and a slight detour to McGregor. The probable time between these places was duly indicated at proper points, and the total added at the bottom of the sheet. What became of this paper, which was evidently Grant's last "plan of battle," I did not ascertain. He simply folded it, and placed it in a side pocket, and there was no subsequent occasion for referring to the subject in my presence.

With the first formal consultation of the surgical staff, the advisability of an operation was thoroughly discussed, and arguments were made against any such efforts to relieve him. Thus the treatment of the case was narrowed to such efforts as might be necessary to guard against possible complications and to make him as comfortable as possible by assuaging his pain and keeping his throat clear of an accidental accumulation of secretions. The wisdom of such a decision was manifested in sparing him unnecessary mutilation and allowing him to pass the remainder of his days in comparative comfort. Relatively, however, it meant suffering for him until the end. His great apprehension was that he might be suddenly choked during his sleep. After a severe spell of threatened suffocation during the night of March 29, this became a fixed conviction. Although quickly relieved at the time, he became so much demoralized concerning a possible recurrence of such troubles, that he passed his days and nights thereafter in a sitting position, with his feet resting on a chair.

The hurried call for Dr. Douglas and myself at the time of his first choking spell so alarmed the reporters on watch in the street that they gave currency to the probability that the General was in a very critical condition and that his death might be expected at any hour. Later, a similar announcement was made, based upon the occurrence of an accidental hemorrhage from the throat due to the separation of an inflammatory exudation that for days had clogged his breathing. The bleeding was quickly arrested by simple means, and he then felt so much relieved in his breathing and his increased ability to swallow that many of

his friends believed that he might actually conquer the original disease. The press was also eager to adopt this optimistic view, and it required no little persuasion on the part of the staff to assure the public that, in spite of the temporary change for the better, all the symptoms were progressing slowly to the inevitable end.

Only on one occasion had there been any danger of sudden collapse, and this was on the night of April 5, when the General, believing he was dying, summoned his family to his chair and asked that Dr. Newman, his faithful minister and friend, should baptize him. The sinking spell occurred about three o'clock in the morning. There was warning of this possible condition during the previous day, and it was deemed best that I should remain at the house in case any threatened change for the worse should show itself. While Dr. Douglas was watching the patient, I was hastily summoned from an adjoining bedroom by the startling announcement that the General was dying. The sufferer was evidently in an extremely weak condition. He was sitting in his chair as usual, with head bowed on chest, and was breathing in a labored way, feebly bidding farewell to his family, and striving to leave final directions regarding the completion of the second volume of his "Memoirs." His voice was scarcely audible, and his sentences were interrupted by painful gaspings for breath. The Rev. Dr. Newman was standing behind the chair with a small silver bowl in hand, repeating in solemn tones: "Ulysses Simpson Grant, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The General feebly responded, "I thank you," and was evidently becomingly impressed with the solemnity of the proceeding. During this affecting scene hypodermics of brandy were repeatedly administered, and to the bystanders it appeared as if the sufferer had been almost miraculously snatched from death. In fact, it was so reported to the press, and much was made of a very ordinary method of treatment in such cases. Dr. Newman was especially astonished at the sudden change for the better, and emphatically remarked that it was due to the prayer that had just been offered. With a similar gratification in the physi-

April 11 - 1865
 I have been thinking of you
 and the many friends who
 have been so kind to
 stand by me in my
 long and painful illness
 and I have thought
 how much I owe to you
 and to all who have
 been so kind to me.

FACSIMILE OF A CONVERSATIONAL NOTE FROM GENERAL GRANT TO DR. SHRADY. (SEE PAGE 423)

cal responsiveness of the patient, I was inclined to attribute the result to the brandy. This circumstance afforded the press a fine opportunity for discussing the relative merits of prayer and brandy, and for a long time many opposite views on the question were freely ventilated.

Virtually confined to his room during his stay in Sixty-sixth Street, General Grant would sometimes realize the irksomeness of his condition, and strive to amuse himself by walking from one apartment to the other, playing solitaire by his open fire, viewing the watching crowds on the street below, or welcoming some of the many friends who came to sympathize with him. Occasionally a parading regiment would halt opposite the house and present arms, whereupon he would appear at his window and modestly and sadly acknowledge the salute.

On his last Easter Sunday there was more than the usual gathering on the street and opposite sidewalk. The General was much impressed by this evidence of good feeling toward himself. For a while he stood silent at the window, and after walking back and forth through the room, sat by the fire, absorbed in deep thought. Only the Wednesday previous he had fallen almost into a state of collapse, and had reason to realize how near he had come to death. Although he had fully rallied, he was still in that state of

mind in which he was keenly alive to every evidence of sympathy. Also, only the day before, he had received a very friendly and consolatory letter from Jefferson Davis, which gratified and touched him deeply. After a while, feeling tired, he slept in his chair. During that time there was a slight shower, and the numerous gatherings of people scattered in different directions. When he awoke, the rain had ceased, and the street became more crowded than ever, the police being kept busy in clearing the roadway for passing vehicles and for the carriages of visitors to the house.

When he awoke, I told him what had occurred, and referred to the interest that was manifested by all classes of citizens. He walked to the window, looked upon the crowd below, and sadly remarked: "Yes, I am very grateful for their sympathy." Then taking his seat by the fire, he was quiet again. As I was preparing to write the usual afternoon bulletin, I suggested that the opportunity would be a good one for him to express his gratitude to the people of the country, especially on Easter Sunday, when all the churches had been offering prayers on his account. I urged that the bulletin be dictated in the first person, and signed by General Grant, as in such form it would appear as coming more directly from him. To this suggestion, however, he objected,

*I have the honor to
 inform you before my bed. I
 expect relief. I have been
 five hours with a steady
 enough to draw my breath.*

FACSIMILE OF A CONVERSATIONAL NOTE FROM GENERAL GRANT
 TO DR. SHRADY (SEE PAGE 424)

saying that it would be better coming from him indirectly. In order to comply with such a wish, and give the document somewhat the character of a message from the sick-room, I began by saying that General Grant had just awakened from a short nap and had expressed himself as feeling comfortable. He then dictated the following: "He wishes it stated that he is very much touched by, and very grateful for, the sympathy and interest manifested for him by his friends,"—here he hesitated for a while and continued,—"and by those who have not been regarded as such."

Impressed with the great significance of the message, I still urged that he should say something in the first person. "Well," remarked he, "you might say for me, I desire the good will of all, whether heretofore friends or not." In a moment he added, "I suppose that will do," and I accordingly signed the bulletin, giving the hour as 5:15 P. M. The despatch was immediately sent to the press-bureau on Madison Avenue, and quickly put upon the wires. As this bulletin really came from the General himself, and was duly approved by him, no family or staff consultation on its contents was deemed necessary. It happened, however, that a different course would have avoided a subsequent complication which gave the Associated Press some trouble to overcome.

A few minutes after the bulletin had been sent, Mrs. Grant came into the room, and she was told what had been done, and the message was read to her. She then very much deplored the omission of any reference to the numerous prayers that had been offered for the General on that day, and insisted that the bulletin be recalled, in order that the necessary correction might be made. This, for the time being, seriously complicated the situation. The message was already in the hands of the telegraph and cable operators, and was being rapidly transmitted to the numerous bulletin stations. To reconstruct it, and retain its full meaning, would have altered its original purpose. Besides, any attempt in such a direction would not be understood by the public, and would give a false impression of the original intention of the sender. It was then a question of altering the bulletin as little as possible, and thus avoiding unnecessary complications. Mrs. Grant was very insistent, however, in regard to the propriety of her proposition. At this juncture I suggested that the difficulty might be overcome by inserting the word "prayerful" before sympathy. This being agreed to, I, at the General's suggestion, communicated at once with the press-bureau on Madison Avenue, and the required word was added to the various despatches that had already been transmitted.

Meanwhile, the press-agents had been much exercised regarding the reason for recalling a bulletin that contained so much of "news interest." Mr. Frank W. Mack, who had charge of the Associated Press agency, was greatly alarmed, supposing that some extraordinary calamity had occurred. He hurried to the house, thinking that the General had died suddenly after the message had been dictated. "What can be done?" said he. "The bulletin is now in San Francisco—in fact, all over the country and in Europe!" When I told him of the mere addition of an extra word to the context, he was much relieved, and hastened to comply with the request of the General.

As was anticipated, the bulletin attracted more than ordinary attention. The Southern papers particularly had many kind comments on the motives actuating the message, and more than ever sympathized with the stricken man, who could so feelingly voice the sentiments of a kind and noble heart. Repeated references were made by them to the General's magnanimous proposals when accepting Lee's surrender at Appomattox, and to other actions of his in keeping with the sentiments of a high-minded and generous victor. With him war had a different definition from mere enmity. It meant fidelity to a principle, not mere death, destruction, and humiliation for the opponent. The hand that had so valiantly held the

sword was then open to all, "whether heretofore friends or not." The dying man had said, "Let us have peace," and posterity was destined to cherish the sentiment as the best of all inscriptions for the tomb at Riverside.

With the approach of warm weather there were many suggestions concerning the advisability of benefiting the patient by change of air and a temporary sojourn in a more salubrious climate. Then came offers from various country-hotel proprietors to care for the General and his family free of expense. Most of these were actuated by sincere motives, but not a few were made for advertising purposes. It was finally decided to accept the invitation of Mr. Drexel to occupy his cottage on Mount McGregor, a few miles north of Saratoga. The patient expressed no particular preference in the matter, and as usual acceded to the wishes of his medical staff. Accordingly, on June 17, a special car was placed at his service, and he left his city home, never again to enter it. He was resigned to the situation, and gave no indication of any misgiving as to the ultimate outcome of the venture. Only once did he seem to realize that he was leaving his home forever, when, after being seated in the carriage, he gave a sad look at the house, while he waved a solemn adieu to a few bystanders on the sidewalk.

On his arrival at Mount McGregor, he

*It is parting the fine old
great number of my
... water were ...
Commenced ...
... in their ...
old ... infirm ...
... now to be at any ...
there is nothing but ...
when I do live*

FACSIMILE OF A CONVERSATIONAL NOTE FROM GENERAL GRANT TO DR. SHRADY. (SEE PAGE 426)

was much pleased with his quarters, and was confident that the change would, in a measure at least, restore his wasting strength. Only shortly before, he had so nearly lost his voice that it was painful for him to converse. This new phase of the disease was a great discouragement to him, and his main hope was that the balsamic air of the mountains might possibly have a soothing and healing effect upon his throat. Such, however, did not prove to be the case; on the contrary, the difficulty of articulation progressed to such an extent that he was forced to answer questions in writing. In fact, most of the conversations I had with him on my visits to Mount McGregor were carried on by means of the pencil and pad that he always carried with him. These written accounts of his feelings during his last days have been carefully preserved by me, and are of inestimable value as showing the manner in which he realized and faced his end.

His life at Mount McGregor was necessarily very monotonous. When he was not engaged on his "Memoirs" in his little office adjoining his bedroom, he would sit for hours on the porch, reading the newspapers or watching the crowds of sight-seers who were constantly about the cottage. By an unwritten law of instinctive courtesy it was understood by the visitors that they should not approach too near or in other ways manifest any unseemly curiosity. The General became very appreciative of this display of good feeling and respect for him, and often regretted that he could not make a suitable return. Many as they passed the porch would lift their hats in salutation, whereupon the General would quietly and feelingly acknowledge the attention. These salutations, however, became so frequent that it was impossible to respond to them, it being generally understood that to do so would tire him unnecessarily. On one occasion a lady removed her bonnet and waved it in a most deferential manner. This action so appealed to the natural gallantry of the General that he duly acknowledged the courtesy by rising from his chair and lifting his own hat by way of graceful recognition.

When out-of-doors, he always wore a high "stove-pipe" hat, being particular in this way to prevent neuralgic attacks, to

which he seemed at the time to be specially liable. For the same reason, also, a light silk scarf was wrapped around his neck, and sometimes, when in a draft, he would tuck one corner of the covering under the rim of his hat, in order to protect himself more effectually. His steadily increasing weakness did not allow him to walk much. He ventured only short distances, and then always with an attendant. One time in strolling to a summer-house on the edge of the mountain to enjoy the fine view, he became so much exhausted that fears were entertained of a serious collapse. This experience had a very depressing effect upon his spirits, and necessitated the use of a so-called Bath-chair, in which afterward he was wheeled about the grounds. On one occasion while his colored servant Harrison was propelling him, he humorously remarked that often before he had had a much faster horse, but probably no safer one, as he was certain that the animal could not run away uphill.

When I visited the General for the first time at Mount McGregor, it was quite evident that he had grown weaker and that he had lost considerably in weight. This was in part due to his difficulty in swallowing even the liquid food which, for obvious reasons, was his only form of nourishment.

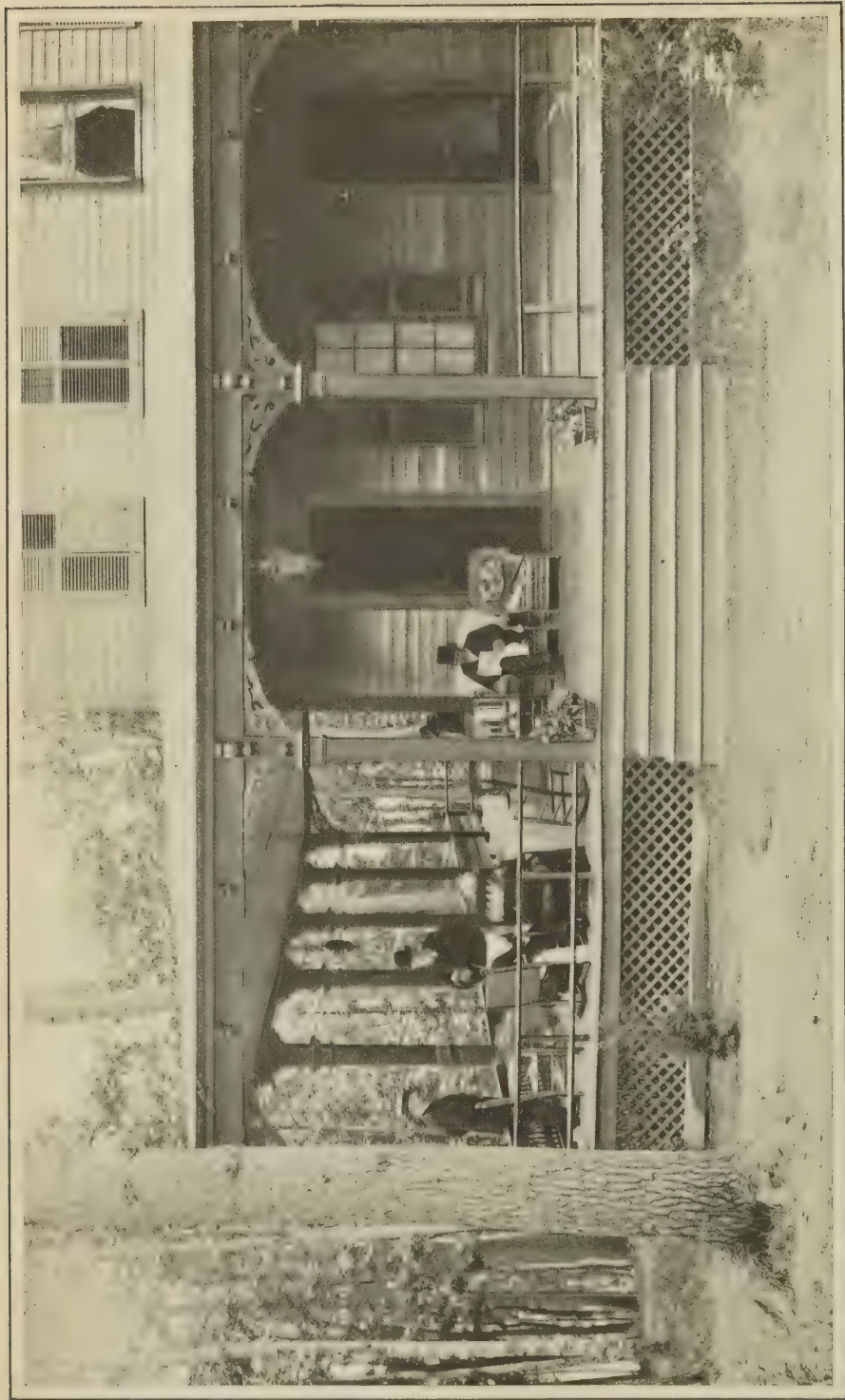
His voice at this time, although not entirely gone, was guttural, of harsh tone, and very indistinct, except when he used it in a deliberate and studied whisper. Even then he could not always make himself understood. He became much worried over this affliction, and was constantly hoping that it would grow less under the influence of the changed climate. In order to give every opportunity for improvement in such direction, he carefully avoided speaking as much as possible, and would often write on his pad in answering questions rather than otherwise run risk of a set-back. This practice made his remarks necessarily short, but always to the point. This was particularly evident in his replies to my questions, and showed his anxiety on many points and his desire to obtain all the necessary information regarding his physical condition at the time. His written answers, however, giving as they do his exact expressions, now add a pathos



From a photograph by Gilman. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

GENERAL GRANT AND FAMILY ON THE PLAZA OF THE DREXEL COTTAGE AT MOUNT MCGREGOR

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris stands between Mrs. Grant and General Grant, who are seated. Colonel (now General) Frederick D. Grant stands by his father's chair. Jesse Grant, the General's third son, stands by the post. The persons seated on the steps, from left to right, are Ulysses S. Grant, Jr.; Colonel Grant's daughter Julia (now Princess Michael Cantacuzene); Mrs. F. D. Grant, her son Ulysses (now Lieutenant Grant), and Mrs. Jesse Grant and her little daughter.



From a photograph by Gilman

A GROUP ON THE PIAZZA OF THE DREXEL COTTAGE AT MOUNT MCGREGOR

From right to left: General Grant, reading a newspaper; the Rev. Dr. Newman, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Newman, Dr. Douglass, and Dr. Shady.

to the situation which no recollection of conversations could make possible. In no better way can this be illustrated than by the reproduction of my notes taken when fresh in mind and by the transcription of his own comments from his still-preserved handwriting:

"How have you been doing, General?"

"I am having a pretty tough time, Doctor, although I do not suffer so much actual pain."

"What is the special difficulty?"

"My trouble is in getting my breath."

"How do you sleep?"

"Pretty well, although rarely more than an hour at a time."

In order to give him some encouragement, I remarked that he looked stronger, notwithstanding his suffering.

To this he made answer: "I am growing lighter every day, although I have increased the amount of food. I have gained a little in strength since I came here."

"The air is doing you good, then?"

"I cannot at this moment get a breath through my nostrils."

"By and by I hope you will improve in that respect. What you need is restful sleep in this quiet place."

"For a few nights past, indeed ever since we have been here, the Doctor [Douglas] has given me five minims [meaning a small dose of a solution of morphine] on retiring, and as much more an hour or two later. Last night, however, he reduced the second dose to three, and I slept well."

Then, to turn the subject somewhat, I asked him how he was progressing with his book.

"I have dictated only twenty pages since we have been here, and written out with my own hand about as much more. I have no connected account now to write. Occasionally I see something that suggests a few remarks."

Thus learning that he had been tempted to use his voice beyond its strength, I protested accordingly, assuring him that absolute rest gave him a chance in the future.

To this he significantly and pathetically replied: "I do not suppose I will ever have my voice back again at all strong." Alas! this sad prediction was more than verified as he progressed toward the end.

The following day, June 24, although he had passed a weary and restless night in his chair, he appeared for a time at least more cheerful, and was even inclined to be playfully humorous during the examination and treatment of his throat. Finding some difficulty with the insufficient light in his room, and desiring a larger spatula for depressing his tongue, I asked if such an instrument was at hand. He then took his pad, after vainly attempting to speak, and with a faint smile wrote the following:

"I said if you want anything larger in the way of a spatula,—is that what you call it?—I saw a man behind the house here a few days ago filling a ditch with a hoe, and I think it can be borrowed."

The long, sleepless nights were his special dread. There remained only one way to secure rest, and that was by morphine. He fully appreciated the danger of becoming addicted to the use

of the drug, and fought manfully against any apparent necessity for increasing the dose. At one time, on assuring him that there was no special danger in that direction, he wrote: "I have such a horror of becoming addicted to it that I suppose that serves as a protection." He was certainly consistent in his determination, and never suggested the use of the drug on his own behalf. In fact, he very willingly at times submitted to a decreased dose when he felt more than ordinarily comfortable on retiring. He could usually anticipate a bad night, and seldom failed to prove that he had been right in so doing.

At one time he wrote: "I feel that I shall have a restless, sleepless night. I suffer no great amount of pain, but I do not feel satisfied in any one position. I do not think I have closed my eyes in sleep since about eight." It was then



From a photograph by Gilman

EXTERIOR OF THE
DREXEL COTTAGE,
MOUNT MCGREGOR,
NEW YORK



From a photograph by Gilman

THE SICK-ROOM IN THE DREXEL COTTAGE, MOUNT MCGREGOR

The two large chairs were General Grant's bed. The cabinet in the corner contained linen, medicine, and other articles used by the General.

midnight. Still, he was at that time willing to brave the discomfort rather than take an anodyne when not compelled to do so by actual pain.

On another occasion, after having a sleepless night without morphine, he became much exhausted, and during my call on him in the morning he thus expressed himself: "I have thirteen fearful hours before me before I can expect relief. I have had nearly two hours with scarcely animation enough to draw my breath."

His mental and physical suffering at such times could scarcely be imagined, and his fortitude in enduring the infliction could hardly be over-estimated. The difficulty was due partly to general weakness, but mostly to the mechanical impediment of the persistent accumulation of mucus secretion in his obstructed throat, and his inability to relieve himself by unaided efforts.

During the mornings, he preferred to rest in his room and recover from his sleepless nights. Often, to make up for

lost hours during the night, he would remain, dozing by spells in his chair until near lunch-time. The afternoon, however, would be spent in his wicker chair on the porch. His chief occupation at such times was the perusal of the papers that had arrived by the afternoon express, and so absorbed did he become in this occupation that he would scarcely raise his eyes for an hour at a time.

On one occasion when a larger crowd than usual had assembled, he appeared quite responsive to their sympathy, and taking his ever-ready pad he wrote: "The people are very considerate. But to pass my time pleasantly, I should like to be able to talk to them."

While handing the slip to me, his attention was directed to a little three-year-old girl who was standing in front of the crowd, and quite near the porch. The child smiled and waved her hand toward the General, whereupon he beckoned her to come to him. When lifted on the platform of the porch, she appeared to be be-

wildered, but soon recovered her smile when the General very tenderly shook her hand and lovingly smoothed her curly head.

In marked contrast to many evidences of a kind interest toward him, was the forced visit of an entire stranger, who insisted upon making a public exhibition of his rudeness. The intruder appeared to dodge from the file of people near the porch, and hastily running up the steps, seized the General's hand as it was resting on the arm of his chair, and shaking it violently, prepared to enter into conversation, as if he were an old friend. The General was more than surprised at this uninvited familiarity, and gazing at him with marked sternness, wrote: "My physicians positively forbid me to converse." Such a rebuke, however, had no effect upon the stranger, who smilingly said that he would do all the talking himself, and the General could merely be the listener. Thereupon the General quietly withdrew within-doors, leaving his discomfited visitor to bear the brunt of a well-deserved snub. It was an extreme case, treated in a direct and severe manner. The intrusion was certainly keenly felt by the victim, else such a measure

would not have been adopted; for the General was always careful to treat kindly, courteously, and considerately all with whom he came in contact.

When his personal friends visited him, he always received them with marked cordiality, and then more than ever regretted the loss of his voice. When deputations arrived to pay him respect and to express their condolence, he willingly received them, though under other circumstances his physical disability would have been an argument against any over-exertion. This was the case when a party of Mexicans called to assure him of their kind wishes and their hope of his ultimate recovery. Although much in need of rest at the time, he insisted upon receiving them, and wrote an elaborate response to their address.

Some of his callers were odd-looking personages. One of these wore very long hair, and in other respects was somewhat eccentric in his appearance. In response to a question, the General wrote:

"Mr. N. is a Texan, but before he went to Texas, in 1844, he was a great admirer of Mr. Clay. In the contest of '44 between Clay and Polk, he took a vow



From a photograph by Gilman

THE ROOM IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT DIED

This room was the "parlor" of the Drexel cottage, Mount McGregor. The bed in the corner was placed there only a short time before General Grant's death, as he had been sleeping in a sitting posture in the chairs shown on the previous page.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION UP FIFTH AVENUE

The caftalque bearing the body of General Grant is shown nearing Thirty-fourth Street, in front of the Astor residences

never to cut his hair until Mr. Clay was elected President. He made up his mind long ago never to cut his hair again."

In one of my conversations, while sitting beside him on the porch, I suggested that music might afford him some diversion; but, to my surprise, he shook his head, and wrote:

"I do not know one tune from another. One time in traveling, when there were brass bands everywhere, and all playing the same tune, 'Hail to the Chief,' I remarked at last, with greatest innocence, that I thought I had heard that tune before."

This frank admission did not imply a personal dislike of music, but rather a lack of appreciation of its beauties; for on a previous occasion I recollect his saying that the playing of spirited and patriotic airs had a very marked effect upon men both before and after a battle.

Apparently, also, he had no special liking for flowers, as he never cared to have them in his room, especially objecting to their odor.

Notwithstanding his show of almost cheerfulness at times, he seemingly never lost sight of the final outcome of his disease. It was merely a question of time. In spite of every encouragement to the contrary, the idea was too firmly fixed to be shaken. After one of the many references to the subject, he significantly wrote his own sad comment:

"It is postponing the final event. A great number of my acquaintances, who were well when the papers commenced announcing that I was dying, are now in their graves. They were neither old nor infirm people either. I am ready now to go at any time. I know there is nothing but suffering for me while I do live."

"But," remarked I, "the newspapers should not be the highest authorities for such a prognostication." To this he wrote:

"The ——— has been killing me off for a year and a half. If it does not change, it will get right in time. The bulletins do not pretend to discuss the point. The ——— does it; it is the work of the correspondent with The ———."

This paper, however, was not the only one to blame in this regard, as on the slightest provocation all of the dailies vied with one another in predicting his condition as most alarming; while not a few would repeatedly announce that he was dying when there was no possible occasion for such reports. He referred to the particular paper in question as it was the one he always read, and was published at the time by one of his personal friends.

As my visits to Mount McGregor were limited to such occasions when consultations with Dr. Douglas appeared necessary, I made the most of such opportunities by being with the patient as much as possible and by giving him all the comfort in my power. There was every evidence that he appreciated such a motive, and would look forward to my coming with evident pleasure. Just before I took the train on July 18, he seemed quite anxious to know when I would come again, expressing the desire that I should certainly be with him "at the last," as he expressed it. I assured him as unconcernedly as I could that I would surely be within call, little thinking at the time that the final summons would come so soon afterward.

On shaking his hand as he sat in his usual position in his room, he pleasantly asked me in writing if he could do anything for me. I at once bethought myself to obtain his autograph. On his

attempting to write with a pencil on his pad, I suggested that it be done with pen and ink, and brought an inkstand, pen, and blank visiting-card to his chair. He then wrote his name and handed me the card. This was probably his last signature [see page 429], as thereafter he evidently became too ill to make any attempt in that direction.

The day after I left Mount McGregor was a cooler and more refreshing one for the patient than many of the preceding ones, and he was consequently in relatively better condition. He took his favorite position on the porch, and read the morning papers as usual. In the latter part of the afternoon he expressed a desire to be wheeled in his Bath-chair to the eastern lookout, which commanded a sweeping view of the valley from Saratoga Lake far northward between the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains. He was drawn thither by Harrison, his faithful colored valet, and was accompanied by Dr. Douglas, his son "Fred," and the "old guard" Willetts. The trip was an enjoyable one at first, but the patient had evidently miscalculated his strength.

It must be recalled that although stimulated in spirit by the fresh air and the inspiring surroundings, he was in reality in a very weak condition. The nourishment, such as it was, had been insufficient to minister to his wants. From being a



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THE TEMPORARY TOMB ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE IN WHICH THE
BODY OF GENERAL GRANT WAS PLACED UNTIL IT
WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE MAUSOLEUM



From a photograph by Pach Bros.

SCENE AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MAUSOLEUM, APRIL 27, 1897

man who before his illness weighed nearly 200 pounds, he was eventually reduced to almost half that weight. Still, on this occasion the General enjoyed the scene to his heart's content. It was his favorite site for observation. There was a sweep to the scene that gave due appreciation of his love for the broad view in this as well as in other matters. It was noticed that on the return trip his general feebleness became strikingly manifest. He was anxious to get home as soon as possible. From being animated, he became suddenly limp and listless. The return was a short cut by another path, involving the necessity of the General's alighting and mounting four or five steps, up which the chair was lifted after him. When he arrived at the cottage, he took to his sleeping-chair for the night, and had his usual restless endeavor to compose himself. At 10 P. M. he fell into a sleep of exhaustion, and fortunately remained at rest for fully eight hours. Although this rest would

have been amply recuperative for a person in health who might have been ever so much fatigued, it failed to produce such effect upon the General. On awakening in the morning, he appeared weaker than ever, and exhausted nature lapsed into listless dozing for most of the day.

The weather also was very uncomfortable. During the day the atmosphere was sultry, inert, and depressing, the thermometer ranging as high as 85° F. Although the condition of the patient was the occasion of grave anxiety to the family, the General himself was apparently unaware of it. He at one time insisted on tremblingly walking from one room to the other during the readjustment of the pillows on his chair, and even minutely directed that all his manuscripts and literary effects should be duly cared for and safely packed, as all his work was finished in such directions. Alas! all work was soon to be done forever! If he realized

this, at least no one must know it. He was the silent man even under the gaze of death.

As dusk gave way to darkness, a sinking spell

appeared as the result of increasing weakness. A temporary unconsciousness showed itself, and then a troubled, fretful sleep. During one of his wakeful spells, Mrs. Grant asked the Rev. Dr. Newman to offer a prayer. The General looked appreciatively at the preacher, and apparently in his mute way understood the solemn significance of the ceremony. It was the last prayer to fall on the ears of the one for whom the earnest supplication was being made. The clergyman knelt beside the sick chair, and the family stood around it with bowed heads. When it was over, the General looked with a kindly smile to his friend and feebly and feelingly returned the gentle hand-grasp.

The remainder of the night was one of grave anxiety. Dr. Douglas, always hopeful before, was at last convinced that

AUTOGRAPH WRITTEN FOR DR. SHRADLY
(SEE PAGE 427)

the inevitable end was near. Accordingly, telegrams were hastily sent for the consultants to come at once to Mount Mc-

Gregor by the first morning train.

It was thus, with Professor Sands, I was next to meet our patient. We arrived by special train on the afternoon of July 22 [1885]. At that time the General was still conscious, and was seated in the cushioned chair he had occupied continuously, night and day, for months. However, at his own request he was soon removed to his bed, and the following morning he quietly passed away. The peace that he had so often wished for others came to him at last in the truer and more enduring sense.

It was the calm death he had hoped for, a gentle and gradual falling to sleep. The weary, anxious night had passed, the rays of the morning sun stole quietly into the death-chamber; but at last there was another morning for him, another light, glorious, infinite, immortal.

INDORSEMENT ON THE BACK OF A CHECK DRAWN BY THE
CENTURY CO. TO THE ORDER OF GENERAL GRANT

The check was dated July 13, 1885, ten days before General Grant's death. General Frederick D. Grant remembers that this was the last signature his father wrote with ink. Obviously it is not so firm as the autograph (above) written for Dr. Shradly.

ENGLISH AS A WORLD-LANGUAGE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

FIVE hundred years ago, a thousand years ago, fifteen hundred years ago, every man of education could talk freely and easily with every other man of education in Latin. It was perhaps his native speech, or he might have had to learn it; but he was not held to be an educated man until he had acquired it. Even after Latin had ceased to be a mother-tongue, and when it was spoken only by those who had achieved it by hard labor, it was still the language used in diplomacy, in the church, by men of letters, and by philosophers and scientific investigators. Out of the fragments of the Roman Empire new nations had compacted themselves slowly, each with its own tongue: they asserted their independence; they warred with one another; and yet the Latin language, no longer native to any one of them, was the sole means by which they communicated with one another. Latin long sufficed even for their men of letters; as Lowell reminds us, "Till Dante's time the Italian poets thought no language good enough to put their nothings into but Latin,—and indeed a dead tongue was the best for dead thoughts,—but Dante found the common speech of Florence, in which men bargained and scolded and made love, good enough for him, and out of the world around him made a poem such as no Roman ever sang." A little later, Chaucer chose the common speech of London for the telling of his tales. And yet after Dante had descended into Hell, and after the Canterbury pilgrims had gone forth, Bacon put his great book into Latin, and Milton wrote not a few poems in that dead tongue. For a century after "Paradise Lost," Latin was still held to be the only fit and proper vehicle for the systems of the philosophers and for the discoveries

of the scientists. The language of Cicero lingered as the most convenient means of communication for the educated men of all countries; and yet at last the forces of nationality and race were too strong for it; and now for more than two centuries men of letters have expressed themselves in their mother-tongue, and men of science have used each his native language to set forth his contributions to the sum of human knowledge. For more than fifteen centuries Latin had been truly a world-language, only in the end to surrender its supremacy, through no fault of its own, but by sheer force of circumstance.

Then for a century there seemed to be a likelihood that the place of Latin might be taken by French. Chappuzeau, a strolling hack-writer of Paris, recorded in 1674 that in his travels in all parts of Christendom it had been easy for him to remark "that a prince then, with the sole French language, which has spread everywhere, has the same advantages as had Mithridates with twenty-two different tongues." Voltaire, in the dedicatory letter prefixed to his "Age of Louis XIV," asserted that "the French language had become almost the universal tongue"; and for this he gave credit to the Grand Monarch. Even in Germany the great Frederick preferred the more polished speech of his French enemies to his own ruder mother-tongue; and he even wrote his needless verses in French. Gibbon, whose earliest book had been composed in French, hesitated whether to choose that foreign idiom or his own native speech as the language in which to write his history of Rome, the first volume of which appeared in the very year when those who had English for a mother-tongue were separated into two nations. As late as 1783 the Academy of Berlin proposed as

a subject for a prize essay, "The Universality of the French Language"; and the reward was won by the brilliant Rivarol, who discussed first the reasons why his own language was generally accepted, and then inquired whether the language merited this, and whether it would preserve its dominant position.

There is no doubt that the French language is well adapted for general use. It has exceeding clarity and precision and point; it has inherited many of the best qualities of the Latin it bade fair to supersede. But it has failed to retain its apparent universality. Within a century after Voltaire and Frederick, after Gibbon and Rivarol, French had lost a large part of its preëminence. This was through no failing of the language itself, since its merits remained what they had been. The spread of a language and its general acceptance depend very little upon its own qualities, and very largely upon the qualities of the race that has it for a mother-tongue, and upon the commanding position this race holds in the struggle for economic mastery.

Before the first quarter of the nineteenth century was past, it began to be seen that the French nation did not bulk as big in the eyes of the other peoples as it had done a hundred years earlier; and by the end of the last quarter it was obvious that the French had ceased to expand, and that the German Empire was more powerful,—the Russian Empire also,—while the greatest development had taken place in the two branches of the English-speaking race, the British Empire and the United States. The facility and the felicity of the French language, the range and the weight of French literature, might for a little postpone the inevitable; but the universality of the French language had ceased to be a fact. Even while Voltaire and Frederick, Gibbon and Rivarol, were still alive, the French had let India and Canada slip from their hands; and thereafter their language could no longer make good its claim to universal acceptance. For a brief space only—for perhaps a century—French had seemed about to take the place of Latin as a world-language. This hope has now long since departed. French may still be the second language of most educated men in the United States and in

Great Britain, and for a little longer it may retain this position, because the rich treasury of French literature amply rewards every one for the labor needed to acquire the key that unlocks it. Yet even in the English-speaking world French is being hard-pushed by German, which is more valuable commercially, and in Italy there are beginning to be signs that French is barely holding its own against English.

Beyond all question this failure of French to establish itself as a world-language in succession to Latin is a misfortune. It is a misfortune not only to the French themselves, but also to the Germans, and to us who speak English. The advantages of a world-language are indisputable. Without it every man must be content to express himself in his own tongue; and every man who needs to know what has been said upon the subject in which he is specially interested must of necessity master half a dozen other languages. And this is the disadvantage of the individual only; even more far-reaching and significant are the disadvantages of the several communities each of which has only the speech of its own stock. In the absence of a common tongue they may fail to understand one another; and misunderstandings may lead to bickerings, and bickerings may bring them to open strife. When we see how much easier it is for the British and the Americans to understand each other than it is for the French and the Germans, we perceive at once how much the existence of a world-language would make for peace. So long as French held its vogue, even if that vogue was not complete, it served as a national speech for the French themselves, and it was also the second language of all educated men, in which they could communicate without constraint, although each of them reserved his own mother-tongue for all the ordinary uses of life and for self-expression in literature.

There is no longer any probability that any one of the leading languages will drive out any of the others. Is there any possibility that any one of them can succeed to the position of French as the second language of all educated men? Or is there any possibility of the world-wide acceptance of some artificial language

which will arouse no international jealousy and which all races will acquire as the best medium for communication with one another?

Of these artificial languages there is no lack; Volapük had a fleeting vogue a few years ago, and Esperanto to-day has many advocates. These hand-made idioms appeal strongly to many who feel the need of a world-language, and who fear the impossibility of the general adoption of any one of the national tongues. Many there are who find themselves forced to consider the practicability of one or another of the artificial languages. So urgent is the question in their minds that they have established a "Delegation for the Choice of an International Language." Adhesions to this delegation have been received from two or three hundred organizations of one kind or another—academies, chambers of commerce, scientific societies, and the like. The delegation has been hailed as "a perfectly practical solution of something about which many have dreamed to no purpose."

A student of history may be permitted to doubt whether the recommendation of any delegation will really bring us nearer to a practical solution. Hitherto large bodies of men have never been willing to take the trouble to acquire a language merely for its own sake. A language without a literature is sadly handicapped, and no artificial language is ever likely to have a literature of its own. Poetry especially must be sustained by emotion; and genuine emotion expresses itself inevitably in the mother-tongue. The Latin poems of Petrarch and Milton are pitifully inferior in all that takes poetry home to the hearts of men. Even a great poet is not likely to write great poetry in any language in which he has not "bargained and scolded and made love"; and the greatest poetry is likely to be very close to the common speech, and to choose for its use the words of the hearth and of the marketplace. Will anybody ever use any invented dialect by the fireside and when he goes courting? Will children baby-talk in any book-made vocabulary? Will any mother croon a lullaby over her cradled child in Esperanto or in any of its rivals? Will schoolmasters throughout

the world combine to instruct youth in a language without a past and with only a doubtful future? And can any language made to order in the study ever possess the vigor and the variety of a language which has been evolved slowly through the ages in response to the needs of men—a tool shaping itself slowly to the hand that wields it?

It needs to be said also that even if any artificial language had all the merits claimed for it by its inventors, we should be justified in doubting whether it had any real prospect of expansion and adoption. For not by its own merits does a language prosper and extend its domain, but by the merits of the stock that speaks it. The swords of the Roman legions and the prowess of the Roman proconsuls carried Latin from the Pillars of Hercules to the cataracts of the Nile, and not the noble dignity of the Ciceronian syntax. The swift courage of great generals and the wily intrigues of adroit diplomatists pushed French into the foremost place, and not the ease and clarity of Molière's sentences. The fate of French, like the fate of Latin, was wholly independent of the specific qualities of that speech.

"A language cannot be made either to improve or degenerate of itself," said Professor Lounsbury at the Congress of Arts and Sciences held at St. Louis to commemorate the centenary of the yielding up by the French of that Mississippi valley they had once taken for their own. A language is "nothing but the reflex of the spirit and aims of the men who employ it, and it will rise or fall in accordance with their intellectual and moral condition. Its continued existence, therefore, depends solely upon the fact whether the men to whom it is an inheritance are cultivated enough to enrich its literature, virtuous enough to elevate and maintain its character, and strong enough to uphold and extend its sway." And Professor Lounsbury adds a further suggestion of high significance: "It is a question whether under modern conditions any language can be sure of continued existence which does not have behind it the support of a great nationality." If this may be said about a living speech, born on the lips of men, a mother-tongue first lisped at a mother's knee,

what chance is there for an artificial language, put together in a library, bare of all literature, and borne up by no nationality whatever?

In Du Bellay's "Defence and Illustration of the French Language," the poet declared loftily that "the same natural law which commands each of us to defend the place of his birth, obliges us also to guard the dignity of our tongue." But who will ever care to guard the dignity of any of these machine-made languages? Who will ever feel the words of these manufactured vocabularies rising to his lips involuntarily in the hour of need? When the laws of a powerful nation begin to be written in one of these contrived dialects, when its dictionary and its grammar serve satisfactorily for the customary ritual of marriages and of funerals, when countless children cry aloud in the night and use its words to call their mothers, when the thousands of sailors of a mighty fleet and the hundreds of thousands of soldiers in a mighty army speak it in the heat of battle, then and then only may the advocates of that artificial language begin to take hope. Then and then only may they feel justified in looking forward with confidence. And until then the rest of us can go about our daily duties disregarding their assertions and their appeals. To say this is not to deny that one or another of these artificial tongues might not serve certain of the humbler purposes of commerce, and that some men may use it for bargaining, even if they do not feel it fit for love-making.

But the need for a world-language is as obvious as ever, even if the futility of any artificial tongue is equally evident. And if the coming world-language cannot be made artificially, it must be one of the existing tongues already spoken by millions of people. A world-language may be only a dream; but it may be a reality of the future. And if the coming generations are to be possessed of this inestimable boon, which of the living tongues will achieve this general acceptance? It is easy to put the question; and it is impossible to give the answer. Yet it is not difficult to point out certain probabilities. We may dismiss French at the start; it has had its chance, and lost it. We may regret the fact, but we can-

not deny it. The French have been beaten in the race for expansion by those who speak German, and by us who speak English. There soon will be twice as many men and women having German for a mother-tongue as now have French for their native speech. There are already almost three times as many who have English for a mother-tongue as now have French for their native speech.

The possibilities of growth and expansion still lie boundless before the English tongue. It has already the support not of one great nationality only, but of two. It is spoken by more people than speak its two chief rivals; and its rate of increase is more rapid than either of theirs. The two nations who claim English as their birthright are at least as abundant in energy, in enterprise, and in determination as the members of any other race. It possesses a splendid literature, holding its own in comparison with Greek and with French, lacking certain of their characteristics, no doubt, but making up for these by qualities of its own with which they are less richly endowed. This literature reveals no hint of decay or decadence. In the nineteenth century the British branch of it can withstand comparison with the French literature of the same period, while the American branch can hardly be held inferior to the German literature contemporary with it. Already is English appealing to certain authors of the smaller races,—for example, Maarten Maartens, the Dutchman; and Joseph Conrad, the Pole,—who have chosen it as the vehicle of their literature in preference to their own native idioms of narrower appeal, just as Antony Hamilton and Grimm and Galiani formerly preferred French. It seems to be about to enter on the favored fortune predicted for it early in the nineteenth century by Jacob Grimm, who declared that English has "a just claim to be called a language of the world; and it appears to be destined, like the English race, to a higher and broader sway in all quarters of the earth."

Jacob Grimm was a large-hearted and open-minded man. He stands in marked contrast to another German who is now domiciled in New England, and who seems to fear that the acceptance of a world-language would crowd out the na-

tional tongues and force an abandonment of the native speech, such as the Russians have attempted in Poland and in Finland. He has been moved to assert that "the acceptance of any language, were it English or French or Spanish, German or Dutch, Russian or Japanese, would immediately not only crush the pride of the other nations, but would give to the favored people such an enormous advantage in the control of the political world, and such immeasurable preference in the world's markets, that no healthy nation would consent to it before its downfall." This might be an important statement if, by the acceptance of one tongue as a world-language, we mean only the enforced or recognized adoption of that speech. But no one has been so foolish as to suggest anything of the sort.

A century ago French was almost accepted as a world-language because it had become the second language of every educated man, and because a book in French was accessible to all men of education everywhere. To predict the possible acceptance of English as a world-language means no more than this: that English may in time become the second language of all educated men everywhere, whether their native speech is French or German, Spanish or Italian, Russian or Japanese.

If this shall come to pass, it will need no national edict; it will not have to be registered by any national decree; and it can be delayed by no national pride, for it will have been brought about by sheer force of circumstances, by the march of events, against which emperors are powerless even to protest. Whether any one of the living tongues is ever to win acceptance as the second language of educated men, as the highly desirable world-language of international communication, can be decided only by time, and no man may lift the veil of the future. But if any one of the living tongues is to achieve this distinction and to serve this useful purpose, that tongue is most likely to be English. We who speak English may be eager to help in bringing this about and to hasten it; but we can do little or nothing. Those who speak rival tongues may be determined to prevent the spread of our speech; but they will have little ability even to delay it. If it should come to

pass, this will be only because the acceptance of English is inevitable.

If English should take this commanding position, it would not be because of the merits of the language itself; and yet the language happens to be well fitted for the duties which seem to lie before it. Indeed, English is quite as well qualified to serve as a world-language as Latin or French. Of course it lacks certain of the special advantages of each of these two vigorous tongues; but it has also special advantages of its own. Perhaps the most obvious of these advantages is the surpassing wealth of its double vocabulary. To quote again from Jacob Grimm, the perfected development of English "issued from a marvelous union of the two noblest tongues of Europe, the Germanic and the Romanic." And Grimm also asserted that "in richness, in compact adjustment of parts, and in pure intelligence, none of the living languages can be compared with it,—not even our own German, which must cast off many imperfections before it can boldly enter on its career."

It must be noted also that the varied vocabulary of English, partly Teutonic and partly Romance, is likely to be nourished and refreshed in the future, in consequence of the scattering of the English-speaking race on all the shores of all the seven seas, whereby new and expressive words, as well as terse vernacular phrases, are constantly called into existence to meet unexpected needs, the best of these being sooner or later lifted into the statelier speech of literature. It is not a danger to the future of the English language, but a positive gain that there are in existence hosts of Americanisms and Briticisms, even of Canadianisms and Australianisms, serving temporary and local uses in current speech, but all of them ready for a larger utility whenever the loftier English of the library has need for just these sturdy terms. The outposts of Anglo-Saxon peoples are proving-grounds for the seedlings of English speech. And English has thus an advantage denied, so far at least, to any other language.

Yet another advantage English has over all its rivals modern and ancient. It has shed the primitive complexities of syntax, which still cumber most of the

other living languages, and more especially German. English is almost a grammarless tongue. The genders of English nouns are the natural genders of the things they name, whereas in French, for example, the sun is masculine and the moon feminine, while in German the sun is feminine and the moon masculine. In German a maiden is absurdly neuter. Moreover, nouns in English are not declined, and adjectives do not have to shift their terminations to accord with case and gender. And in English, once more, verbs are conjugated in the simplest fashion by means of uniform auxiliaries. Although scholars of an older generation, like Professor Goldwin Smith, may lament this "lack of the power of declension and conjugation," linguistic students of the younger school—Professor Jespersen of Copenhagen for one—see a long step forward in this simplification of the machinery of communication. They declare that English is thus revealed as the most advanced of all languages. Probably it was this characteristic of our speech that Grimm had in mind when he declared English to be unrivaled "in compact adjustment of parts and in pure intelligence." Just as the steam-engine of to-day has been simplified by the omission of useless parts, and just as all other machines have been reduced to their necessary elements, so the English language, the verbal machine of a practical race, has got rid of the manifold grammatical intricacies it found it could do without.

In one respect, and in one respect only, is English inferior to the other modern languages. Its spelling is still barbarously complex. Its orthography is il-

logical and chaotic. It is the easiest of languages to learn by word of mouth; and it is the hardest of languages to acquire from the printed page. The spelling of Italian and the spelling of Spanish present no difficulties to the child or to the foreigner. The spelling of French and the spelling of German cannot be so highly commended; but their condition is far better than the condition of English; and both in France and in Germany action has already been taken to improve the national orthography, to reduce it to rule, to increase the analogies and to omit the useless letters which merely distend certain words. The two peoples who speak English like to regard themselves as eminently practical; and now that the example has been set by their two chief commercial rivals, perhaps they may be aroused from their inertia. There are welcome signs of late that the question is beginning to awaken public interest. It is satisfactory to know that almost all of those whose special studies have qualified them for judgment are united in believing that there is need for prompt action if our noble tongue is to be kept fit for service in the splendid future which seems now to lie open before it.

But the simplifying of English spelling in the future, like the simplifying of English syntax in the past, will not suffice to bring about the acceptance of our speech as the second language of every educated man. That can be accomplished only by forces other than those affecting the language itself. In fact, it will come, if ever it is to come, simply because it had to be in the inevitable march of events.



A PROPHET IN HIS COUNTRY

BY EDNA KENTON

Author of "Clem"

IT was even as the neighbors and their neighbors and the ever-widening circle of Doverton inhabitants surmised: Katie Cameron had found the old Cameron home "unendurable," and had sent on to New York for her own furniture. She herself confirmed it, one week after she had taken up her quarters at the Grand Hotel, and she added that she hoped the storage people would quickly send it out, as she found the hotel "unendurable." It was hardly wise of Katie Cameron, and it was ignorant erring, for she had honestly intended to combine the cunning of the serpent with the tact of Mephisto and the general sweetness of the cooing dove, hoping thereby to escape further addition to the stigma which she was well aware had attached to her in Doverton ever since her first book was published, and which had increased in weight and shadow from the time of her eastward flight. For she should have remembered that the Grand Hotel was the accepted scene for the revels of the Thackeray Dancing Club and the Monday Night Dancing Club, and was in other ways a source of innocent pride to the town's residents.

But, for a full week after her return to her native town, Katie Cameron was singularly obtuse. Obtuse, that is, for a young woman who had spent the first eighteen years of her life there, and who had been away from its somewhat restrictive environment for only ten years. For instance, it was a full week before she discovered that she had offended mortally some dozen old family friends by not having gone direct to their homes, after her one uncomfortable night passed under the "unendurable" Cameron roof.

"But, Mrs. Unseld," she cried in dis-

mayed defense against the tall, severe woman who, with her daughter Elsie, had called, and was sitting opposite her, surveying the extravagance of a sitting-room with cold eyes. "It really is n't much, out here. It never *occurred* to me to bother any one. I really don't indulge in second-floor suites in New York and Washington; but the bedrooms here are so stuffy, and I came away from town and out here primarily for air, you know."

"I never thought your mother's daughter would ever feel it necessary to go to a hotel as long as I am here," Mrs. Unseld remarked for the fourth time. "And as for Elsie, I'm sure she won't get over it very soon."

"No, indeed," Elsie murmured, and Katie Cameron reflected that cattiness was still Elsie's predominating trait. "And I'm very sure that all the traveling gentlemen say the Grand Hotel is *fine*, Katie." At Miss Cameron's involuntary uplift of brow, Elsie glanced deprecatingly at her mother. "I forgot," she murmured hurriedly. "I told mama before you came in that we must remember to call you Catherine now—you sign all your books that way. It seems *very* queer that you write, especially when I remember how you used to fail so many times in our English work at college."

"I remember," said Catherine Cameron, lightly. "I always gave up when Miss Meakes gave us our choice between themes on 'Life's Sacrifice' and 'Grant's Generalship.' How is the old college getting along, Elsie?"

"Very nicely," Elsie's mother answered for her. "Almost all the old professors are still here, which will make it seem very homelike for you, Katie. Elsie

will come by for you some morning, and you must go with her to chapel. She goes very often; she is secretary of the Dover Alumni Association now, you know. Yes, I remember very well when Elsie used to get 9.8 in her English theme work, and you would get only 6.5 or 7.2. It does seem, if *grades* count for anything, that Elsie should have been the writer. But Elsie never cared for *fame*. And I should never consent to her having her pictures in the papers and the magazines."

"I should think it would seem *very* queer—to see yourself in the magazines—your pictures, I mean. I don't think I could *ever* get used to it," Elsie murmured. "Yes, I'll be glad to come by for you Thursday morning, Katie, and take you to chapel exercises. They give half an hour to the services Thursdays, you remember, and I'm sure Miss Meakes and Dr. Thorne, and Professor Arnold, and all the rest, will be *very* glad to see you."

"I hope so," laughed Miss Cameron. "I remember they were glad enough to see me go."

Mrs. Unseld straightened her flat figure involuntarily. "Well, Katie,—I hope you don't *mind* being called Katie, because I can never call you anything else, and it does seem queer that Kate is n't good enough for a writer's name,—I must say, since you mention it, that Dover College will *never* get over your taking a degree from Smith, with just two years' work there, when with just one year more you could have taken your Dover degree, *if* you would. And never to *mention* Dover, as long as the papers were really writing about you, and to give all the credit to Smith, when most of your English training you must have got at Dover—of course they *felt* it. Elsie did her best for you, trying to explain; but even Elsie's friendship could hardly explain *everything*—especially when Elsie herself is the *soul* of loyalty."

Catherine Cameron laughed. "Of course degrees are n't everything in life," she said carelessly; "but it's an undebatable statement that a Smith degree means more than a Dover parchment, and none of it matters now, any way. I'll go with you Thursday, Elsie, and you'd better come by here for me. I'm quite

sure my furniture won't have come by then."

"Then you *have* sent for your furniture?" Mrs. Unseld asked with heavy emphasis, and received fateful confirmation of the rumor which had been flying. "And that means that you will make your home for the future in Doverton? No? Only six or eight months! Well, doubtless you know your own affairs, Katie, but one would think that you might put up with your aunt's furniture that long. Why, a great deal of Doverton furniture is horse-hair; and if you don't like it, it can be covered. Mrs. McDavid tacked on some red rep herself—her lounge looks very cheerful. Oh, I dare say you've grown notionate; but if you need any help that I can give, Katie, I shall take it very hard if you don't let me know. Of course it's been a good many years since your mother died, but I want to do anything I can for her daughter."

"That is so good of you," said Catherine, with quick appreciation. "And I promise you I shall."

As they were making their final adieus, Mrs. Unseld turned back with a touch of embarrassment. "I suppose you'll—write, Katie," she said jerkily, "while you're here?"

"Oh, yes," Catherine replied carelessly. "I've been a city-dweller so long that I need another atmosphere. I can see clearer both ways then."

As the two callers went down the violently crimson hall, Elsie commented complacently to her mother.

"It sounds *dreadfully* affected in Katie Cameron to be talking about *atmosphere*. They say all artists and literary people talk that way now. I suppose she thinks she is one. You did n't say a word about her last book, mother!"

Mrs. Unseld replied vigorously: "I know I did n't, but I shall. I want to be alone with her when I tell her what I think about it. I think it is a *shame* for Kate Cameron's daughter to write such a thing—a young girl, and *unmarried*! She can't have any idea of what she writes about. But, then, her mother died when she was sixteen, and she would n't stay with her aunt after she was of age; so the poor child is to be pitied."

"I saw her type-writer on a table, right out for everybody to see. It seemed so—

ostentatious," Elsie said. "I wonder if she really *does* write everything on it, or just copies. Blanche McDavid said she heard she uses a type-writer as fast as a real type-writer-girl. It seems awfully—queer."

"Anybody would think, her being a writer, that she 'd use pen and ink," agreed her mother. "It certainly sounds more ladylike. But Katie looks at a great many things very differently now; one can see that plainly."

"Do you remember that expression she used," asked Elsie, delicately, speaking with a tongue all but gloved—"as green as absinthe? Of course she may have just picked it up from Marie Corelli's 'Wormwood,' but it *sounded* as if she *knew*! Why, I should be frightened to death to taste it, even, after that book. It reads as if one could get the habit *instantly*."

Meantime "Katie" Cameron, in her sitting-room, wrestled with mixed emotions; and of these, bewilderment was uppermost. Was this Doverton, where one's most casual remarks were picked bare for hidden meanings, and where people were sensitive-plants, becoming really "hurt" over trivial ignorings! Where one felt almost apologetic over deeds out of the Doverton ordinary, and found one's self explaining involuntarily the sources of one's actions! But it was good of Mrs. Unsel, with all her peculiarities, to remember her mother so loyally. At the word, Catherine remembered Elsie—the soul of loyalty, indeed! A little cat, rather. She could imagine precisely the sort of defense Elsie would put up for her, "Katie" Cameron, at any time! Then she laughed at some memories of the call, and went down Main Street to Foster & Smith's for some burlap. The walls of the old home were impossible, but burlap was easily put on, and stenciling was always fun. It would serve to while away the time until her furniture came.

And so it came about that it was at the old Cameron home where Elsie Unsel found her on Thursday morning. Catherine had left word with the hotel clerk to send Miss Unsel on down College Avenue, and, once absorbed in measurements and cuttings, promptly forgot all about chapel, and was sitting on a sea

of burlap when Elsie walked in upon her.

"Whatever *are* you doing, Katie?" The tone was politely curious and disapproving. Catherine explained joyously.

"And so I got *yards*," she finished exultantly, "ridiculously cheap! Enough to do the hall and these two rooms. I'm going to turn the back parlor into a dining-room, and make the hall my reception-room, and do over one room upstairs, and live in the four rooms and the kitchen."

"*But common burlap!*" Elsie italicized beyond her usual degree. "Reeves Brothers do *very* reasonable papering, Katie. I would have told you, if you 'd only asked me, and they have *beautiful* new flower designs. I know you 'd be better pleased. This color's *horrid!*"

"Why, it's beautiful!" Catherine cried. "A perfect grayish, greenish brown—the greatest piece of luck I ever happened on. Up and down New York I've gone for this tone—and find it here in Doverton, going to seed. Must we go? Do sit down and help me plan it out, and put in the morning. There'll be plenty of other Thursdays."

"Oh, but, Katie," Elsie protested primly, "everybody is expecting you. They've all heard you're coming, and I'm sure it will be very much better, for your own sake, to go."

"Oh, well," sighed Catherine, rolling down her shirtwaist sleeves resignedly—sleeves which Elsie regarded with some dubiousness.

"They're cut just like a boy's shirt, are n't they?" she remarked.

Catherine nodded. "I paid a frightful price to Le Compte & Rogette for my first one," she confided; "but they are the only people in New York who make these shirtwaists just right. Then I put in two days ripping it up, and getting a pattern from it for my pet sewing-woman, and she's made me dozens since. This happens to be the old original."

"Do you mind how much—" Elsie hesitated. "*Thirty-five dollars!* Why, *Katie Cameron!* For *that* pattern!"

"Oh, it paid," Catherine rejoined lightly. "For all my others are just right, and Miss Reed can get them up for me for just a few dollars. By the way,

Elsie," she added quickly, a memory of old-time chapels coming back to her, when homing alumni perched again upon the old rostrum roost, "I never make speeches; and if there 's any sort of arrangement—" She stopped at Elsie's delicate flush. "What is it?" she demanded sharply.

"I suppose it 's my duty to tell you," Elsie began primly, "but I 'm very sure Dr. Thorne won't ask you for a speech, considering—well, I 'm sorry to be the first to tell you, but Miss Meakes forbade any of the dorm girls to read your last book, Katie,—I 'm awfully sorry,—and would n't have it in the hall or the library. I don't know what she would have done if it had been published serially in any of the magazines the college takes; but, you see—"

She stopped as Catherine's laugh pealed out,—a laugh restrained for one long week,—and she looked almost anxiously upon the figure rocking on the floor, with an anxiety which turned speedily into offended dignity.

"All Doverton says it is perfectly terrible, Katie," she persisted, with stiffness and appalling frankness. "Mother was intending to speak to you about it—alone—the next time she saw you. People here can't possibly *understand* how you can write about—such things, when you come of such a nice family. I don't care, Katie, you may shriek all you wish, but the woman in that book was *disreputable*, and your very best friends were perfectly shocked, especially as you make her out a really nice woman, after all."

"She is, she is!" Catherine protested weakly. "Oh, Elsie, Elsie, she is! I know her."

"You know her!" Elsie whispered. "A woman who sinned!"

"Yes; why not?" Catherine demanded crisply. Laughter still lurked in her eyes and about her lips, but the paroxysm was over. "Oh, it 's not her story; but she was the direct inspiration, and she 's really a nice woman, I give you my word of honor, Elsie. Oh, this is humiliating! Why, Elsie, that book made me, brought me my greatest honors, my editorial position, has established me definitely. You little innocent, you don't know a thing about it; so what 's the use of talking!

But, Elsie, don't you call this a college going back on a student?"

"Well, of course," said Elsie, a little stiffly, "you had been disloyal first."

"I see," said Catherine, and laughed again. "Well, come along. We 'll go down."

She sat again under the familiar gallery, facing the familiar rostrum. The ten years were as if they were not. Dr. Thorne was unchanged. Professor Arnold was, indeed, some seventy pounds heavier; but the familiar coldness of his eye, its stationary gray, and its mackerel-like fixity, wiped out the difference his increased avoirdupois might have made. The number of the hymn startled her,—383,—why she did not know until the hands of the head of the musical conservatory dropped heavily on the piano in the opening chords of "Holy, Holy, Holy," as they had dropped ten thousand times ten years before.

After the services they straggled up to her, with formality and uncertainty apparent in every eye and hand. The formality denoted strictly their attitude toward her, fixed as the North Star; the uncertainty rose solely from an apprehension that such attitude was unknown to her. Atmospherically it amounted to excommunication.

Catherine refused Elsie's invitation for dinner,—Doverton dined at noon,—and left her on the Chestnut Street corner, aware that Elsie was torn between two horns, one a legitimate apprehension against being classed as the intimate friend of the author of "The Path of Dalliance," and the other a swelling pride at being the official escort of Doverton's only writer—"Doverton's product," as the Doverton "Times-Herald" had named her in calling local attention to a serial tale of hers which was just beginning in the current number of the "Millennial Magazine." Instead, she went back to the old Cameron home, where she lunched on crackers and cheese purchased at a corner grocery, and worked all afternoon on her bur-lapped walls.

"I am really almost a famous woman," she mused frankly over her tacks and hammer. "For a woman under thirty I 've really accomplished a lot of work. There is n't an editor or a magazine publisher or a book firm in all the East who

does n't know me. I'm on all the lists of prominent authors, and on the editorial staff of the 'Millennial.' And I come back here to Doverton, a town with a college in it and a public library and ten woman's clubs, and I'm no longer Catherine Cameron, but only little 'Katie' to the whole town, simply because they all knew me when I was stubbing my bare toes on loose planks, and had n't a front tooth to my name. An object of awed commiseration to the whole town because I'm on Dover's Expurgatorius list! And in two days, thanks to Elsie Unseld, I'll be an object of unholy suspicion because I know a woman who is like 'Sara' in 'The Path of Dalliance'! And be looked on as a possible lunatic because I paid thirty-five dollars for this shirtwaist! Well, in the circumstances, at the time I bought it, I'd be willing to grant that freely. 'Katie' Cameron, you must hold your tongue, if you can. And I came down here to be free as the air, because I was honestly sort of homesick for 'home'!"

During the next three weeks, effusively, primly, dutifully, inquisitively, all Doverton called on her, and all Doverton virtually she received in a torn-up hall, or the living-room, as she persisted in calling the erstwhile Cameron best parlor, without apology, and almost always in the now famous thirty-five dollar shirtwaist or its replicas.

"I'm taking my time," she explained cheerily to all callers. "Yes, that's my furniture. Yes, on the order of 'mission'; crafts furniture I call it, though. I had it sent on from my Long Island place. Yes, a tiny little place I got ridiculously cheap, and took as an investment, only to get so fond of it that I think I'll keep it forever. No, not all my furniture is this sort. Yes, all my farm furniture is; but my New York furniture is Sheraton that I've been picking up for five years. I'm going to take a piece or two back with me from here, but most of this is walnut in the most hideous sort of style, marble-topped and all that. Yes, burlap. Don't you! Oh, you can't get the effect now—it takes time to settle. Yes, I expect to write some during the next six months." And so on and on and on!

Once fairly in order, she disposed for

the nonce of calls by inviting all her old friends to afternoon tea in her two one-time parlors, now living-room and dining-room, and in her hall, which was her reception-room without having been in any Doverton home but the Unseld residence, depriving herself thereby of any comprehension whatever of the sensations of Doverton society as it stepped gingerly within her burlapped, strikingly stenciled, crafts-furnished rooms. Against the walls of her living-room were hung two or three Japanese prints, and as few pen-and-ink drawings adorned the dining-room, while four sepia affairs were placed in the hall. The articles of furniture comprised the needful things, and the rest was generous spacings. It was all very simple and in perfect taste, but Doverton came and looked, and saw not the inner message, but only the outer seeming, and departed for intimate converse. And the text thereof was one of Katie Cameron's remarks: "I can't endure to live in rooms that are unbeautiful." Doverton honestly wondered, and openly scoffed.

Only when she made her round of return calls did she gain a faint idea of what Doverton was thinking, and that was purely by reasoning from the general to the particular. On every afternoon of the four afternoons it took to complete them she returned to her own restful abode and sat down to sigh. It seemed to her that every parlor ran to red paper, heavily embossed and largely patterned, or to greens equally unquiet. A sprawling grape-arbor design in purples and greens and buffs seemed the Doverton ideal for a tasteful dining-room. Dropsical sofa-pillows in painted bolting-cloth over satins seemed as near as Doverton approached to William Morris's ideals. Mrs. McDavid had forty-one framed pictures on one side wall. She counted them one afternoon while she waited for Mrs. McDavid to make an elaborate toilet, that thirty minutes of delay being her first light on the social crime she must have committed in receiving people as she was. "Well, it cost thirty-five dollars, anyway," she said in self-justification, counting the pictures mechanically, while the other side of her brain grasped her social sin, and she grinned joyously as Elsie's comment came back to her: "For *that* pattern!"

It was Blanche McDavid who excelled in confused apology for not having read "The Path of Dalliance." "Mama says I must not; but I intend to, Katie," she said bravely. "Because I always did like you at school, and I 'm sure it is n't nearly so bad as they say it is. I would have read it before, but Annie Morrison promised me her copy; only she promised it to so many that I 've had to wait. Did you know that your book had a very good sale here, considering that Mr. Fulton said he would n't keep it in his stock? He thinks it 's very immoral, and being a deacon, you know, of course he felt that he ought not. But he simply had to order seven copies,—he told mama so himself,—and of course people have lent, so that a good many have read it, and I intend to." And Catherine, reflecting that Blanche was all of thirty years of age, could not but be flattered at the courage the blonde little friend of her school days displayed.

She sat down one evening, six months after her arrival in Doverton, resolved to achieve "Chapter X" before she slept. But ideas lagged sluggishly, and finally she pushed her pile of virgin paper away. "It 's making me humble," she said. "This town is so firmly convinced that I have no sense that I 'm beginning to believe it. This whole town—all but Blanche."

She twisted her large chrysoprasing about her slim, brown finger, and smiled down at it. Elsie Unseld considered it very cheap-looking; it was so *queer* to have it set in silver instead of gold, and such tarnished, dirty-looking silver at that. Had Katie ever tried Dim-not Polish? It was very good for silver stains. Elsie also disapproved of Katie's silver combs, set with chrysoprases. Gold would be, of course, much more expensive, but it did seem worth it, *if* one really liked such queer green stones.

She was thinking gratefully of Blanche, who had come in only that afternoon, with cheeks which alternately flushed and paled. "I hope you 'll forgive me, Katie, beforehand," she said earnestly, "but Elsie Unseld is telling it about that you know—that you are really a personal friend of a woman who—well, is like 'Sara' in your book."

"Yes," said Catherine, and Blanche

gasped with the cold-douche shock of definite affirmation; but rallied courageously.

"You *do*!" she breathed. "Then, Katie, would you mind—telling me honestly what you really think—of her? Because I want to know. And I promise you solemnly that, whatever you say, I shall not betray you."

Catherine had smiled, and then had sobered repentantly. However gropingly uncomprehending it might be, this was the first note of real sympathy she had heard since she came to Doverton, and she found that she was hungry for it. Of them all, Blanche McDavid, little feather-head that she had been at school, and sweet little nonentity which her masterful mother had kept her all her life—of them all Blanche had not condemned unheard.

"I intend now to tell mama that I have read it," Blanche had said firmly, at the close of the afternoon. "And I shall insist on her reading it, and I shall explain some of it to her, and make her understand some things better."

Although Catherine smiled to-night over the memories of the afternoon, she felt depressed, nevertheless; so much so that, after half an hour of restless musing, she fairly welcomed the advent of Elsie Unseld, close wrapped against the March wind.

"I just ran in," Elsie began explanatorily, "to tell you, Katie, that I am very glad I was able to persuade Dr. Thorne that you should have an invitation to the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Dover College. Of course the tickets to the banquet are limited, and you are not really a graduate, and have never paid any attention to requests for gifts to the gymnasium or science funds; but I made it a personal matter, and finally Dr. Thorne said yes."

"But I don't know anything about this, Elsie," said Catherine. Elsie opened her eyes.

"Now, that is just like you, Katie. You seem to read no newspapers but those New York ones. The Doverton papers have told all about it. There are to be a great many famous men and women here, and I knew you 'd enjoy meeting them, and I made up my mind you should. In a sense we feel, mother and I, that you

are our guest, even though you act so strangely about things; and I put it that way at last to Dr. Thorne and Miss Meakes—the committee.”

Catherine glanced over the invitation; then she laid it down. “I can’t go, Elsie. That is grand-opera week in Chicago, and I am faint for want of some music; and since grand opera lasts one week in Chicago, it’s then or never. No, I can’t go.”

“Now, Katie!” Elsie protested. “The banquet is Tuesday night, and you can very well get grand opera enough during the rest of the week. And I want you very much to go to the banquet, and I want you to wear publicly that lace dress of yours, *very* much. I suppose I ought not to tell you, but people are talking a good deal. Of course you have told about your Long Island place, and of course I know how really expensive these shirtwaists you wear all the time are. But you won’t mind my saying they don’t really look it, and here people do dress a good deal. I have heard a great many people wonder if you really do make as much money as some things sound like. Nothing really *looks* it, though you speak of this sort of furniture costing a good deal, and the Japanese prints. But that lace dress *does*, and I want you very much to wear it for your own sake, for that way a great many people will see it.”

“Who are coming?” Catherine asked idly, and listened with steadily growing wonder to the list of celebrities, some of them greater than Elsie knew. At the last name she exploded.

“Not Eliot Macey, the *poet*!”

“Yes,” replied Elsie, placidly. “Why should n’t he come? He’s a great friend of Dr. Marshall, who’s given \$100,000 to Dover. It’s really Dr. Marshall who got so many of these people to come.”

“Yes,” mused Catherine. “I knew the explanation lay somewhere, if we could find it.”

“And Eliot Macey gives the banquet address,” Elsie purred on. “Do you know him?”

“No,” said Catherine, to the almost anxious query; “I don’t.”

“I did n’t think you would,” Elsie remarked, with maddening certainty in her voice. “He is such a very great man.”

Catherine put down a murderous im-

pulse to fling a book at her guest. Certainly her nerves were getting on edge in this simple life she was leading. She rose almost rudely.

“I’ll let you know within a week,” she said. “I’ll send to Chicago for the list of operas and singers. Forgive my seeming lack of eagerness to accept, Elsie.”

With composure she showed her ruffled guest out, and then went back to her fire-side chair, picking up a thin, dull blue volume, Eliot Macey’s latest bit of flame—his play in five acts, “The Saxons.” She smiled as she turned to her favorite passage—favorite already, though the damp of the presses was hardly off the volume. She could not miss this odd chance of meeting Eliot Macey, of hearing him, at least. She was hardly eager to meet him. So few geniuses wore well from the personal standpoint. But she must hear him.

During the next few days she collected a few back issues of the *Doverton* “Times-Herald,” and discovered that the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration was going to be an amusingly great event. How great, no one in *Doverton* realized, she was convinced. This Dr. Marshall, the “angel” millionaire, and Eliot Macey together must be responsible for the distinction which was to attend the event. Yale was to be officially represented, and Harvard; Princeton, Columbia, and Pennsylvania; Chicago University was to send an actual delegation. Smith and Vassar and Wellesley were to have their representatives there. It was an amazing aggregation of names, considering *Dover*’s status. Yet it was an old college in the new West, and it was going to be the happy occasion of a great affair, an interesting one.

For the next three weeks *Doverton* talked and read and dreamed Eliot Macey, and Catherine discovered that she, with all her opportunities for ascertaining his proper place in the literary gamut, had never known before how exceeding great he was. To *Doverton* he alone was great, and there was none beside him. The few copies of his poems in town were entirely inadequate for the demand, and so there were special meetings of the various clubs, when selections from the “Poems,” or “*Parnassus*,” or “The Queen of Sheba,” or “The Saxons,” were read amid low, rapt murmurs. It is a safe venture that not even the immortal

bard of Avon—and there were three Shakspeare clubs in Doverton—was ever so faithfully studied through his immortal works as was Eliot Macey. His pictures, clipped from the various literary magazines, adorned many a dressing- and center-table, and “rhythm” and “jambics,” and all which pertains to the art of poesy, burdened the verbal aura of Doverton’s best people.

On the night of the banquet, unheralded and unsung, Catherine Cameron meekly became “among those present.” She gowned herself in the lace dress, clasping her chrysoprase necklace of tarnished silver about her throat, and her chrysoprase bracelet of tarnished silver on her arm. It was the dress which she had worn, for the first and only time until to-night, at a dinner given for a famous English litterateur visiting for a brief space “the States,” and she smiled irrepressibly as she recalled the fact that on that night she had sat at the great man’s right hand. To-night she was an unhonored unknown. Never before had she been so grateful to the godmothers about her cradle for their gifts bestowed of a finely humorous sense. As the hour of the great fête drew nigh, she folded about her a dull-green velvet evening coat, and traversed alone, in the early shadows of the spring night, the short distance which lay between the old Cameron place and Dover College.

In the dressing-room she met Elsie and Blanche, and Elsie drew her deprecatingly aside.

“I hope you won’t mind, Katie,” she began, maddeningly explanatory as usual, “but though I tried to get you a seat at the speaker’s table, I *could* n’t. Miss Meakes would n’t *hear* to it. I tried to explain to her that you *were* a writer; but I ’m sorry to say that your last book killed you *here*, Katie. So you must n’t blame *me*. What an extravagant thing this evening coat! You can’t ever wear it out, can you? But it’s *very* pretty.”

Catherine threw it off, and touched her dark hair to smoothness, not at all disturbed by Elsie’s revelations of friendliness which proved abortive. She was not sure yet that she wished to meet Eliot Macey; she often preferred to know her favorites through their works alone.

The sparseness of first arrivals forced

her into an introduction to the guest of honor, when she went down to the parlors, but though he repeated “Miss Cameron” distinctly, she saw that it meant nothing to him; and, indeed, why should it? But she instantly discovered that he was likable, and she was very glad. When personal charm and genius could go together, she was always delighted to know it. Then, for the next miserable half-hour, she was enmeshed in a stiff little group of faculty people, and knew no more until, above the hum of the now crowded rooms, Blanche McDavid’s clear, childish voice rose distinctly:

“Oh, I ’m so glad that I happened to say it—that Catherine Cameron was here to-night. You must have met her, but names are mumbled so. Here she is, Catherine!” It was Blanche’s first evidence of extreme, inherent social tact, her voluntary omission of “Katie.”

Catherine turned to behold the guest of greatest honor before her, his hands stretched out to hers. “Catherine Cameron!” he was saying. “Catherine Cameron! Twice I’ve written you sickeningly impotent letters, trying to tell you what ‘The Path of Dalliance’ means to me. Once I almost met you, and then ran away from you, too fearful that you could n’t be as good as your books. To-night, thank Heaven! I stopped not to reason why, but came, to talk about ‘The Path of Dalliance’ face to face with you, Catherine Cameron!”

He stopped a moment to laugh with her while the various friends of “Katie” Cameron’s youth looked on appalled, and then his words ran tumultuously on:

“Why has n’t your name been on the lists of attending celebrities at this feast—you who top us all! No one has said a word about you to me, Catherine Cameron!”

“Did you never,” she murmured softly, “go back to the small Maine village which sheltered your unhallowed and unhaloed youth—to be called ‘El’ Macey? I am nothing more than ‘Katie’ here, and never shall be.”

“A child of Doverton!” exclaimed the poet, delightedly. “A prophet in his country! Yes, I know it all. This accounts, then, for meeting you here, and the incognita. Got out of the city’s hurly-burly to go yourself one better, eh?

Oh, I *was* leaving to-night, but I shall put up at your Grand Hotel, and stay over, in the hope of being asked out to the ancestral home to-morrow morning early—thanks, ten thousand times. Indeed, I shall take luncheon with you, since you are so good to suggest it. As for to-night, it is n't possible that I am *not* to take you out to dinner, since my Vassar lady professor missed her train, and is not present. It is n't possible?" he questioned, turning to the amazed and uncertain president of Dover, and there remained nothing for the dignified Dr. Thorne to do but to acquiesce in the twice-expressed desire of the speaker of the evening, and then to hurry away to break it gently to Miss Meakes that the king of the feast had personally selected his queen. And this is the true and authentic story of how Catherine Cameron, at the seventy-fifth anniversary banquet of Dover's founding, shared the seat of honor.

That fact in itself, let pass the sight of Miss Cameron's poise and superlative brilliancy, and the shock of Mr. Macey's stepping aside from his chosen subject to laud Catherine Cameron and "The Path of Dalliance" in terms which reddened her cheeks and paled Doverton's, was food enough for converse. But on the morrow it became noised about that Eliot Macey had indeed stayed over; that as early as nine-thirty in the morning he pushed open the gate of the old Cameron place. In a later neighborhood bulletin Mrs. McDavid announced that he did not emerge therefrom till late in the afternoon, and then it was only to lift his hostess into her saddle, and, swinging on to his own livery animal, to canter off with her toward the west-end pike. "Probably out to see Martin's Cave," was Mrs. McDavid's acid comment. "I wonder if he'll be back there for supper."

And later that evening, having observed, in her casual moonlight stroll past the Cameron place, the restful figure of Mr. Macey besides Catherine's fireplace, she said to her daughter:

"I wish you'd speak to Annie Morrison about lending me Katie's last book, without delay. Mrs. Unseld always goes too far. Oh, you have it up-stairs? Bring it down."

Mr. Macey remained, though inacces-

sible to Doverton's clubs, through the entire week of Chicago grand opera, which Catherine missed, a fact which Elsie Unseld pointed out faithfully, after her manner. Then he departed, and awed Doverton settled down to a lynx-like wait, relieved with spasmodic attempts to lionize the angel it had ignorantly visited, who pleasantly frustrated the most intricate plots therefore. In June it was rewarded, for in June he came again for a brief, unheralded week, and again departed. And Catherine lived serenely on in the old Cameron home, "writing," so Doverton surmised, in lieu of any light.

Doverton has not yet recovered from the "queerness" of the wedding in September, every detail of which has been told and retold a thousand times. At ten o'clock on the third morning of his third visit to Doverton, Mr. Macey was seen to enter the Presbyterian parsonage, and, in company with the Presbyterian minister, to stroll down College Avenue to the court house, where he took out a license to wed. About that same hour Catherine personally called up a few old family friends by telephone, who gasped, and accepted without exception for noon, at which hour Mr. Macey and the clergyman came together up the walk of the Cameron homestead. In defiance of all rules known to Doverton for the proper conduct of brides and weddings, Catherine met them in person at the door, and the reading of the marriage service was a matter of the next few minutes. There was some simple punch, which Doverton tasted tentatively, and then a quiet departure on the two o'clock train for the poet's summer home in Canada. The farewells were many, and, on the whole, heartfelt; but Elsie Unseld, as might have been looked for, had the last word.

"I suppose it was quite a change, Katie," she said smugly, "coming out here from New York. But since you'll always have this to remember, that this was the only way you met Mr. Macey, you won't think any the less of Doverton. And I'm sure,"—patronage leaped out unrestrained,—"you must have found lots of what you literary people call 'material' here, to use some time." At Catherine's laugh she brindled. "I'm sure that's what you call it," she said.

But Catherine's eyes, resting on Mrs.

Unself, self-appointed but faithful representative of Kate Cameron, dead these twelve years, at Kate's daughter's wedding, softened. Her laugh, as she turned back to Elsie, was of different note.

"Plenty of material, Elsie," she said lightly; "but not a thing that I can use."

No one spoke until Doverton's best carriage turned down Chestnut Street toward the station. Then, as Mrs. Un-

seld bustled into the house to begin her self-demanded task of packing the crafts furniture for Eastern shipment, Elsie elucidated.

"Of course," she remarked somewhat tartly, "I should have known that there's not, in the whole length and breadth of Doverton, anybody *queer* enough to be put into Katie Cameron's books. That is why."



THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

EIGHTH PAPER: LORD RANDOLPH'S CANDIDATURE FOR
BIRMINGHAM—RELATIONS WITH LORD AND LADY SALIS-
BURY—THE SHAH'S VISIT TO LONDON—LADY DE GREY'S
SALON—COLONEL NORTH, THE "NITRATE KING"—
BARON HIRSCH—MURDER AND ROBBERY IN
PARIS—VISIT TO BAYREUTH—ANEC-
DOTES OF MUSICIANS

AT this period (1889), although Lord Randolph Churchill was out of office, his interest in politics was as great as ever, and he made some of his best speeches. His followers in Birmingham had never ceased working in his behalf since he stood for the constituency in 1885, and at the death of John Bright their greatest desire was that he should represent them in Parliament. Randolph himself was very keen about it, and at this time would probably have won the seat had he not listened to the over-scrupulous advice of the Unionist Party. Great were the pourparlers and controversies in their councils as to whether he ought or ought not to stand. The decision was finally left to Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, who, very naturally from their point of view, persuaded him to withdraw his candidature.

It was a great blow to his friends and supporters in Birmingham, who felt that they had been offered up on the altar of Mr. Chamberlain's ambitions. Bearing in mind the political campaign of 1885 and the hard work in which I had taken part, and which now seemed a waste of energy and time, I was very incensed. One evening when Randolph returned from the House of Commons and informed me of the pressure brought to bear on him, and how he had given in, I accused him of having shown the white feather for the first time in his life. He had, he said, "made up his mind to abide by the opinion of the leaders of the party." "But not when those leaders are your political enemies!" I cried. Arguments, however, were useless. If he was right, he got no thanks for it, and a great opportunity was lost for him to show his strength and power.



From a photograph by Valentine & Son, Dundee

HATFIELD HOUSE, SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

After Randolph had left the Government, our relations with Lord and Lady Salisbury became gradually more and

more strained. Outward appearances were kept up, and we were still invited to the political parties given in Arlington Street,



From a photograph by Valentine & Son, Dundee

THE GRAND DINING-HALL, HATFIELD HOUSE

but all real cordiality had ceased. Friends, however, tried to bring about a *rapprochement*, and eventually we were asked to dine. Much against his inclination, Randolph was persuaded to accept. The dinner, which was a large one, was a fiasco so far as the object of our being there was concerned; for, beyond a bare greeting, neither Lord nor Lady Salisbury exchanged a word with Randolph. This he resented very much, and regretted having gone. I do not think it was intended as a slight, for shortly afterward I received the following letter from Lady Salisbury:

April 24th, *Hatfield House, Hatfield.*

MY DEAR LADY RANDOLPH:

Will you and Lord Randolph come here to dine and sleep on Sunday the 22d, and help us to receive the Irish Delegates on Monday? We shall be much pleased if you will come. No Sunday trains are good, but the best leave King's X at 1 P.M. or 6:30 P.M. We will meet either.

Yours very truly,

G. Salisbury.

There was to be a garden party on Monday, at which political speeches were to be made, and Mr. Chamberlain and Randolph were advertised as the principal speakers. Great was to be the gathering of Unionists, and a united appearance was much desired. At the last moment, however, Randolph flatly refused to go. No arguments moved him; but he insisted that I should keep the engagement alone. As I drove up to the picturesque and historical Elizabethan house, the ideal residence for the Prime Minister of England, my feelings were anything but enviable. I shall never forget the look of blank dismay and the ominous silence with which my feeble excuses for Randolph's absence were greeted. That night at dinner in the splendid banqueting-hall, I sat next to Lord Salisbury. Courteous as ever, he talked pleasantly to me, but made no reference to the subject uppermost in my mind. The next day was fine, and crowds of people came by special trains from London, and filled the beautiful gardens, crowding around the various speakers. Cries for Randolph were heard on every side. Many had come expressly to hear him, and bitter was the disappointment when they realized that he was not there.

No adequate reason could be given for his absence, and the "rift within the lute" was made more apparent than ever. I confess I was very glad when I could slip away, for rarely had I felt so uncomfortable or experienced anything more disagreeable.

London rejoiced that year in Jubilee



From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, London

NASR-ED-DIN, LATE SHAH OF PERSIA

functions and was very animated. A diversion was created by the arrival of the Shah of Persia, whose vagaries kept society amused and interested. A real barbarian, it was with difficulty that he could be induced to conform to Western habits. Many were the stories circulated about him. One night at a banquet at Buckingham Palace he was asked to give his arm to the late Queen Victoria. He refused flatly, having made up his mind to take in a lady whose voluminous proportions had attracted his attention. Much

pressure had to be brought to bear before he was prevailed upon to change his mind. With reluctance and a cross face, it is said that he dragged the Queen along as he strode into the dining-room. Another night at the opera, to the despair of his suite, he sat with a glum countenance, evidently much bored, until the orchestra during the entr'acte began to tune their instruments. At these discordant sounds the Persian monarch brightened up, and, applauding vigorously, asked for an encore. At one of the court balls at which he was present, much to Randolph's and my embarrassment, and the Lord Chamberlain's annoyance, as it was against all royal etiquette, we were commanded to go to the dais and be presented to the Shah. Sir Henry Wolff, who was then Ambassador at Teheran, had often spoken to him about Randolph; hence, I suppose, his desire to know him. Muttering something which sounded like "Lady Churchillias," he grasped my hand with terrific force, and then with a peremptory gesture waved me away, to make room for Randolph, who understood no more than I one word that the fierce old man said.

I remember having on a daffodil-colored velvet, and as I went down the two or three steps of the dais, feeling miserably conscious, the Prince of Wales, with his usual kindness, came forward and shook hands, saying: "This presentation is against all precedent, but the Shah insisted." He added laughingly: "You had better go quickly, as I see you are getting black looks from the duchesses' bench."

Strangers flocked to London that season, attracted by the unwonted sights and festivities. I met many at the house of Lady de Grey, who has always been one of the most cosmopolitan of hostesses. Her well-known artistic and musical appreciation made her house then, as now, the rendezvous of all the gifted artists and intellectual foreigners who come to London. Indeed, she is the Mecca to which they journey, and many of the former class owe their success to her timely aid and good advice. As, in addition to personal charm and beauty, she has a thorough knowledge of the world and of the difficult art of receiving, it is not surprising that invitations to her small

and delightful entertainments are highly prized.

Taking into consideration the abnormal size of London society as it is at present, to be a popular hostess is no easy matter. As for "salons," they were nearly extinct twenty years ago. It goes without saying that no salon is possible without selection, which naturally leads to the exclusion of those not possessing wit or talent. The passport to the famous Parisian salons of the eighteenth century—those of Mme. du Deffand, Mme. Geoffrin, Mlle. de Lespinasse, and others—was brains: no other credentials were necessary. If the rooms of these celebrated women were crowded, it was with the genius and talent of Europe, and the new-comer was admitted only after searching inquiry. To be admitted was in itself a guarantee of excellence, and was as eagerly sought for as Academic honors. Conversation ranged over a vast number of subjects, from framing a new policy for the Government to the latest sonnet or the spiciest new scandal, and on the decision of these arbiters of merit success depended. How remote seem these brilliant *causeries* from the caravansaries of the Mrs. Leo Hunters of to-day, where crowds jostle one another on the staircase, often not getting any farther, and bridge replaces conversation! Happily there are exceptions, and now, as it was then, it is possible to find people who like something else.

It was about this time that I made the acquaintance of two financiers who had come prominently to the front. One was Colonel North, the "Nitrate King," as he was called, and the other was Baron Hirsch, who made many friends in England. Colonel North was what might be called a "rough diamond." He had a large place near London, which was furnished regardless of expense, and where he kept open house and entertained in a most lavish manner the hordes of hangers-on and sycophants by which rich men of that type are generally surrounded. Once when dining with us, he greatly amused me by the description he gave of his picture-gallery. That very day he had bought a "grand picture" for which he had given the large sum of £8000. I asked who was the painter; but he could not remember the painter nor even the subject. "But," he added,



BARON MAURICE VON HIRSCH

"it is *twelve feet by eight!*" He was a kindly man and very charitable.

Baron Hirsch, whose name will live long through his generosity to his co-religionists, was one of the few millionaires I have met who knew how thoroughly to enjoy himself. He had the real *joie de vivre*, and delighted in seeing people amusing themselves. His shooting-parties in England and in Austria were most pleasant. No mean sportsman himself, he had the knack of getting together congenial people and the best of shots. On one occasion, at his place in Hungary,—St. Johan,—when the Prince of Wales, Lord de Grey, Mr. H. Stonor, and Lord Ashburton were of the party, the total bag of partridges for one day reached 3000.

Life at St. Johan was simple and healthy. Shortly after breakfast, eight or ten victorias would appear at the door, the horses in gay harness and the postillions in hussar-looking black jackets, Hessian boots, and shiny, high-crowned hats. We would then drive to the rendezvous, where an array of beaters, six hundred or more, were ready. Drawn up in line, we waited for the sound of a bugle, and the cry of "*Vorwärts!*" and then advancing, still in line, we would walk for miles over the sandy plains, dotted about with tufts of stubble, which afforded cover for the enormous blue hares common in that part

of the country. Now and then we came across woods in which were found roe-deer, blackcock, and pheasants. Luncheon took place out of doors, no matter what the weather. Some days only partridges would be driven. I remember once laughing heartily at one of their guns, in whose butt I was. As the huge coveys flew over him, seemingly from every point of the compass, he kept calling out to them in his excitement: "For Heaven's sake, stop! Oh, do wait one moment!"

On my way back from one of these parties, I stopped in Vienna for a few days. The late Colonel Kodolitch, who was well known in London, invited me to go and see his Hungarian regiment. He procured me a charger of sorts, and on this prancing steed I galloped down the line after him, witnessing afterward the different manœuvres, and the taking en masse hurdles and fences, a very pretty and unusual sight. As I was leaving, escorted to the station by Colonel Kodolitch and some of his officers, he said to me, "Please say '*Ich danke sehr*' to the officers." This I did, much to their amusement, discovering later that this



COLONEL NORTH

was the customary remark of a general after inspecting a regiment. I was much chaffed over the joke perpetrated on me.

Once in passing through Paris, I had a strange and unpleasant experience. I was going by the midday train, and while standing in one of the archways of the Gare du Nord, which presented its usual busy and animated scene, I suddenly heard a shot fired, followed by two or three more in rapid succession. A man with his hand to his hip, and with an agonized expression on his face, ran, or rather hobbled, past me from behind one of the pillars forming the archway. He was closely followed by another man, who held a revolver, which he again fired, this time so close to me that I fled in terror, but seeing as I ran the victim fall to the ground, the murderer still firing at him. The crowd, which had scattered in every direction at the first shots, now rushed to the

spot. Meanwhile, fearing that the man was running amuck, and that I might be the next victim of his wild firing, I ran down the platform as fast as a heavy fur coat and various incumbrances permitted me. Unfortunately, I dropped my muff, which happened to be a sable one adorned with tails, and containing my purse and ticket. Before I could pick it up, a man pounced on it, and made off at top speed toward the swinging glass doors leading out of the station. As I followed, calling out, I saw him vanish through one of the doors, and reappear by another, like a clown in a pantomime. Calm and unconcerned, he was swinging a cane, and no muff was visible. While I stared at him in

utter amazement, I spied sticking out from his coat, which with one hand he was endeavoring to keep closed, one of the tails of the muff. At that moment the bell which announced the departure of the train began to ring. There was no time for words; it was a case of "Do or die." I rushed at the thief, seized the tail of the muff, and jumped upon the train, which I just managed to catch, leaving the man, with his mouth wide open, still staring as the train crawled out of the

station. As to the wretched victim who had been shot, I heard afterward that the murderer, before he was overpowered, fired seven times into him, and then tried to beat out his brains with the butt-end of his revolver, so great was his determination to kill him. A passenger received a stray shot in his leg, and altogether it was a scene of great excitement and confusion. From the paper which gave an account of the fray, it



From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, London

LADY DE GREY

appeared that both men were Americans, the murderer having stalked his prey for more than a year, and caught him as he was leaving France for America. It was proved at the trial that love and money were the motives of the crime. With the usual procrastination of French justice, the case dragged on for so many months that I lost sight of it in the newspapers.

In 1891 I paid my first and, to me, a memorable visit to Bayreuth. Wagner's music was not as popular then as it is now—at least not in England. "Der Ring des Nibelungen," which has been given for years with the greatest success in New York, had not then been produced in London. The ordinary opera-goer

thought himself very advanced if he could sit through "Lohengrin"; as to "Die Meistersinger" or "Tristan und Isolde,"—to most they were a concatenation of discordant sounds. Vast was the ignorance displayed by the public. At a performance of "Tristan," I heard a couple sitting behind me sympathize (in the third act) with *Isolde* for her "long wait" for *Tristan*. Van Dyck as *Tristan* had been singing for more than half an hour, and, although by a stretch of the imagination he might have been mistaken for a woman lying there covered with a rug, still these two could not distinguish between a tenor and a soprano. On the other hand, even would-be Wagnerians were sometimes led astray. A friend of mine who is anything but musical was persuaded by an embryo-Wagnerian to go with him to hear "Lohengrin."

"But I don't think I care about music," said the poor martyr, "and I know I shall not understand a thing."

"Nonsense! Of course you will," replied the other; and accordingly they went.

As the violins attacked the long-sustained note which marks the opening of the overture, the two friends looked uneasily at each other.

"What is that noise?" asked the unmusical one.

"I can't think," said the other, as the note was still being held, "unless it is the gas escaping."

My sister, Mrs. Leslie, who intended to go with me to Bayreuth, had the happy idea of arranging at her house some lectures on the "Ring," in order to familiarize ourselves with it. A German musician, a well-known exponent of Wagner, was pressed into service, and he brought with him a lady who was to sing the different motifs. The lectures became a great success, and were crowded with all our musical friends. The professor's knowledge of English was as slight as his accent was strong, and this added an unexpected hilarity to the proceedings. As there were young ladies present, he was at times greatly exercised how to explain the story of the "Ring." "Siegfried" in particular worried him much. "Dee ladees mus not mind dis bad business of *Sigmund* und *Sieglinde*. It is *schrecklich*, but it is only zee lofes of zee gods, vich do not count. Und here we have zee lofe motif—illustrated by triplets, or triplets, as you say in English." And amid smothered laughter, the pro-



THE WAGNER THEATER AT BAYREUTH



JEAN DE RESZKE



EDOUARD DE RESZKE

From photographs by Benque & Co.

fessor would play the motif, and the lady would warble.

A few years have increased Wagner's popularity in England to an astounding degree. Now no concert can be given without one or more Wagner selections, and at the Covent Garden Opera House the "Cycle" is given two or three times every season to huge audiences. Not content with this, the public this winter (1907-08) largely supported a very creditable performance given in English by an English company. It must be added that Dr. Richter conducted, which may account in a large degree for its excellence. Contemporary music seems imbued with a Wagnerian spirit, and no doubt orchestration has gained what originality has lost. This reminds me of a musical critic who had a place next to mine during the Leeds Festival of this year. He was an ardent admirer of Sir Edward Elgar, whose "Kingdom" was being given. Observing that I was making notes on my score, he asked at the end of the performance if he might inquire what I was recording.

"Only my recollections of 'Tristan' and 'Parsifal' as they seem to come across my memory in this work," I answered mischievously.

He looked at me with a dubious ex-

pression. "Oh, yes; quite so," he murmured. "I do not deny that Wagner came first, but,"—with a comprehensive wave of his hand—"Elgar has gone on." Such enthusiasm is refreshing.

Speaking of the Leeds Festival, it is curious that these musical orgies flourish in this country better than in any other, considering that the English nation is not thought to be musical. Perhaps it is owing to the excellence of the Leeds, Birmingham, and Huddersfield choirs, which, according to Dr. Richter, are the finest in the world. Be it as it may, it is only an English audience that will stand a week of oratorios.

The opera even is taken much more seriously than it used to be. What with "All lights out" and "No talking," it is a solemn affair, not to be treated lightly. In Paris it is just the contrary. You are invited to go to the opera to "see So-and-so dance," and it is generally treated as a place for social intercourse and conversation. One night at a dinner in London I sat next to the Duc de G——, who had just arrived from Paris.

"Délicieuse soirée à l'Opéra hier," said he; "il y avait foule."

"What was given?" I asked.

"Oh, je n'en sais rien; mais nous avons reçus cinquante-quatre visites dans notre

loge!" That is one way of treating the opera; but the person who insists on explaining everything, or hums the melodies which are being sung, is equally exasperating. A story is told of the late Lord L——, who was a frequenter of the opera, and, it is said, had this bad habit. One night in the omnibus box he began whistling and humming as usual.

"What a bore that Jean de Reszke is!" said a wag who was in the box.

"Why?" asked Lord L—— in astonishment.

"Because the fellow is preventing me from hearing you properly."

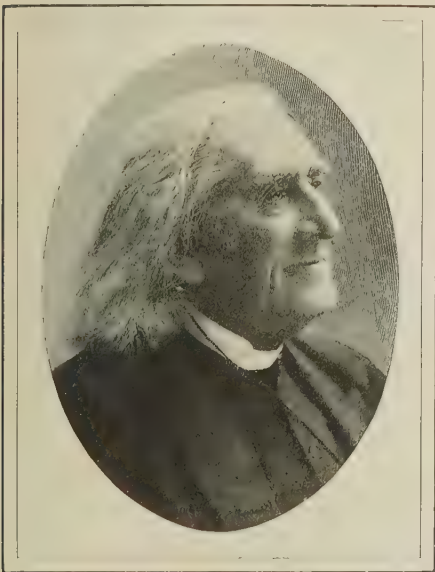
But this digression has led me far from Bayreuth. Our party consisted of Lady de Grey; my sister, Mrs. Leslie; Mr. Evan Charteris; and one or two others. Bayreuth was not as luxurious in those days as it has since become. It was frequented only by the real lovers of music, who for the sake of it were prepared to be as uncomfortable as German ideas of comfort could make them. We were all billeted on different people, who in some cases could have only one lodger. My sister and I were fortunate enough to secure rooms at a banker's, where, compared with some, we fared sumptuously. We gave ourselves up entirely to the object

of the moment, and took it "au grand sérieux," only thinking of what we were going to hear or had heard.

My first impression of "Parsifal" was, as the Teutons say, "colossal." The pilgrimage to Bayreuth, the "plain living and high thinking," combined with the musical atmosphere in which we were living, no doubt contributed to the rapture one felt; but that it existed, was undeniable. Our little party had settled to meet between the acts and exchange opinions, but so great were our emotions that we all fled in different directions, avoiding one another until the performance was over, when we could feel more calmly. So serious was the audience that they were not even disturbed by the fact that *Parsifal's* wig came off in the third act, during the *Flower Maidens'* song. Not a titter was heard.

We spent a delightful week, although personally I was suffering agonies with toothache, which continued until I found an unexpected Good Samaritan in the lady who sat behind me, and who produced cocaine. This lady was no less a person than Mrs. Sam Lewis, wife of the well-known money-lender. An excellent musician, she was a godsend to innumerable artists, and at her death, out of the huge fortune received from her husband, left many legacies to them, besides £10,000 a year to a hospital for consumptives. Mr. Lewis, unlike his wife, was not artistic. It is told of him that having once made a fortnight's stay in Rome, he was asked how he liked it. "You can 'ave Rome," was his laconic answer.

We varied our pleasures by excursions on the off days of the all-important performances, and by attending Mme. Cosima Wagner's receptions, which were charming and unconventional. Later, in London, I met her son Siegfried Wagner. I remember that at a dinner given in his honor the question arose as to which composers one would choose if limited to two. We were twelve at the table, and I was the only one who did not name Wagner as one of the two. Partly out of contradiction, and partly because I think so, I mentioned Bach and Beethoven. "My father would also have chosen them," said Siegfried, to the confusion of the flatterers. I met him once or twice afterward in Paris at Countess de Wolken-



From a photograph by Nadar

FRANZ LISZT



Drawn by Irving Wiles

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

stein's, whose husband was then the Austrian Ambassador. This distinguished lady, who as Countess Stieglitz had a salon in Berlin, was supposed to be the only woman whose influence Bismarck feared. A life-long friend and patron of Wagner, she stood by him in his dark days, and later assisted at his triumphs. Mme. de Wolkenstein never misses her yearly visit to Bayreuth, where she usually stays with Mme. Wagner. When in Paris, we often went sight-seeing together, accompanied by Widor, the celebrated organist of St. Sulpice, a wonderful pianist. Mme. de Wolkenstein was rather hypercritical, and positively feared hearing indifferent music. I asked her to dine one night to meet a young and talented amateur, who was also very amusing. "Est-ce qu'il pratique?" she inquired hesitatingly. On being assured that he would not play, she accepted. In the end, however, he did play, much to my delight and her appreciation.

The nervousness one feels in playing before the public is one that I have never been able to surmount, whether it be in concerted pieces or alone. What musical performer, good, bad, or indifferent, has not at some time or other felt his nerve giving way as he approached a difficult passage? Only to think of it is fatal. Once at a concert for charity I was play-

ing a classical piece the first movement of which had a few bars for the *da capo* of some difficulty. The first time I got over it all right; but to lead to the next movement, it had to be repeated with variations in another key. To my consternation, I found myself embarking on the same one, which of course led me to repeat the first movement. Again, as I came to the fatal bars, I trembled, and did the same thing. Three times did I repeat *that* movement, until the audience were becoming sadly familiar with the tune. As for me, I felt in a hideous nightmare and was on the verge of jumping up from the piano and rushing off the stage, when, oh, joy! the fourth time I mechanically played the right bars, and was able eventually to bring the piece to its conclusion. Hans von Bülow is supposed to have done the same thing once with a sonata of Beethoven, until in desperation he had to send for the music.

On another occasion I was brought to confusion, but this time not through my own fault. It was at a concert in the City, given at the Mansion House before a large audience. Mlle. — and I were to play a polonaise of Chopin on two pianos. As our turn came, Mademoiselle, who



Drawn by Eric Pape from a photograph

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

was a professional of some experience and execution, said hurriedly to me: "At the eleventh bar on the sixth page, when I make you a sign, stop, as I mean to put in a little cadenza of my own." Before I could remonstrate or point out that it would be an unnecessary addition to one of Chopin's masterpieces, the lady had seated herself at her piano, and perforce I had to follow suit. When she arrived at the eleventh bar of the sixth page, she nodded violently to me, and then proceeded to dazzle the company with arpeggios, runs, and trills, until I began to wonder if I should ever find the propitious moment to reënter. I finally did, and as I went out, I had the pleasure of hearing from the occupants of the front row: "Poor Lady Randolph! What a pity she lost her place for so long!"

To be able to read music well and to accompany is all that should be required of amateurs. It is an age of virtuosi and mechanical instruments, and the poorest judge is becoming hypercritical. There is no doubt that the day has passed when people will listen patiently after dinner to the playing of the "Moonlight Sonata" or the "Prière d'une Vierge," as played by the daughter of the house. Formerly in England every girl was taught to sing whether she had a voice or not; but the intelligent mother of to-day realizes that her daughters are better employed in listening to good music than in performing bad.

At the Russian Embassy in London, when Mr. de Staal was Ambassador, I was once asked to meet the Abbé Liszt. I sat next the great man, whose strong and characteristic face, so often delineated both with brush and chisel, seemed strangely familiar. He was so blind that he ate his asparagus by the wrong end until I pointed out his error. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "Merci bien; il me semblait tout de même que cela n'était pas très bon." After luncheon, notwithstanding his gouty fingers, he was prevailed upon to play. "Hélas!" he said, "le moindre de mes élèves jouent mieux que moi maintenant!" It was pathetically true. I had never heard him at his best. Rubinstein I recollect well, his long hair tossed about, perspiration pouring down his face as his big hands tore up and down the piano. Full of tricks (to which in time so many artists become addicted), when



From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

he reached the culminating fortissimo, wild with excitement, he would hit with his palms or with his forearm as many notes as he possibly could, until he seemed positively to get to the end of the instrument, the chords snapping and the wood sounding.

When I was in Russia, I was told that the head teacher of a well-known ladies' school in St. Petersburg asked him how many hours a day her pupils should practice the piano. "None," said Rubinstein.

Many musicians have honored me by playing or singing at my house, and apart from the pleasure they have given me, I have always felt great sympathy for them in their arduous and precarious careers. So many are called, and so few are chosen, and on what slender foundations their success rests! A cold, an illness, and voice and fortune may vanish. And think of the grinding slavery that instruments mean! Planté the pianist, that past-master in technic, told me that if for any reason he should be incapacitated from practising for three months, he would never have the courage to take it up again. Then, again, the empty concert-rooms and the adverse criticism of the struggling days must try the hearts of the stoutest.

When Paderewski first came to London,

he brought me a letter from a friend. To meet him, I invited an eclectic few whom I knew were capable of appreciating and judging him. Needless to say, their admiration and enthusiasm were unbounded. A few days later he gave his first concert in St. James's Hall. The place was only half-full, and behind me were two musical critics taking notes for their various papers. "There 's not much in this fellow," said one.

"He would be all right," said the other, "if he would leave Chopin alone, whose music he plays against all traditions."

Stephen Heller, one of Chopin's friends and my first music professor, told me that the great composer never played his works twice in the same way. So much for the musical critics! The following year Paderewski, having had a gigantic success in Paris and elsewhere, returned to London, where he received an ovation from an excited and enthusiastic audience who stormed the platform to kiss his hands!

I think I may fitly end this chapter, which somehow has drifted into one on music, by speaking of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, who was one of the kindest and most genial of men, and a great friend of

mine. It was my good fortune to be present at most of the first nights of his productions, and no one who did not assist at them can realize the unbounded enthusiasm with which they were received or the excitement with which a new one was looked forward to by the public. It was a national event.

It has become a trite saying that such a felicitous combination as "Gilbert and Sullivan" has never been seen. Gilbert's delicate and subtle humor, and Sullivan's ear-haunting melodies and exquisite orchestration, must ever live. And I cannot think that Time will stale their infinite variety.

At the outbreak of the South African War, Sullivan wrote the music of the "Absent-Minded Beggar" to Rudyard Kipling's words. The sale of this song realized over £75,000, which went to the war fund. Happening to visit Sir Arthur one day, just as he had finished it, I begged him to play it, which he did. I confess I did not like it.

"Well, what is your opinion?" he asked.

I answered guardedly: "I'm afraid I think the words are rather vulgar—'Cook's son, duke's son, son of a belted earl.'"

"And so is the music," said he.

(To be continued)

AWAKENINGS

BY ETHEL M. COLEMAN

WHAT do we know, in truth, about our sleep?
 Only that dreams sometimes, pursuing, creep
 Over the unseen bound we call awaking;
 Know that we gained refreshment or unrest,
 Whether the dream or waking more was blest,
 And that there came a change when day was breaking.

What do we know about our little life -
 Its toil and pleasure, misery and strife?
 What shall we know when we have passed its portal?
 Perhaps we shall remember that we dreamed,
 That time with sweet or troubled visions teemed,
 When we are wide-awake, alive, immortal.



SETTING A SEINE FOR SPOON-BILLED-STURGEON

OUR NEW CAVIAR FISHERIES

BY CHARLES R. STOCKARD

STRANGE stories are told of many queer fish, but few fish are queerer in appearance or stranger in their habits than the new caviar-producer of the lower Mississippi. It has as many names as a confidence man, and few thieves ever eluded justice as persistently as this species has concealed its development from the naturalist. In Louisiana it is known as billfish, billdom, and paddle-fish; in Mississippi, spoon-billed-cat or spooney; and in Arkansas as the spoonbill or spoon-billed-sturgeon. The lakes and rivers of these three States supply at present much of the caviar and "dried sturgeon" of the markets. "Polyodon spatula" is the dignified title by which the spoonbill is known to naturalists, though the word "polyodon" signifies many-toothed, while the fish has no teeth.

This fish reaches a maximum of about one hundred and forty pounds in weight, is slightly less than six feet in length, and furnishes the caviar market with sixteen pounds of roe. The average, however, falls much below this in size, and from eight to ten pounds is the usual caviar yield per fish. I believe no aquarium has ever exhibited a living polyodon.

A paddle or spatula-like rostrum extends for one third the length of the body in front of the small, black eyes, which seem almost hidden under the sides of its base. The mouth is so spacious that one may insert his head into it, while the throat will scarcely admit a man's finger. We shall later see that this enormous mouth and narrow throat cooperate well. The gills are supported on large arches, which are fringed on the anterior



Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

A SPOON-BILLED STURGEON SHOOTING INTO THE AIR

side with horny needles about one and a half inches in length. The entire gill structures are covered by a brocaded flap that reaches back along the fish's sides for more than a foot. The appearance of the fins and the tail is shark-like; the skin is entirely unprotected by scales, and, like the catfish, secretes a slime; hence the popular name—spoon-billed-cat. The color of the back and sides is a steely slate, while the lower border of the sides and the belly are a spotless china white; the fins are tinged a delicate pink.

The polyodon is a very near relative of the true sturgeon, and both are members of a group which naturalists believe thrived long before such modern fish as the bass and the perch came into existence. Ganoid is the name applied to this class, owing to the presence of a hard enamel substance, ganoin, found on the armor of many of them. The ganoids, like most ancient forms, are becoming less abundant, and will probably disappear long before modern fishes become extinct.

The spoonbill has been little studied, and to learn something of its habits and study its embryonic development, I visited the lakes of Louisiana in the interest of the department of zoölogy of Columbia University. These lakes are beautiful, horseshoe-shaped bodies of water which at various times have been cut off from the Mississippi River. At one, located in Catahoula Parish, thirty miles from the Mississippi, I found Mr. R. H. Harris, a most accommodating fisherman, engaged in catching polyodon for the caviar and sturgeon markets of New York and Chicago. He stated that this business had sprung up in the State since 1896. A fisherman with a good crew and outfit often cleared many thousand dollars on polyodon meat and roe in the six-months' season. I had arrived in March, 1904, a month too early for the spawning season; but with the coming of April there was also a rise in the Mississippi, and the water began to back in through the bayou connection of our lake, making it too deep for seining. Other small lakes more remote from the river were visited, but here we either found no polyodon or were soon overtaken by the water, and were finally forced to give up the quest.

During the following winter I decided

that the locality which promised most for my study of polyodon was Lake Washington, Mississippi. On the first of April, 1905, when I arrived at the lake, I found the fish present in large numbers. I was located with the most progressive caviar-fisherman on the river, Mr. I. E. McGehee, and, with his excellent equipment of two gasoline launches, two large seining-barges, and a dozen rowboats with which to handle his seines, each more than a mile in length, I was enabled to get a thorough idea of this new industry of the South.

Lake Washington is another old river "cut-off," and is by far the most beautiful that I have seen. It is about twelve miles in length and in many places more than a mile wide, and connected with the river very indirectly by a chain of small lakes and bayous seventy miles long.

The long seine is wound upon a huge reel securely built on the seining-barge, and, to "lay out" for the prize, the barge is pulled around in an oval course one mile long, the seine being unwound into the water as the boat proceeds. Thus a net fence through which they are unable to escape is placed around the fish as they feed thirty feet below the surface. The barge is then anchored securely, and a crew of seven men wind the seine back upon the reel, while an eighth man stays in a skiff at the head post, piloting the seine between two poles, thus guarding the only possible outlet. In this manner they wind for about four hours, until the mile of net thirty-three feet wide is again upon the reel and the fish are driven into the "round-up" box, which is set at the head posts. The boats are then brought to the box, which is lifted by pulling up the stakes that hold it in place, and the large fish are thrown into a flatboat, to be carried to the "docks" and there "dressed" for market. In this lake as many as one hundred and fifty barrels of fish have been taken at a single haul, though now ten barrels is considered a fairly good catch.

The process of "dressing" polyodon is simple, as they have no scales, and not a bone in their trunk skeleton. This is also true of the sturgeon. The head is supplied with membrane—or scale—bones, which protect the cartilaginous box containing the very small brain; but these

are about the only bones possessed by polyodon. After the head and viscera have been removed, the bodies are packed in barrels and shipped to Northern markets, where the meat is dried or smoked, and sold to the consumer as the familiar smoked sturgeon of commerce. The redeeming feature of the entire transaction is that, except for an assumed name, the substitute is as good in every way as the genuine sturgeon.

Caviar is prepared from the roe, or eggs, of the female fish. The eggs, in two large masses, are held together by membranes, which must be separated before the eggs are fitted for caviar. This is accomplished by straining the masses of roe through wire screens of small mesh, which allow the eggs to pass through into a tub, leaving the membranes behind. The separate eggs now resemble a mass of number-five shot, being about the same size and color. At this stage a liberal amount of a very pure German salt, called

having been preserved with "Russian Salt." But, again, there is no reason why the substituted article should not be as pure and palatable as the genuine.

There always seem to be enemies or hindrances to every art and trade, and the caviar-fisherman of the South has no little trouble to contend with in the per-

son of polyodon's cousin, the short-nosed or alligator-gar. This large ganoid, often nearly eight feet long and weighing more than two hundred pounds, is apparently the most thrifty fish of the lakes, preying upon many other forms. When one of these monsters finds himself surrounded by a net, he is apt to give an unusually vigorous lunge, and, with little delay, cut his way out, leaving as a token of his contempt a large hole through which many other fish often escape. In the coldest part of winter, however, these gars become very stupid and sluggish, and, when lifted from the net, show little sign of life. They do no harm



AN ALLIGATOR-GAR, THE CAVIAR FISHMAN'S ENEMY

by the fishermen "Russian Salt," is sifted over them, and, water being poured on, the mixture is stirred thoroughly, and then placed in strainers, and set aside for twelve hours to drain. The caviar has now received its full course of treatment from the fisherman, and is packed in air-tight kegs and shipped to the markets, to bring him about seventy-five cents per pound. This, with the American sturgeon roe, is sold as "Russian caviar," with no other excuse for the name than

at this time beyond the inconvenience of handling so many useless beasts.

In one season thirty thousand gar, by careful record, have been removed from Lake Washington and largely devoured by vultures. This has resulted in a great improvement to the lake as a home for other fish. Up to this time no use has been found for these gar, as few people desire them for food; but at present Mr. McGehee has a scheme in progress to tan their skins the scales of which take a high

polish, for hand-bags, pocket-books, leg-gings, and like uses.

It is one of the common desires of pure science and commerce to have the development and habits of polyodon thoroughly studied. The naturalist desires the story of its development from the egg so as to be better able to understand its relationships in the class of fishes; while the dealers and fishermen, realizing the rapid diminution in the caviar supply, are anxious to rear these valuable fish artificially. Naturally the eggs and young fish are subjected to such dangers that a conservative estimate would probably show that only one fish reaches maturity from thousands of eggs; but if it were possible for the fisherman to supervise the early stages in the life of these valuable animals, the mortality of the young could be decreased many-fold.

Although living for the most part in rather deep water, they have, during the warmer months of the year, a peculiar custom of darting to the surface with such force that they rise into the air, and turning almost completely over, enter the water again head first. Before the polyodon was hunted so assiduously for caviar, one might see in these lakes on a summer evening as many as a dozen or more fish in the air at one time, as if they were engaging in a vigorous jumping contest. What the object of this violent leaping may be one can only surmise.

Polyodon feeds along the soft and mucky lake bottoms, using its large snout probably to agitate the light bottom material. As it rises into the water, the fish, with its huge mouth open, glides along, taking in the agitated substance, and straining it with its gill-needles, or rakers. Some whales, though mammals, strain their food in a similar manner by means of the whalebone. The tiny masses of food are thus collected in the mouth, to be finally swallowed when a sufficient quantity has accumulated. Thus we see the relation between the huge mouth for collecting and the narrow gullet for swallowing the very small food material.

These food particles are little "water fleas," animals belonging to the same general class as the lobster and crab, but so minute as to be seen with the naked eye only with difficulty. They are members of a group called Copepods, and possess

rather classical names, such as Cyclops and Daphnia. Naturalists usually collect these little animals by towing near the surface, but polyodon evidently obtains a good share of them in deep water, for the fish are often brought up with masses of unswallowed Copepods clinging to the gill-rakers and sides of the mouth. The queer bill very probably assists in procuring this food, but it is not entirely essential, as I have seen three specimens of polyodon nearly five feet in length, with only a stump of a bill left.

There is a puzzling feature connected with the breeding habits of these fish: although they thrive in the lakes, they seem unable to spawn there, for, as observed in many instances, when the spawning season approaches, the eggs begin to degenerate and become useless for caviar, being too soft and milky to strain. I found this to be the case in four different landlocked lakes. Furthermore, although many fine males were taken, none was seen to be in a milting condition. On this account one may understand the fact that when these lakes are partly exhausted by seining, they never recover until the river has flooded and restocked them with polyodon. Therefore the lake season for caviar is over about the middle of April.

Polyodon, therefore, must spawn in the running streams and rivers. Fishermen state that in those lakes closely connected with the Mississippi, all the mature fish leave in the spring as soon as the water rises sufficiently to give an outlet. The river fish differ very much in appearance from those in the lakes, being slenderer, and never in such good condition. The lake fish are very fat, and move much less rapidly than the river ones, which are known in the markets as "skates." The spawning season comes in the first half of April, and very probably lasts for only a short while. The spawning parties swim up the bayous and other streams which empty into the Mississippi.

After the eggs had begun to soften in the lake fish, we left for a trip through a long chain of lakes and bayous, to locate a place where more desirable fish for embryological study could be had. On our second day we came into a bayou where polyodon were capering in lively style in all directions. This was the

only time that I had seen them swimming near the surface. We arranged one mile of net in a zigzag fashion along the bayou, and before the seine was completely laid, big fish were striking it from all sides. On slightly raising this "gill-net," polyodon from three to five and one half feet in length were taken out, until one hundred and thirty-three fine specimens had been captured in a little more than three hours.

The following items of interest may be added from the commercial point of

view. The trade, after having tried other fish eggs as a caviar substitute, have found none acceptable. The gar pike's eggs have often been unsuccessfully tried for caviar. It is said by dealers that the American supply of caviar is now largely domestic. But the supply of polyodon is rapidly diminishing, and about the only solution is some protective regulation by the Government. During a recent season, one fisherman shipped from Mississippi 63,500 pounds of polyodon flesh and 5940 pounds of the caviar.



THE SOUTH AND THE SALOON

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

Author of "The Lower South in American History," "The Foe of Compromise," etc.

THE South is perpetually interesting. So much, at least, its severest critics concede. It used to be interesting because it was unlike the rest of the country, and insisted on remaining so. It is interesting still; academic and other students of institutions continue to discover and explore it, and seem to find readers for their reports. But the reason is different. Although still measurably peculiar, it now attracts the philosophically minded because it is changing. No other part of the country, in fact, presents to-day quite such a spectacle of transitions. Five or six years ago, traversing it from Virginia to Texas, I marveled that it had grown so unlike what it had been fifteen years earlier. Revisiting it now, I seem to find it departing even more widely from the state and ways in which I found it then.

If, however, one looks a little more carefully into these changes, they cease to seem so surprisingly sudden. So much, in fact, is almost axiomatic concerning all civilizations. The apparent quiescence which precedes a striking *événement* in politics or social usage is usually only a surface calm, a mere stiffness of the crust,

beneath which change has in fact been ceaseless; and this is particularly true of those alterations in the life of a community which accomplish themselves, and become overt, by sweeping legislation, swiftly enacted.

Within a year or two, the South has surprised the rest of the country with the culmination of two such processes. Several States have suddenly and violently asserted the right to regulate railroads. Three have as suddenly prohibited the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Perhaps Oklahoma, which has come into the Union with prohibition in her Constitution, is sufficiently Southern to be added to this list. The North Carolina legislature, in special session, has submitted a prohibition statute to popular vote, in the full expectation that it will carry. In other States, a fervid and confessedly potent agitation looks to the same result.

Of course, neither of these two kinds of legislation is confined to the South. Northern and Western States also have tried them, and still try them. But that might once have almost seemed a reason why one should not expect to find them

prevailing in the South at all. What now is most surprising, and food for philosophizing, is that the South is not only becoming like the rest of the country, but "more so." The facts suggest, and not altogether misleadingly, that some social force or forces, long potent elsewhere, but in the South atrophied or baffled, may now be at work there with the proverbial energy of things new or newly freed. It would not be a very bad generalization to say that the South has recently come into that phase of democracy in which government stretches its authority to the uttermost in the endeavor to enforce absolute moralities. Government is for the time being well-nigh puritanized.

This has come about elsewhere, and at other periods. But why should it come about "down South," and now? To explain that, we should have to go rather deep into Southern life. To explain it fully, we should also have to go rather far back in Southern history. If we should go deep enough and far enough, we should find, I think, that the South's present attitude toward the railroads and its uprising against the saloon are not entirely unconnected.

Of the earlier changes in Southern life since the war, none compares in importance with the political revolution of some twenty years ago, when politics ceased to be "qualitics" in South Carolina, and "Ben" Tillman succeeded a long line of aristocratic governors; when in State after State,—though less violently than in South Carolina, because in no other State had the old ruling class monopolized political power so jealously or set social standards so imperiously,—the "common" white man awoke to a sense of his power in the body politic. I call that particular change a revolution, and would use a stronger term if there were one; for no other political movement—not that of 1776, nor that of 1860–1861—ever altered Southern life so profoundly.

It is true that the South never was such an aristocracy as too many writers about the slavery régime, tempted into picturesqueness, would have us think. Always, even in the "blackest" counties, in all the States, men who had little land and few slaves counted in politics. Many of the foremost public characters rose

from that class. But neither the interests nor the ideals of the plain man dominated Southern civilization. Government for the most part responded to the demands of wealth invested in land and slaves, and the prevailing social tradition gave to birth, breeding, superiority, greater weight than they had elsewhere in America. Cities being few, it was near the outbreak of the Civil War before a commercial class developed which could challenge that tradition.

Nor did the plain white man come into his birthright at once on the fall of slavery. For a generation or more, the impoverishment of the whole region operated to withhold from him the opportunities which slavery had so long denied. His real enfranchisement came only with the gradual dawn of prosperity, and the accompanying changes in the South's industries. Those changes have brought him much the same chance in life which he has in the North. And with that there has come to him the new sense of independence and power.

In politics, as he quickly discovered, the sense of power was all he needed in order to possess the reality. More gradually, and not even yet completely, he has come into his own in all those subtler ways in which democratic usages and ideals supplant the aristocratic. The disfranchisement of the blacks has in this respect hastened the process begun by their emancipation. It has weakened the prestige of the old slave-owning class,—of the men who, living in those quarters where negroes are most numerous, not only represented them, so long as they voted or were supposed to vote, in legislatures and democratic conventions, but could usually, by appealing to the fear of negro domination, dictate party policies. The negro eliminated, majority rule seems now to prevail as generally among Southern whites as in the North. And in the South, as in the North, the great majority of the majority are plain, or "common" men.

But not quite the same kind of "common" men as in the North; else history were negligible. For one difference, the plain man in the South seems to feel a rather deeper distrust of capital, a rather angrier hostility to every privilege of wealth, than one finds in the plain man

of the North who is not a socialist or aggressively a "workingman." Were we to follow that lead, and consider carefully the industrial past and the economic outlook of the plain Southerner, we should, I think, discover why Southern legislatures have been dealing so drastically with the railroads. But for the moment what challenges inquiry is the South's fierce awakening to an old moral issue, and, one naturally turns therefore to the moral training and standards of the now dominant class.

The word "class" is usually misleading in America. One must employ it cautiously. By the plain or "common" men of the South I do not mean a sort of people that can be clearly separated from the rest. I do not mean the vaguely imagined class which is usually called "poor whites" in books about the South by writers who do not live there. Those pathetically backward dwellers in the mountain regions are still a comparatively negligible factor, save as they have come down, attracted by the town and the factory, and joined the greater mass that is both poor and white, but without inverted commas. The really common sort of common people have always dwelt in the lowlands and the Piedmont region. We need not distinguish between the small farmers, on the one hand, and the artisans and small shopkeepers of the towns, on the other. It is enough if we merely exclude all who have a tradition of wealth and of political and social ascendancy before the war. That means excluding the very attractive people of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's stories. It means excluding, I fear, all such people as the Southerners one meets in the North lead one to believe that they and theirs have always been.

Now, in the class which we thus deliberately neglect as a no longer controlling minority, the Episcopal church has always had its main strength in the South. The Southerner of "quality" is usually of that religious fold. When he is not, he is most likely Scotch-Irish and Presbyterian. In South Carolina he might be a French Huguenot; in Louisiana and Maryland, a Roman Catholic. The far greater mass of plain people to whom we turn are nearly all Methodists or Baptists.

They take their moral and religious guidance, therefore, from a 'ministry whose methods and whose power constitute an important neglected fact of Southern life. In both these denominations, the proportion of college-bred or otherwise cultivated men and women is comparatively small. Both inculcate a strict and narrow adherence to the scriptural code of morals. Both, for instance, frown upon dancing and amateur theatricals. Neither requires its ministers to be educated. In both, the preaching is for the most part highly emotional. Both are given to revivals.

Mr. Walter H. Page and other progressive Southerners have spoken bitterly of the Southern pulpit as an influence constantly operating to arrest intellectual development; and that is not the only ground on which the Methodist and Baptist preachers in particular are open to criticism. But on the score of zeal, industry, devotion, these men need not fear comparison with any priesthood in the world. None too well equipped intellectually, and deriving no aid from any superiority in birth or breeding or culture to the people whom they serve, they are also generally ill-paid. Many of them must maintain families on salaries of four or five hundred dollars a year. Yet they rarely incur a charge of loitering in the vineyard. They preach incessantly; they make daily rounds of visits to the homes of their communicants; they act as unpaid canvassers for their denominational schools and colleges; they keep in touch with one another, and study their people as closely as the most observant politician; they do not neglect the ever-widening influence of women. So great is the power which they thus collectively exercise that if one were to call the plain people of the South "priest-ridden," the strongest objection to the phrase would be, that Methodist and Baptist ministers do not consider themselves priests.

It is these men in the South who have taken the lead in the now almost world-wide movement for prohibition. Episcopal clergymen hardly ever take an active part in the movement; not infrequently, they actually oppose it, as not a wise or proper method to promote temperance. The Catholic clergy, not a great power

in the South outside of a few large cities, take the same general attitude. Presbyterian ministers, although they may favor prohibition, rarely feel free to advocate it from the pulpit. But the Baptist and Methodist preachers commit themselves to it unreservedly, inside and outside the pulpit. They are for prohibition by local option as against high license and dispensaries, but for State prohibition as against local option. Temperance they have virtually ceased to preach, demanding instead that government compel all men to become teetotalers.

And it is their congregations which supply the readiest converts to this policy. To the small farmer or shopkeeper or artisan of the South, the drink-habit presents itself in its crudest, least-defensible form. Among people of this class, the custom of taking wine with food is virtually unknown. Of wines, in fact, the common people of the South know so little that they use the word "wine" as if there were only one kind of wine in the world. Beer, while of course a not uncommon beverage in the cities, does not find its way into the country. Accordingly, to drink means ordinarily to drink whisky, and not at table or in the restraining company of women, but in surroundings the least conducive to moderation and decency. It means, therefore, deplorably often, not merely drunkenness, but rowdiness. The greed of the liquor-dealers and the brewers behind them, and their amazing contempt of public sentiment, have contributed to render the drinking habits of the South as unlike as possible to those of Southern Europe, where wine-drinking is general, even among the peasants, and drunkenness extremely rare. Nowhere does the prohibitionist agitator, with his terrifying figures and highly charged oratory, find a better opening.

Once the Democratic party, dominant everywhere in the South, had committed itself to local option, prohibition made rapid gains in the rural counties and the smaller towns. Two years ago, when the movement for State prohibition won its first victory (in Georgia), the greater part of the South was already under prohibition laws. A year ago, the leader in the local-option movement in North Caro-

lina¹ pointed out that nine tenths of the people of that State were living in prohibition territory, and that there were within its limits only one fifth as many open saloons as in Kansas, which has had State prohibition for a quarter of a century.

The same authority also declares that the South, having turned from the local-option plan to State prohibition, is now "in full cry on the coldest trail in its history." That is an opinion which gets much support from the report, ably summarized by President Eliot, of the subcommittee on legislation appointed by the Committee of Fifty, which, several years ago, secured for us the most authoritative data we have on the liquor problem. But the men and women now fighting the saloon in the South do not make use of such material as the Committee supplies. In a city where, after an absorbing campaign, prohibition recently won, the copy of "The Liquor Problem" in the public library—quite probably the only copy in town—does not seem to have been consulted at all. The chairman of the "dry" committee had not even heard of the Prohibition Year-Book. The fight was won, in fact, mainly by the devices of a Methodist revival or "protracted meeting": by terrifying and rather coarsely emotional oratory from pulpit and platform, interspersed with singing and praying; by parades of women and children, drilled for the purpose; by a sort of persecution, not stopping short of an actual boycott, of prominent citizens inclined to vote "wet"; by the Anti-Saloon League's very effective short method with politicians, whom it convinces that they have more to lose by offending the league than by deserting the saloon-keepers; and finally, by fairly mobbing the polls with women and children, singing, praying, and doing everything conceivable to embarrass and frighten every voter who appeared without a white ribbon in his lapel.

It is these methods, gradually perfected in campaign after campaign, that have won for prohibition so many victories in the towns and counties. It is the politicians' absolute helplessness against such methods, and the success of the Anti-Saloon League in its determination to teach them that "the most dangerous

¹ Mr. J. W. Bailey of Raleigh, President of the North Carolina Anti-Saloon League, 1903-07.

thing for a politician to tamper with is the saloon vote," which has suddenly won over to State prohibition legislatures full of men who never before gave any help to the temperance cause.

And it is the dislike of such methods, however moral the cause, which must inspire in thoughtful, unexcited minds a grave distrust of the permanence of the good results of the movement. The depth and sincerity of the present feeling against the saloon are beyond question. There is in it a moral and religious fervor which reminds one of the way the Piagnoni—the white-ribboners of Savonarola's time in Florence—drove vice and even vanity out of the city by the Arno; of the Puritan revolution in England; of countless lesser social purifications. But one cannot recall the achievement of the Piagnoni, as George Eliot has portrayed it in "Romola," without recalling also the reaction that followed—Dolfo Spini and his brutal Compagnacci, Savonarola in the flames, the Medici returned. One cannot think of Puritan England without remembering also the England of the Restoration—the profligate King and brazen court, the playhouses, which had been closed to Shakspeare, reopened to the indecencies of Wycherley and Etherege, the shameful tribute to France, the persecuted Milton. One is moved to question whether any moral cause is ever permanently advanced otherwise than by fair appeals to a deliberate public opinion and an uninfamed public conscience.

But to admit that reactions always follow violent gains, that a penalty is always paid for bigotry and intemperate zeal—is not this merely to admit that moral progress is wave-like? As civilization advances, the reactions may well be less and less in proportion to the gains. Moreover, unless long study of Southern history has utterly misled me, it has always been a mistake to infer fickleness, instability of purpose, from the Southern

people's almost Latin responsiveness to emotional appeals. On the contrary, they have often displayed an extraordinary steadfastness in courses hastily entered upon. No doubt it is too much to expect that prohibition will hold all the ground it has won and may yet win in the South, or that prohibition laws will not, there as elsewhere, often fail of enforcement. But the saloon can never be again in the South what it has been in the past. That the politicians will ever again serve it as they once did is not believable. They have been too thoroughly, too ludicrously frightened. One may even hope that in the long run the open saloon is bound to go entirely; that with the opening up of the South to all kinds of educating and softening and refining influences, the indefensible drinking customs of most Southerners—as of most Americans, indeed—will gradually be changed; and that thus, without any countervailing sacrifice of moral independence or personal liberty, drunkenness will grow rare enough to be well-nigh negligible.

That is a great deal to hope. But there is one feature of this temperance movement peculiarly conducive to hopefulness for Southern civilization. I cannot better indicate what that feature is than by pointing out that I have hardly mentioned the negro at all. It is quite probable that his presence in the South has influenced some white voters. It has doubtless been remembered that in race riots whisky usually plays a part. But this argument has not in fact been generally employed. On the temperance question, no race line has been drawn. Whites and blacks have divided on it with little or no reference to its bearing on their racial relations. For once, it would seem as if the South had actually been able to put aside the race issue altogether. One is tempted to declare that, if it can do that, it can do anything.



THE WESTERN SPIRIT OF RESTLESSNESS

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

ONE of the most fascinating characters of the West, at least from a picturesque point of view, is the Floater. Somehow he always affords unbounded satisfaction to the Eastern visitor, for he is one of the Western types the stranger fully expects to see. His picture was in the old school geography. I can see him now perched in front of his doming white-topped wagon, flourishing his long snake whip. His six-horse team was creeping across what seemed an endless, desolate plain toward faint and distant mountains. A herd of buffalo and an Indian, if I am not mistaken, were charging across the corner of the picture. And the title, "Westward Ho!" carried its own thrill of adventure.

But the buffalo are gone now, and most of the Indians have followed them; the driver and his six-horse team have crossed at last the distant mountains. A hundred years he has been on his way westward, always toward the setting sun, always hopeful, even though hungry—and you will find him to-day beyond the mountains, the same stoop in his shoulders, and the same creaky axles. The same dusty children peer from the puckered canvas hole at the wagon-back. Towns have sprung up by magic, valleys once desert have grown green with fields, railroads have everywhere penetrated the land; the Floater might now, if he chose, make his destination in a week, but somehow he prefers the long, dry months of the gipsy-trail. In parts of the Northwest to-day you will hear him called a Sage-Brusher, sometimes a Sage-Brush tourist. For at night he camps anywhere at the side of the road where water can be obtained, hobbles his horses, and turns them out on the hills, and later, if you pass that way,

you will smell the never-to-be-forgotten odor of his sage-brush fire. He and his family presently take on the likeness of the desert—all gray like the sage and the sand, and lean and silent. One sees them everywhere along the trails in Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, eastern Washington, and Oregon, the men dusty, slow-moving, dried out, the women limp-skirted, gray-hued, weary, and always accompanied by an extraordinary number of children with sun-yellowed hair, bare red legs, and the merest excuse for clothing. Sometimes they camp for weeks in the outskirts of a desert town, sometimes for months and even years, living always in their tents or wagons, but always expecting to move on again. Talk with them, and you will find that in most cases they have been on the road for years. They tell you that they are emigrants; but rarely have they any definite objective point. It is "over there," generally west. For they are the genuine Floaters, a type now peculiar to the West, and very different from the business-like farmer-emigrant whom you sometimes see—a smug Mormon, perhaps, with a train of wagons, a blood bull, and several cows, and a score of horses trekking north or east from the parent Utah to settle new valleys for the glory of the Faith. But the real emigrant, nowadays, usually takes the railroad, while the Floater remains true to the open road.

I recall one family in particular camped in the outskirts of a desert town in Idaho. I found the "old man" sprawling languidly in front of the home tent—a large double tent, much weather-worn. From inside came the pounding noises of a loom; a gray, worked-out, indescribably limp-looking woman was weaving rag

carpet. Near the tent door a girl some sixteen years old was ironing a shirt-waist and chewing gum vigorously; she was going to a dance, she said. Three or four children were playing in the covered wagon which stood near at hand. The man told of his ill luck with singular placidity, as though he were talking of some one else. He had been "raised" in Illinois, and migrated to Kansas, where he had been "dried out," as he said; then to South Dakota, where he had succumbed to a mortgage; then to Wyoming, where he had "rheumatiz"; and now he was in Idaho, getting old. Somewhere on the road he had picked up a wife, who, by good fortune, could weave rag carpet; and here he was with five children, and the eldest going to dances! I wish I could convey the inimitable resignation and philosophy with which he drawled out his story, and the joy which he showed when a neighbor appeared who could lend him a "chaw."

"Paw always wants to be movin'," explained the gum-chewing girl; "he 's terrible fond of the road."

"We 're goin' to take up land some'ers out in the Palouse country," said the wife.

"I s'pose most everything good 'll be gone when we get there," volunteered the man.

"I s'pose," responded the wife.

Several Floaters whom I met had already reached the far West, and were traveling back again, strangely undisturbed in not finding what they sought, and sure that their fortune lay somewhere at the end of the road—a pot of fairy gold. For the West has been a seductive beckoner to the dreamer and the idealist. Hard realities at home, toil for low wages, long hours, no future: over there opportunity lies golden, all the stream bottoms are rich with treasure, all the land is fertile and free, in every town there is a chance of quick wealth. And so they fly to escape realities, and find only rougher, harder realities, a more strenuous struggle. To-morrow, they say, perhaps we shall be better off; a few miles more and we shall find the treasure. So they keep to the road, and one day death overtakes them. On a bare, sandy knoll once in Arizona I saw two wooden headboards surrounded by a rude board

fence. They bore the names of two men, with the simple inscription:

DIED ON THE TRAIL

The Sage-Brusher is the extreme manifestation of the Western spirit of restlessness, the love of moving about, the conviction that more money is to be made more easily somewhere else. For years, indeed, the West, with its opening opportunities, has been the lodestone for the restless spirits of the entire country. The Kansas and Nebraska boom of the eighties, which crowded the semi-arid lands of those States with hopeful settlers and built up mushroom towns soon to succumb to a few disastrous crop failures, was one of the great incentives to far Western immigration. A large proportion of the settlers in many irrigated valleys have their memories of Kansas failures, rainless summers, and consuming mortgages, and weaklings often become Floaters.

The prospector of the mountains and the cow-boy of the plains are each a sort of Bedouin, with no permanent abiding-place,—here to-day, there to-morrow,—usually with a long story of experiences in different places—going to Alaska and coming back, rushing to new mining-camps, trying new ranches, but always moving. Indeed, the laboring class of the West, as a whole, is as unstable as water, with the very microbe of travel in its blood. I talked with a carpenter in Tacoma, a man of family, too, who had worked in every important city on the Pacific Coast, and was then planning to go to Butte City, where he had heard that wages were specially high.

The blanket-roll is the sign of the Western workman. In the East the employer, be he farmer or logger, expects to furnish bedclothes for his hired men; but the typical Western worker carries his bed on his back. Where he drops his blanket-roll, there is his home.

This instability of population, of course, is a passing phase incident to the new life. In the farming communities, especially, the settlers have struck their roots deep in the soil, have come to make permanent homes. And sometimes

one wonders, on stopping at the little, lonely back-country ranches, planted in the wilderness, miles from railroad or town, how the women especially are contented to remain; for here are all the hardships and trials of real pioneering, and it requires grit and determination to meet them. I recall one woman I met in a little gravel-roof log-house in the dry hills of Idaho, eighty miles from the railroad. She had a singularly attractive face, and her home, though poor, was as neat as a pin. She probably did not see a visitor once a week, and during the day, while the men were at work, she was entirely alone except for her two small children. I asked her if she did not grow lonely.

"Oh, no," she replied; "there are the Peterses over there"—a speck on the sage-covered hills—"and the Warrens over there,"—and she shaded her eyes, and looked off across the sun-blinding plain to another speck on the horizon—"and nearly every day some team passes on the way to the Basin."

The nearest school was twenty-six miles away, so she had to teach her own children; the nearest doctor was eighty miles. She told me with a catch in her voice how one of her children, a little girl, had been down with scarlet fever the winter before. The snow lay deep on the hills, so that even the mail-carrier, who usually came through twice a week, could not break a road. Her husband, however, saddled his horse and started, leaving her alone with the child. He

was gone four days, and when he came back, half-dead with fatigue, having walked the last twenty-five miles, for his horse was utterly worn out, he brought only the word that the doctor would not come. And so they watched at the baby's bed until the little thing was out of danger.

It is difficult for people in an old, settled country to realize what pioneering in the West, even to-day, really means. For though the country is rapidly settling up, the distances are enormous, the roads often rough, and communication with the outside world is uncertain. Some of the counties of the Northwest are as large as the smaller Eastern States. From a place where I once stopped in Wyoming it required five days' hard traveling to reach the county-seat, a distance, by the only road, of over one hundred and fifty miles. I was told of a sheriff in Harney County, Oregon, who traveled one hundred and seventy miles to summon a juror. One can imagine the cost of litigation under such conditions, and the temptation to resort to the easy and speedy court of the six-shooter.

But it is by these hardships of the trail and of the pioneer home that the West is coming to greatness and power. The Floater is one of the most evident signs, himself somewhat a failure, of the invading army of civilization. He is the spume which the inundating wave of humanity throws up; the wave itself will soon lie deep and lasting over all the West.

THE TENDER HEART

BY JOSEPHINE H. NICHOLLS

"O TENDER heart," we used to say,
 "The world will serve thee ill some day;
 So pure and glad, so frank and free,
 Time holds a cruel dart for thee!"

O heart of joy, our fears were vain;
 E'er life had stabbed thee with its pain,
 Thy spirit soared to heights above,
 Still dreaming that the world was Love!

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

BY EDMOND KELLY

NEW YORK contributes more to private charity than any other city in the Union. Its sympathy for distress, therefore, cannot be questioned. And yet it has allowed the normal 30,000 unemployables, increased by an abnormal 200,000 unemployed, to suffer and to burden the community all the winter without virtually doing anything by way of exceptional relief.

Such a condition of things is not due to inhumanity, but to two currents of opinion that are equally false: one that wants to do too much for the unemployed, and the other that does not want to do anything at all for them.

The last of these two theories is based upon the undoubted danger lest by offering work in New York, the metropolis should become at once the Mecca of every tramp and jail-bird in the country. Those who know history will bolster this argument against giving work to the unemployed by reference to the *Ateliers Nationaux* of 1848, or, as they have been erroneously called, "Louis Blanc Workshops." It may be well, therefore, at once to remove this lion from the path.

THE SO-CALLED LOUIS BLANC WORKSHOPS

It was an unknown and an unnamed unemployed who was the author of the words which are inseparably connected in the mind of every Frenchman with the revolution of 1848. Clothed in rags, he stopped a delegate to the conference that was being held at the Luxembourg on the organization of labor, and asked what was being done there. The delegate entered upon a long explanation, but the unemployed stopped him, and said: "Say to your provisional government that we have

three months more of misery to put at the disposal of the republic if it will only do something for us."

Such was the confidence of the French citizen in his young republic at that time!

The provisional government of 1848 did try to do something for them; but the un wisdom of its efforts not only contributed to restore a reactionary government at that time, but has been quoted as a reason for not doing anything for them ever since.

No committee has met this winter to discuss the subject, but the *Ateliers Nationaux* have been cited as a reason why relief for unemployment was impossible. The idea entertained by some extreme Socialists that the remedy for every evil is to put it at once in the hands of the government, is just as false as the objection that because the government of 1848 was guilty of folly in its treatment of this question, therefore no government must ever again be intrusted with the task.

The true story of the *Ateliers Nationaux* has often been told, and the errors that surrounded them dispersed. Nevertheless, these errors are regularly resurrected and marshaled out every time the question of unemployment is forced upon us. It seems impossible to slay error in political philosophy. As in the days of Macbeth:

The time has been,
That when the brains were out the man
would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.

Let us therefore resignedly set ourselves to lay once more the ghosts of these *Ateliers Nationaux*.

In the first place, the Ateliers Nationaux were not the work of Louis Blanc, nor was Louis Blanc in any way responsible for them. On the contrary, Louis Blanc being much feared by the other members of the provisional government on account of his advanced socialistic theories, with a view to putting him in a place where he could do no harm, was appointed president of a commission to prepare a scheme on "organization of labor," this being a hobby upon which it was supposed Louis Blanc would most easily ride, having been the author of a book with those words for title. As soon as Louis Blanc was removed from active political work by the appointment of this commission, the conservative element in the government, in order to break down the popularity of Louis Blanc in Paris, conceived the idea of giving employment to the unemployed. It was a political scheme, neither invented by Socialists nor executed by them, but invented by reactionaries for the purpose of putting a check to Socialism. On this subject there can to-day be no doubt whatever. Lamartine, who was the most conspicuous figure of the first days of the revolution of 1848, describes these ateliers as follows:¹

Directed and sustained by the anti-socialist members of the government, the ateliers counterbalanced the sectarians of the Luxembourg until the arrival of the National Assembly. Far from having been the creatures of Louis Blanc, as has been stated, they were suggested by his adversaries.

Here in a word is the history of this unfortunate experiment: On February 25, 1848, the provisional government rendered a decree by which it guaranteed work to the workingmen. This was followed on the 27th by a decree providing for Ateliers Nationaux. On the 28th, the Minister of Public Works stated that all the unemployed, which then numbered in Paris not more than seven or eight thousand, would find work at designated points, and that the mayors of the twelve arrondissements of Paris were intrusted with the duty of receiving applications for work and directing the work.

But the work on hand was insufficient even for the workingmen then in Paris. And as the government had committed

the folly of posting on the roads the decree insuring work to the unemployed, Paris became inundated by applicants; on the 2d of March there were 17,000 applicants; on the 15th this figure was raised to 40,000, and on the 29th of June to over 107,000, and among these 107,000 it was afterward discovered were many persons of means, and some of them property-owners; 2000 of them were ex-convicts. As soon as it became clear that there was not enough public work for these men to do, the insufficiency of the work created enormous dissatisfaction. The applicants were sent dragging their tools from one *mairie* to another, and the discontent became such that the government committed the further folly of paying all those to whom they could not give work one and a half francs a day, those who worked receiving two and a half francs. Needless to say, under these circumstances the applications increased beyond all proportion. Such would be the inevitable consequence in New York of giving aid directly, as proposed by Mr. Bryan.

These were the conditions under which Emile Thomas was made Director of the Ateliers Nationaux. He undertook to organize the unemployed upon a military basis, upon the theory that by a perfected administration he could supply the defects arising from the obvious insufficiency of work. Read in the light of the present, the details of this elaborate administration seem childish. Paris was divided into fourteen divisions, corresponding to the fourteen arrondissements, and there were four further districts created to include the suburbs. Eight special commissioners were appointed to maintain order; forty-eight census-agents revised the lists; twelve inspectors, under the orders of an inspector-general, supervised each an arrondissement. The artists, sculptors, comedians, draughtsmen, who were deemed unable to work, were organized in a squad of paying-tellers, and received four francs a day. The workmen themselves were divided into squads of eleven, each under a chief appointed by themselves. Five of these squads composed a brigade of fifty-six men, which was itself under a chief elected by themselves. Four brigades formed a lieu-

(¹) Histoire de la Révolution de Février, Vol. II, p. 120.

tenancy; four lieutenants constituted a company, amounting to 900 men; three companies constituted a *service*, composed of 2700 men under a *chef de service*. Every "service" had its standard; every company its flag; every brigade its pennant: and all this machinery was established for the purpose of furnishing work to these men when there was no work for them to do.

The question having been brought before the Assembly, the Minister of Public Works on the 18th of May admitted that the work was nothing but a disguised charity; and that an enormous crowd, composed in part of property-owners, was endeavoring to avail itself of this charity. On the 22d of June the unemployed crowded the streets, singing the *Marseillaise*, and cheering Napoleon, and the history of the *Ateliers Nationaux* came to an end with the riots of June and the dictatorship of General Cavaignac.

It seems pitiful to think that such a story of political intrigue and administrative incompetence as this should be cited seriously as a reason for refusing to give work to the unemployed in New York when we have examples, furnished by the farm colonies of Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, of how this work can be furnished effectually.

It is perfectly true that these farm colonies, organized as they would be to deal with the normal three or four per cent. of unemployed, would be unable, unless special provision were made therefor, to furnish work for such an army of unemployed as exists to-day. Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland are not exposed to such panics and such degrees of unemployment as regularly take place in our country. We cannot, therefore, go to them for a complete solution of our problem.

It can be stated, however, without fear of contradiction, that the farm-colony plan would have the following advantages: It would dispose of the permanent army of 500,000 tramps which now infest our railroads, streets, and highways. It would furnish regular occupation for the normal three or four per cent. of the unemployed. By removing the tramp from the community,—that is to say, the unemployable,—it would relieve the veritable unemployed of the suspicion of be-

ing tramps; and if organized in America with a view to such crises as this, these colonies could readily be modified so as to furnish employment in such case. For example, land is limited in Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, but it may be said to be virtually unlimited in America. The question is not, Shall the Government undertake to furnish work for the unemployed as foolishly as did the provisional government in France in 1848? but, Shall it undertake to furnish work to the unemployed as intelligently as is now being done in Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland? A few words summing up the Swiss system will be of interest here.

SWISS FARM COLONIES

THE success of the Swiss farm colonies depends upon a few simple propositions: That although it is difficult to make money out of land, it is easy to secure a living from land; that everybody who is not infirm can, under direction, soon be fitted to do remunerative work on land; that, thanks to recent improvements in agriculture, many more men can be supported per acre of land to-day, than a few years ago; that work on land is physically and morally regenerating.

It is a pity that students of this subject generally confine their examination of farm colonies to those of Holland, and, above all, to that of Merxplas in Belgium. This last can hardly be said to be a farm colony at all. It is, on the contrary, a large industrial village with a population of from five to six thousand, chiefly devoted to industry, with a relatively small farm attached thereto, the farm contributing an insignificant part of its productive capacity. Merxplas is valuable as a demonstration of the admirable work that can be obtained from the refuse of population, but its large numbers make it impossible for the director to give to its inmates the individual care needed for reformation; and the military discipline that it is necessary to maintain there is equally inconsistent therewith.

The Swiss, on the contrary, have adopted a system of small farms, each farm occupying no more than 300 men, thus making it possible for the director to be acquainted individually with every one of them. The industries on these farms are

relatively insignificant, and are only there for the purpose of giving employment to those who are unfitted for agricultural work, and during those months of the year where little work can be done in the field. The surveillance, instead of being confided to an expensive soldiery, is confided to farm-hands, who not only exercise a sound and moral influence over the inmates, but incidentally earn their wages by the work they do on the land.

Moreover, the Swiss have discovered how indispensable it is that by the side of every forced-labor colony for tramps there be also a free-labor colony for the unemployed. Nothing interferes more with the discipline of a tramp colony than the presence there of innocent unemployed, who tend to relax the discipline necessary for the tramp, and nothing is more unjust to the unemployed than to put them in daily and hourly contact with the tramp. Also, the character of the discipline necessary in the one case is totally different from that needed in the other. The tramp needs some severity and even coercion; the unemployed, on the contrary, needs only just such regulation as is indispensable in every factory or farm. In Switzerland, therefore, the colonies where discipline and coercion are used are confined to tramps and misdemeanants, and the free-labor colonies are open to the unemployed, who, in lieu of discipline and coercion, find ordinary factory regulations and encouragement. At Witzwyl, too, a very interesting experiment has been tried. Around the forced-labor colonies is a collection of farms to which the inmates of the forced colonies are encouraged to go when their term has expired. At these farms a fair wage is paid; and, being removed from the temptations of town-life, the inmates of the forced colonies have an opportunity of doing work under virtually free conditions, and thus completing the self-discipline necessary to fit them for restoration to the community at large. The forced-labor colonies have in some cantons been so adroitly managed as to be self-supporting. This cannot be claimed for the free-labor colonies, which contain too large a proportion of infirm to permit of their paying expenses; but the expense of the free colonies is relatively small.

Inasmuch as coercion is indispensable to the operation of the forced-labor colonies, and as private institutions cannot exercise coercion, forced-labor colonies can be instituted only by the state. And as there ought to be a system by means of which inmates of the forced colonies who no longer need the discipline of the forced colony can easily be transferred to the free colony, and a corresponding system under which inmates of the free colonies who are not fit for freedom, can be easily transferred to the forced-labor colonies; inasmuch, too, as it would be advisable to have in connection with every free-labor colony a department where certain inmates open to suspicion might be held under a sort of surveillance during a probationary period, it seems advisable that the free-colony system should also be instituted by the state as part of a compendious system for dealing with the whole question.

As a full year must elapse before farm colonies could be instituted by the legislature, it is quite possible for private persons, or a corporation organized by private persons, to purchase tracts of land to which the unemployed could at once be put to the work of cultivating the soil. During the summer they could live in tents, and before winter they could construct buildings to protect them from the cold. The land so developed could either be sold to private individuals, or to the state as soon as a state farm bill was enacted.

Meanwhile, the rescue work now being performed by such organizations as the "Christian Herald," the Industrial Alliance, and the Salvation Army not only serve to lighten the task of the free-farm colony, but also demonstrates the feasibility of giving work to the unemployed, if the effort is only made with resolution and courage. The "Christian Herald" is actually now placing the unemployed at work on farms, to the great satisfaction not only of the unemployed, but of the farmers to whom they are sent. The Industrial Alliance has for years been giving employment in this city under such efficient administration that with the exception of rent, which is paid by voluntary subscription, the proceeds of the work pay the cost of maintenance. And if this can be accomplished in the heart of the

city, how much more easily can it be done upon a farm?

Twelve years ago a farm-colony bill was drawn by a committee appointed by all the charitable societies in New York; but it did not secure at Albany a moment's serious attention. We were told by our legislators that poverty is not a crime. When we answered that our bill did not make of it more of a crime than the penal code, but only purposed to substitute for the expensive and degenerating system of the misnamed workhouse, inexpensive and regenerating work on a State farm, and that the plan had operated effectually in Holland and Belgium for over a hundred years, we were told that the plan might do in Holland, but it would not do here. So also in the archives of the French senate may still be read the report made by Thiers, when appointed by Louis Philippe on a committee to investigate the first railroad ever built, which concludes as follows: "Railroads may serve a purpose in England, but they are not suited to France."

A similar bill, improved by borrowing from late experience in Switzerland, has been drawn once more by a similar committee, to which was added our Commissioner of Charities, Mr. Heberd. This bill is likely to receive a better reception at Albany than the previous one because

it will be introduced and supported by the great railroads of New York State; for the railroads have discovered that the tramp is an intolerable nuisance. Colonel Pangborn of the Baltimore and Ohio has lately estimated that the damage occasioned by tramps to railroads in the United States amounts in a single year to twenty-five million dollars. For the tramp in America does not tramp; he rides on railroads; he sets fire to freight-cars and freight-stations; he obstructs the lines, wrecks trains, and is a fruitful cause of action for damages. The measure, therefore, which was thrown out by the Assembly when proposed from motives of humanity, will be passed as a measure of self-defense. And self-defense thus constitutes an element of the power always at work on the side of progress that neither ignorance nor interest will be able to resist. Just as cholera forced from the British Parliament in 1830 hygienic measures which up to that time the landlords had been able successfully to resist, so every evil carries within itself the agent of its own destruction, and the very men who now resist progress will one day awake to the fact that they themselves, even in their moments of bitterest resistance, have all along been the unconscious instruments of this very power which some of them to-day affect to despise.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

PATRIOTISM THAT COUNTS

THE SUCCESSFUL CONFERENCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE ON THE CONSERVATION OF OUR NATURAL RESOURCES

THE Conference of the Governors of the States and other distinguished persons held in the White House May 13-15, on the invitation of President Roosevelt, to consider the waste of our resources of forests, minerals, soil, and water, realized the most sanguine expectations of its usefulness. Nearly all the Governors were present, and those who were unavoidably absent sent representatives, and there were guests, specially

invited, besides delegates from a number of universities, and from many scientific and other public bodies. It is difficult to see how it would be possible to secure a more authoritative, more competent, or more national assembly. The President and his able lieutenant, Mr. Pinchot, head of the Forestry Bureau, are entitled to the greatest credit for working out successfully on a comprehensive plan the idea of a meeting of Governors to consider our failing resources. Even had the Conference not been the unqualified success it was, the President's imaginative grasp of its possibilities and his generalship in arranging it would

stamp him a constructive statesman of the first order. As Governor Hanly said, "The President, in calling this conference, planted a milestone in American history." We believe its success will be accounted the crowning achievement of his career.

That the crying need of systematic co-operation to arrest the depreciation of our natural wealth has not been overstated was manifest in every address. The President, speaking of "the awful momentum of modern life," declared that the Conference was called "to consider the weightiest problem now before the nation"; and exclaimed, "Foresight is necessary, and we are not showing it." Mr. Carnegie, in an address of large significance, referring to iron, said: "It is staggering to learn that our once-supposed ample supply of rich ores can hardly outlast the generation now appearing," while another authority spoke of the "incredible waste of metallic wealth." (In stating our first duty to be conservation of forests Mr. Carnegie tersely said, "No forests, no long navigable rivers; no rivers, no cheap transportation," and added: "Less soil, less crops; less crops, less commerce, less wealth.") Mr. James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, in a memorable paper, speaking of the mistreatment of the soil in methods of farming, said: "It is fortunate for us that Nature is slow to anger." He quoted with approval the late Professor Shaler's saying, "Of all the sinful wasters of man's inheritance on earth—and all are in this regard sinners—the worst are the people of America," and said, "The forests of this country, the product of centuries of growth, are fast disappearing." Of coal he said, "We still think nothing of consuming this priceless resource with the greatest possible speed"; and added, "The iron industry tells a similar story." Another speaker referred to the "insane riot of destruction and waste of our fuel resources." The Conference took on from time to time the aspect of a confessional. Not a single speaker took issue with the alarming facts presented in regard to every field of our natural wealth. Floods, erosion, change of climate, waste of natural gas, diminution of sea food, and the impairment of great scenic beauty, were topics touched upon more lightly but not less significantly.

But if a pessimist might have found in these statements occasion for complacency, the same could not be said of the cynic, who would have been distressed by the unflinching response which greeted every note of altruism. The deep impression of the peril was not more marked than the conviction that a remedy must speedily be found. The serious and devoted spirit—as of men administering a solemn trust—was inspiring, and at times electric in its manifestation. Dr. Edward Everett Hale struck the keynote in the passage which preceded his invocation, and the fervor with which the whole assembly joined him in the Lord's Prayer was most impressive. *The patriotism of making things better* was the bugle-call that aroused every one to enthusiasm, whether it was sounded by Mr. John Mitchell, setting forth the needs of stronger safeguards for the lives of miners, or by Mr. Horace MacFarland in his plea for the protection of beautiful scenery as a valuable, and the most generally distributed, natural asset of the country—a form of wealth to be left unimpaired to our children's children. It would not have surprised any one if the Conference had closed its session with the singing of "My country, 't is of Thee."

Another noteworthy aspect was the brotherly feeling of all sections, shown in the speeches of the Governors themselves. Henry T. Tuckerman, in his "America and her Commentators," records the reproach of a foreigner that our country was composed of discordant and heterogeneous elements. Heterogeneous we still are and must long continue to be, but if this assembly was a representative one, the harmony of the nation is complete. Governor Glenn of North Carolina brought the Conference to its feet by an impassioned and patriotic reference to the Civil War, and this note found echo in other speeches. Governor Hoch of Kansas was warmly greeted when he said, "This Conference has cemented the Union as no other influence has ever done before." The governors of some of the Northwestern States, who recorded respectful protest in a matter of administrative policy, showed a broad and creditable spirit of loyalty to the general cause of conservation, by which locally as well as nationally they have so much to gain.

In practical action much has been accomplished. The Governors are to meet again under their own ægis and, if desired, by the invitation of the present or future President. Although no specific measure of legislation was indorsed, it was easy to see that the Conference warmly favored the bill for the White Mountain and Appalachian Park, and that it would approve of the removal of the tariff on lumber. States which are yet without a Forest Commission will doubtless provide them soon.

The greatest achievement of the Conference was in deepening the conviction of the necessity for immediate action, for, as Mr. Bryan said, "Nothing that is necessary is impossible." *One great purpose to keep in view is the saving of the upper altitudes of all the Eastern mountains.* The declaration of principles adopted insures general and permanent attention to the large problems of the Conference, which bids fair to realize the destiny foreshadowed in the eloquent closing words of Mr. Hill:

Reviewing the spirit of the days that created our Constitution, the days that carried us through civil conflict, the spirit by which all our enduring work in the world has been wrought, taking thought as Washington and Lincoln took thought, only for the highest good of all the people, we may, as a result of the deliberations held and the conclusions reached here to-day, give new meaning to our future and new luster to the ideal of a Republic of living federated States; shape anew the fortunes of this country, and enlarge the borders of hope for all mankind.

THE CAMPAIGN: SHALL IT GIVE US HEAT OR LIGHT?

IT was George Eliot, we believe, who said that "iteration, like friction, produces more heat than light," a bit of wisdom which is recalled to mind by the recurrence of a Presidential campaign, with its concomitants of violent speech and turbulent action. These very ebullitions of feeling, however skilfully manufactured, are thought by some to be evidences of the vitality of the body politic, much as a popular belief considers boils to be an evidence of general physical health. The aim of the party leader is apt to be concentrated upon the "hurrah"

side of the campaign, the flaunting of the danger-signal, the rousing of indignation to the boiling-point, and in general to blinding the voter, if we may coin a phrase, by the dust of noise. To such political promoters, the prime necessity is to create a crisis: a real one is preferable, but an imaginary one will answer. If the opposing candidate can be trapped into an offense to the prejudices of a large class of voters, much can be made of it with the ignorant or unthinking, and the trembling scales may turn in favor of the man who can "save the country."

It strikes us that the situation this year is not so favorable to this sort of campaign. A period of financial distress is a great provoker of ratiocination. The mind sometimes works even more actively when the stomach is not so full. The business of government in times of profound peace being primarily the collection and expenditure of taxes, it is more and more necessary this year that economic features should receive attention. And, now that a general revision of the tariff is confessedly desirable, it is worth while reminding the managers of both parties that it will be perilous to endeavor to direct public attention from that question. What is needed is light, not heat. The country is hard at work and hard at thought, and the reaction against flags and drums and hired paraders is a sign that we have emerged from our period of adolescence. What is needed this year is a campaign of facts, not fireworks.

Now that many of the States have laws controlling the publication of campaign expenditures or making contributions by corporations unlawful, there would seem to be good reason for an agreement by rival managers, such as has been made in local campaigns, to dispense with many of the costly spectacular outlays which "confuse the judgment for the hour" and virtually nullify one another. The candidates themselves could do much to discourage the intemperate and often hypocritical abuse which vulgarizes politics and distracts the attention of the people from the real issues. A word from each of the Presidential candidates to his campaign manager might place the contest on a higher plane than it has ever occupied, and help us to a more rational solution of public questions.

OPEN LETTERS

Gari Melchers's Portrait of President Roosevelt

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

It is essentially fitting that a native artist of the caliber of Gari Melchers should have been chosen to paint the portrait of our Chief Executive for the new National Gallery recently established in Washington. That a better selection could not have been made is eloquently proved by the standing likeness of Mr. Roosevelt which serves as the frontispiece of this number, and which was painted entirely from special sittings at the White House. Obviously it is a sound, forcible presentment, free from exaggeration, and replete with that virile self-reliance which is alike characteristic of subject and of artist.

Mr. Roosevelt is a difficult theme for the painter. It takes not only a fine technical equipment, but broad sympathies, and single, direct vision to achieve in portraiture that permanency to which it should be heir; and in the present instance none of these qualities would seem to be lacking. THE CENTURY is fortunate in offering herewith the first reproduction of this admirably unconventional and veracious work, the existence of which is due to the liberality and foresight of Mr. Charles L. Freer, whose efforts toward the formation of a National Gallery of American art are already well known to our readers.

On account of his name, and his protracted residence abroad, it has often been assumed, even by his countrymen, that Gari Melchers must be a foreigner. In point of fact, however, he was born in Detroit, and has never had the slightest intention of expatriating himself. The son of a father who had formerly been a pupil of Carpeaux and Etex in Paris, Melchers early felt within him the desire for artistic expression, and at the age of seventeen found himself a student at the Düsseldorf Academy. After three years at Düsseldorf he left for Paris, where he completed his training at the Académie Julian under Boulanger and Lefebvre, and also at the Beaux-Arts. While still a student, Melchers began painting and exhibiting those clear-toned, sturdily seen transcriptions of nature and character which have since become identified with his name the world over. He settled first in Brittany, but later moved to northern Holland, where he found, perhaps, his most congenial field, and where he has painted numerous phases of Dutch life.

From the very outset, Melchers's success was assured, and no American artist, not even excepting Whistler or Sargent, has been the recipient of more or higher distinctions at the hands of foreign juries or governments. Among the honors which have fallen to his lot during the course of a few industrious years are: the Gold Medal, Paris Salon, 1886; Grand Medal of Honor, Paris Salon, 1889; Grand Gold Medals in Amsterdam, Munich, Vienna, and Dresden, and Grand Medals of Honor in Antwerp and in Berlin. Canvases by him are in the Luxembourg, the Royal Gallery of Dresden, the Royal Gallery of Munich, the National Gallery of Berlin, the National Gallery of Modern Art in Rome, and in numerous important private collections abroad, notably that of the Krupp family in Essen. Mr. Melchers is an Officer of the Royal Bavarian Order of St. Michael; a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France; a member of the Royal Academy of Berlin, the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, Paris, the Royal Society of Austrian Painters, etc., and last year received from the German Emperor the Order of the Red Eagle.

Christian Brinton.

The Powdering-Room

(SEE PICTURE ON PAGE 349)

THE "powdering-room" as an institution in the Virginia home grew out of the wide hospitality of colonial days and the great distances that separated the stately homes that bordered the Potomac, the Rappahannock, and the James from one another and from Williamsburg, the political and social center. In Williamsburg itself, the white pediments of the Peytons, the Randolphs, and the Wythes, encircled the House of Burgesses, and night after night saw the gleam of many candles fall across the intervening green and heard the scraping of merry fiddles, which did not cease till daybreak.

Many of the guests came from afar, and the dearth of good roads obliged the ladies to make the journey on horseback. Enveloped in an ample pelisse, which served to protect the furbelows beneath from the dust of the highway and from the showers of powder which every jog of her trotting jennet dislodged from her monumental coiffure, my lady, arriving at the scene of the evening's

entertainment, stepped from the saddle into the powdering-room, where the French coiffeur transformed the dusty chrysalis into the full-winged butterfly eager to dance all night after her long day on horseback. In this narrow closet, hidden under the stairway, attended by her negro page, she sat before a tiny Chippendale table, with drawers for the patches, and shelves for the cosmetics, besides the mirror above.

The coiffeur, an artist in his way, with a diploma from the school of Versailles, made the powdering-room a clearing-house for all the affairs of the country-side; and as my lady sat with the cone that temporarily protected her face, he dispensed powder and gossip with equal facility.

H. S. Potter.

Nicolas Poussin's "Shepherds of Arcadia"

WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

(SEE PAGE 409)

NICOLAS POUSSIN, the culmination and chief glory of the early French school of painting, and one of the greatest painters that France has produced, was born near Le Grand Andelys, in Normandy, in 1594. This was at a time when the Italian influence in art matters was paramount in Europe, and the dream and Mecca of all aspiring artists was Italy, and especially Rome. In this direction Poussin early fixed his hopes. When eighteen years old he left his native town, where he had been studying under one Quentin Varin, and made for Paris. Here the turning-point of his career was the fact of his being enabled, through the influence of friends, to gain access to some prints from Raphael and Giulio Romano, which roused him to redouble his efforts to

get to Rome. The year 1623 found him still in Paris, about which time, through some pictures he had painted for the college of the Jesuits, he attracted the attention of the Italian poet Marino, who became his patron, and took him to Rome the following year. He continued at Rome the remainder of his life, save for a short sojourn at Paris in 1641-42, and based his style on the study of the antique. He died in Rome in 1665 at the age of seventy-one, and was buried in the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina.

He is likened to Rubens and Murillo for the extraordinary fertility and variety of his genius. The Louvre possesses forty of his canvases, among which, in Salle XIV, is the engraved subject, "Shepherds of Arcadia," esteemed by many his masterpiece. It belongs to his most matured period, and displays to the full those characteristics that give his works distinction and style, namely, a noble elevation of thought embodied in classic forms, having for its end some moral from history or lesson from philosophy. We see in the "Arcadia" three shepherds and a shepherdess in the bloom of youth and health arrested suddenly by a tomb upon which they read the inscription "Et in Arcadia ego" ("I, too, once lived in Arcadia"). Reminded thus of the brevity of life, the youth leaning upon his staff points to the epitaph and bids his mate reflect.

The canvas is steeped in a fine golden tone,—the light of late afternoon,—and is clear in color and refined throughout. The flesh tones are reddish in the waning sunlight, and the draperies are of various shades of blue, yellow, and red. The picture measures two feet, ten inches high, by four feet wide.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Half-Truths

EVERY time a man consults his watch he is bowing to his taskmaster.

Fame is that small circle of light that an ardent mind casts about itself.

A madman is he who, unable to accept current hallucinations, creates them for himself.

Detraction is a form of subtraction—the less taking from the greater.

The man who loves dogs better than men craves adulation, and takes it where he can get it.

Bores, like poets, are not made: they are borne.

Thomas Carlyle could not say a profoundly truthful thing without lying about it.

Louise Herrick Wall.

His Little Sub

THERE was a little Boston child
Of ways controlled, of temper mild,
For all that psychic thought extends
He used for therapeutic ends.

He did not have the stomach-ache,
The whooping-cough he did not take;
"No functional disorders act,"
Said he, "on my subconscious tract."

Nor did this little fellow fret
If what he wished he did not get;

His mental poise he'd quickly find
By treating his subconscious mind.

And when his mother cried, "I am
Displeased to find you stealing jam,"
He answered from the pantry shelf,
"Mama, 't was my subconscious self."

No matter what his mother said
(She was a woman Boston-bred),
Still, for his irritating prānk
That child received a conscious spank.

Elizabeth Bennett.

The Mythological Zoo

BY OLIVER HERFORD

With pictures by the Author



Drawn by Oliver Herford

V—The Phoenix

THE Phoenix was, as you might say,
The burning question of his day:
The more he burned, the more he grew
Splendiferous in feathers new.
And from his ashes rising bland,

Did business at the same old stand.
But though good people went about
And talked, they could not put him out.
A wond'rous bird — indeed, they say
He is not quite extinct to-day.



Drawn by Oliver Herford

VI—The Harpy

THEY certainly contrived to raise
Queer ladies in the olden days.
Either the type had not been fixed,
Or else zoölogy got mixed.
I envy not primeval man

This female on the feathered plan,
We only have, I'm glad to say,
Two kinds of human bird to-day —
Women and warriors, who still
Wear feathers when dressed up to kill.

Adam's Library

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

IN Adam's library no books were found
In manuscript or printed, sheets or bound.
No magazine had he, or daily print,
With all the latest information in't.
There were no "six best sellers" in his day,
And ne'er a foot-sore agent came his way
To sell his cyclopedias and tomes
That lie on center-tables in our homes.

And yet what letters had he in his time!
The hills and dales gave him his meed of rhyme.
The rivers, rushing onward to the sea,
Provided him with hints of mystery.
What sweet romance, his leisure to beguile,

He found in gentle Eve's resplendent smile!
If history he wished, he sought no shelf,
But buckled down and made it all himself.
His humor, that was fresh; his jokes were new,
E'en with a spreading chestnut-tree in view.
No time on "nature fakes" was wastrel spent;
For he was it, and what he stated, went.

Dear Father of the Human Kind, I think
You fared right well, for all your lack of ink;
And while I'd greatly miss my treasured store
Of modern books and ancient printed lore,
For you, I vow, 't was ordered well indeed,
Especially as you ne'er learned to read.



THE NEW NOVEL IN THE FORTIES
COLOR DRAWING BY ELIZABETH HOWELL INGHAM